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ULYSSES S. GRANT
HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER

U. S. Grant, age 60 years.

From a photograph by Fredricks.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER

BY

HAMLIN GARLAND

AUTHOR OF "MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS," "PRAIRIE SONGS,"
"ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY," ETC.

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is not to be taken as a military history of General Grant. It is not, perhaps, everything that is understood by the word "biography," but it tells the story of Ulysses Grant from his birth to his death. It is an attempt at characterization. It has not been my intention to set down all the significant words and deeds of General Grant, nor to analyze all the official acts of President Grant, but to present the man Grant as he stands to-day before unbiased critics. If I succeed in making the reader a little better acquainted with his great and singular character, I shall feel that my larger purpose has been carried out.

In order that I might secure the fullest understanding of my subject, I have visited every town wherein Ulysses Grant lived long enough to leave a distinct impression upon its citizens. This search for first-hand material took me at the start to southern Ohio, to Georgetown, his boyhood home, and to Ripley, and to Maysville, Kentucky, where he attended school in his youth. I also studied the records on file in the adjutant's office at West Point, and the newspaper files in Washington, St. Louis, New York, Cincinnati, Detroit, Louisville, Chicago, Springfield, Galena, Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Richmond, Monterey, and Mexico City. In all of these cities I sought for and obtained interviews from those who had known Ulysses Grant personally and had some significant message to impart.

In order to realize the Mexican battle-fields, I visited Monterey, Vera Cruz, Jalapa, Perote, Puebla, Contreras, Churubusco, El Molino del Rey, and San Cosme. I stud-

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ied also the topography of Vicksburg and Milliken's Bend, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Richmond, and Petersburg.

The plan of the volume, in brief, is this: The first chapters take up the development of Ulysses Grant from his birth to his appointment at West Point, presenting whatever seems significant of his life at the Military Academy; then passes to his experiences in the Mexican War, which formed his postgraduate course, and was his first introduction to national questions and to military intrigues. I then study his period of failure in civil life, presenting him as nearly as possible as he appeared at that time to his family and to his friends, after it seemed that his career as a soldier had ended. I purposely exclude all forecast and all prophecy.

The section which deals with his command is not a history of the war with the South, nor even a history of General Grant's campaigns, but the story of his growing command, and his marvelous development during those four epic years. His motives for action, rather than his action, are the chief matters of these chapters. In precisely the same way, the delineation of the reconstruction period is intended to satisfy the reader who asks, "What did Ulysses Grant think during that period, and what were his motives?"

The chapters on the Grant administrations attempt to show what I believe to be the fact—that through all the complications of this period, through the weltering chaos of political knaveries and double-dealings, President Grant pursued a simple, straightforward course. He had in him small capacities for deceit or dishonesty. Throughout his whole life, it seems to me, he remained practically the same simple-minded and sincere man.

The volume does not hesitate to present the deep shadows of the picture as well as the high lights, for they are correlative. To leave them out would not only falsify a human life, but would render the picture flat and cheap. Ulysses Grant had his defeats and his sorrows. He had his weaknesses as well as his great qualities, and they are frankly stated.

He died right. No public life—not even that of Lincoln

—closed more attractively for the biographer. At the end he discovered in himself new tendencies and still deeper reserves of will-power than he had hitherto shown. He had the great happiness, also, of seeing the love and admiration of the whole people, North and South, come back to him, in higher degree than he had ever before enjoyed. He lived long enough to understand that the people of his native land began to perceive through all his mistakes the steady progression of his simple purpose, which was to rebuild the nation on a basis of perfect love and confidence between the States. Unquestionably, the fame of Ulysses Grant as "the great warrior of peace" is secure.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

WASHINGTON, March, 1898.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

IN beginning my research in Georgetown, I received most valuable assistance from the Hon. C. A. White, a lifelong acquaintance of Ulysses Grant; Mrs. Lucinda B. Powers, daughter of Dr. Bailey, Mr. Grant's near neighbor; Mr. U. S. Grant White, son of Carr B. White, Grant's most intimate boy friend; Judge James Marshall, Ulysses' cousin; Mr. W. H. Wilson; the late Judge Lowden; and Mr. Henry J. Hanna. From Admiral Daniel Ammen I obtained many anecdotes covering a long period of Grant's life, from his boyhood to his presidency. Captain Albert Kautz and Captain U. S. Grant White of the navy also aided me in my work.

I wish publicly to acknowledge also the valuable and painstaking assistance of Mr. Chambers Baird of Ripley, Ohio, who secured for me interviews with Mr. W. B. Campbell, Mr. Morgan Murphy, Mr. W. S. Galbreath, ex-Mayor Edwards, and others who knew Grant as a student in Ripley and Maysville.

With regard to Grant's life at West Point, I am especially indebted to General W. B. Franklin, General James Longstreet, General Simon B. Buckner, General D. M. Frost, and Father Dehon, all his classmates. Through the courtesy of the commandant, I was able to examine all the records of Grant's conduct while a cadet; and Mr. William Ward, clerk in the adjutant's office at the academy, cheerfully aided me in my search of the records. Through the courtesy of Mr. J. W. Lowe of Chicago and Mr. Joseph C. Hardie of Washington, I am able to present matter hitherto unpublished concerning Grant's life at West Point and in

Mexico. In Mexico City, through the kindness of Mr. Frank R. Guernsey, I was able to secure witnesses and valuable hints giving me the point of view of the Mexican authorities.

I received most valuable information concerning Grant's life in Detroit from General Friend Palmer, Mr. Silas Farmer, and J. E. Elderkin, drum-major in Grant's regiment. At Sackett's Harbor I had the assistance of Mr. Walter Camp, a local historian, who remembered Grant very well. Very early in my study I found that Albert D. Richardson, author of "The Personal Life of U. S. Grant," had been most painstaking in his search for material. At Detroit, as at St. Louis, I interviewed some of the very men with whom he had talked nearly thirty years before. I here acknowledge an indebtedness to his book second only to the "Personal Memoirs." With regard to Captain Grant's life on the coast, I am especially obliged to Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, the present commandant of Vancouver Barracks, and Major Theodore Eckerson, now of Portland.

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In dealing with Grant's later days I am permitted to use information obtained from Mr. John Russell Young, Mr. W. A. Purrington, Mr. Walter S. Johnston, Mr. George Spencer, Captain N. E. Dawson, Dr. George H. Shrady, and General Simon B. Buckner.

Among the principal commanders under Grant whose personal testimony was of great value to me are Generals H. G. Wright, J. J. Reynolds, W. B. Franklin, J. E. Smith,* A. J. Smith,* J. H. Wilson, Robert McFeely, T. Van Vliet, A. L. Chetlain, Colonel Amos Webster, and Colonel C. B. Comstock. Colonel Marshall of General Lee's staff, General Marcus Wright, and General Heth of the Confederate service were most kind in granting the use of testimony.

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* Since deceased.

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GARLAND'S LIFE OF GRANT

CHAPTER I

THE CHILDHOOD OF ULYSSES GRANT

ULYSSES GRANT was born in a cabin home standing in a little village on the north bank of the Ohio River, at a point about twenty-five miles east of Cincinnati. This cabin stood comparatively unchanged up to the year 1885, when it was taken down and removed to Columbus as a relic.

It was a one-story building of two very small rooms, with an outside chimney at one end, in the manner of Southern cottages. In one room the family lived in the daytime, cooking at the big fireplace, and eating at a pine table. In the other room they slept.

It was almost as humble in appearance as the home in which Abraham Lincoln first saw the light. The village was called Point Pleasant, and it was indeed a beautiful place. Below the door the Ohio River curved away into blue distance, and behind it rose hills covered with tall woods of oak and walnut and ash. At that time the river was the great highway, and over its steel-bright surface the stern-wheel steamers *Daniel Boone* and *Simon Kenton* plied amid many flatboats, like immense swans surrounded by awkward water-bugs.

At this time Point Pleasant had hopes of being a metropolis. It was deceived. It is to-day a very small village, at whose wharf only an occasional steamer condescends to stop. In 1820 it contained, among other industries, a tannery; and the foreman of this tannery was an ambitious, stalwart young fellow named Jesse Grant. He had been in business for himself some years before, and was looking for a chance to begin again. Sickness had broken him up in business at Ravenna, and had swept away his savings—savings which represented the most unremitting toil and the most rigorous self-denial; but he was once more accumulating a fund, and was nearly ready for a second venture.

He married, in 1821, a slender, self-contained young girl named Hannah Simpson—a girl of most excellent quality, handsome, but not vain, and of great steadiness of purpose. In 1822 his first son was born, and in 1823 tanner Grant decided upon Georgetown as the best point to set up a tannery of his own. His keen perception of the commercial changes going on decided this movement. Georgetown was the county-seat of the new county of Brown, and had the further advantage of being situated in a wilderness of tan-bark. By reason of its oaks, Georgetown became the boyhood home of Ulysses Grant.

The Grant family made a vivid impression upon the citizens of Georgetown at once. Jesse Grant was a strong man physically and mentally, though possessed of many idiosyncrasies. He was nearly six feet in height, and alive to his finger-tips. His head was large and his face strongly modeled, but his eyes were weak and near-sighted. He looked the transplanted New-Englander he was.

He came of a strong family of most admirable record. His father and grandfather had been soldiers in the colonial and Revolutionary wars respectively, his grandfather attaining the rank of captain. His father was lieutenant at Lexington, and fought through the entire Revolutionary War. The Grants had been Connecticut Yankees for several generations, and Jesse brought the vigor, hardihood, and shrewd economy of his forebears to the less

thrifty Ohio border. He took a prominent position in the village at once; for he loved to talk, to make speeches, and to argue, and, besides holding advanced ideas, he wrote rhymes. He had the gentle art of making enemies as well as friends. He was pronouncedly of the North; his neighbors were mainly of the South.

Hannah Simpson, his wife, had no discoverable enemies. She was almost universally beloved as a Christian woman and faithful wife and mother. But it took longer to know her. She was the most reticent of persons. "Ulysses got his reticence, his patience, his equable temper, from his mother," is the verdict of those who knew both father and mother. Others go further and say: "He got his *sense* from his mother."

In truth, the Simpsons were a fine old family. They were quite as martial as the Grants, were as genuinely American in their history, and were possessed apparently of greater self-control. Hannah Simpson was the daughter of John Simpson, a man with the restless heart of a pioneer, who had left his ancestral home in Pennsylvania, near Philadelphia, and had settled in Clermont County, Ohio, a few years before. He had built a brick house and opened a large farm, and his position was most honorable in his town of Bantam. Hannah Simpson, his daughter, seems to have gathered up and carried forward to her son Ulysses the best qualities of her people. That she was a remarkable woman all her neighbors bear testimony. She never complained of any hardship or toil or depression. She seldom laughed, and her son Ulysses once said, "I never saw her shed a tear in my life." She was as proud of her family history as her husband was of his, but she said nothing about it. She never argued, never boasted, and never gossiped of her neighbors. Her husband bore testimony of her character in words well chosen: "Her steadiness and strength of character have been the stay of the family through life." Her old neighbors call her "a noble woman."

A large part of the criticism of Jesse Grant arose from two sources—his disputatiousness and his Northern prejudices. In 1823, as now, Georgetown was inhabited by

native families, that is to say, by families at least two removes from the old world, as a roster of the names will show. There was scarcely an Italian, Russian, French, or Scandinavian among them; but many were from Kentucky and Virginia, and the town partook almost equally of South and North in respect of customs, speech, and political prejudices; possibly at that time the South predominated. Jesse Grant was a Yankee, and a natural radical in politics. He was quite ready to argue, and dispute arose at once.

The village was laid out around the court-house square, in Southern fashion. It was a town hewn out of a mighty forest of trees. On every side the lofty walnut and maple and oak and ash trees stood in ranks, and the farmers tilled around the immovably rooted boles of girdled oaks. To this day the fringes and fragments of woods, and especially the stumps, testify of the giants of other days.

The town, consisting of a score of houses, possibly, was set just where the broken land, some ten miles back from the Ohio River, levels up into a sort of plateau, with White Oak Creek to the west and Straight Creek to the east. The soil was fat and productive, as the settler could well perceive by measuring the giant oaks which had risen out of it, and he set himself to work like some valorous but inconsiderate and inconsiderable insect to gnaw down the forest and let in the sunlight upon his corn and potatoes.

The life which the boy Ulysses touched was therefore primitive, unrefined, and serious. The manners of the village were almost as rude as those of the farms. The houses were small, unadorned, and overcrowded with children. The women cooked at the open fireplaces with pots and cranes, with "reflectors" and "Dutch ovens" as luxuries. The ceilings were very low, the walls bare, the furniture rude and scanty. The interiors were without a single touch of refining grace, save when at night the fireplace threw a golden glory over the rough plaster, and filled the corners of the room with mystery of shadow-play.

The type of house most common was a modification in frame or brick of the woodsman's cabin, with a chimney

at each end, and a little lean-to kitchen behind. The Grant home for the first few years was a small, low brick structure with one room, a kitchen, and a garret. This means that the family ate, met their kind, and slept in two rooms. This almost universal poverty of room produced the trundle-bed, which shoved under the bed of the parents like a bureau drawer. More ambitious houses were soon built, but in general the two-roomed cabin continued to be the typical home of the villager as well as of the woodsman.

Newspapers were few, but they were read with minute care. Life was timed to the slow pulsing to and fro of the clumsy stage, and to the stately languor of the stern-wheel steamers, whose booming roar sounded clamorously in the night from the river mist ten miles away. The fact that Georgetown was an inland town, and that it was a farming community, kept it comparatively free from broil and bloodshed, rude though it was. It had also repose and a certain security of life which found some compensation for its remoteness. Ripley, down on the Ohio River ten miles away, was the principal market, but it seemed likely to be more. It was considered entitled to regular stops on the part of the steamers, which swung to with elaborate and disdainful courtesy in answer to signals from the lesser towns. From Ripley or Higginsport, Georgetown was reached by stage over hill and through deep woods.

Ulysses Grant lived for sixteen years in this locality, and upon the boy mind were impressed the faces, the speech, the manners, and the daily habits of these people. He loved the town with the love men have for the things thus clothed upon with childish wonder, and which never lose their halo.

The citizens were a plain people of unesthetic temperament, sturdy of arm and resolute of heart, as befitted woodsmen. "Nonsense" they could not abide, and they were quick to perceive Jesse Grant's "foolish pride" in his little son Ulysses. They were amused at this name "Ulysses," which they soon parodied into "Useless." "How did you come to saddle such a name on the poor child?" some of them asked.

The story was curious. As related by the father, it

appeared that after the birth of his eldest son the common difficulty of choosing a name arose. Multitudes of suggestions only confused the young parents the more, until at last it was proposed to cast the names into a hat. This was done. A romantic aunt suggested "Theodore." The mother favored "Albert," in honor of Albert Gallatin. Grandfather Simpson voted "Hiram," because he considered it a handsome name. The drawing resulted in two names, Hiram and Ulysses.

"Ulysses," it is said, was cast into the hat by Grandmother Simpson, who had been reading a translation of Fénelon's "Telemachus," and had been much impressed by the description given of Ulysses. The boy was named "Hiram Ulysses Grant." But the father always called him Ulysses, and never Hiram. "My Ulysses" was a common expression of his, and the rude jesters of the village mocked his utterance of it.

Other children came to the Grants—Simpson (three years younger), Clara, Virginia, Orvil (nearly thirteen years younger), and Mary, the youngest of them all; but Ulysses remained the father's pride, and upon him he built all his hopes. Ulysses developed early into a self-reliant child, active and healthy. He came at the age of seven to a share in the work about the house and yard. He began to pick up chips and to carry in the wood for the big fireplaces, quite like the son of a farmer. He was called "Lys," or, in the soft drawl of the South, "Lyssus"; his playmates had not yet begun to find it worth while to tease him about his name. He had wonderful love for horses, and as soon as he could toddle he delighted to go out across the yard, where, at the hitching-poles before the finishing-room of the tannery, several teams were almost always to be found on pleasant days. He crawled about between the legs of the dozing horses, and swung by their tails in perfect content, till some timid mother near by rushed in to Mrs. Grant with excited outcry: "Mrs. Grant, *do* you know where your boy is? He 's out there swinging on the tails of Loudon's horses!"

But Mrs. Grant never seemed to worry about Ulysses in the least. She was not of those mothers whose maternal

love casts a correspondingly deep shadow of agonizing fear. "When Ulysses was sick she gave him a dose of castor-oil, put him to bed, and went calmly about her work, trusting in the Lord and the boy's constitution," one neighbor said.

Mrs. Grant saw that Ulysses understood horses, and that they understood him, so she interfered very little in his play with the teams across the way. She was too busy to have an eye to his restless activity.

CHAPTER II

BOY LIFE IN GEORGETOWN

AT eight years of age Ulysses began to drive a team and to break bark into the hopper of the bark-mill, which was precisely like a big coffee-mill, put in action by a horse attached to a circling sweep. Into a big iron hopper it was the boy's duty to break the long slabs of bark with a mallet. The strips as they came from the woods were several feet in length, and in order to reach the grinding machinery they needed to be broken into chunks four or five inches long. This was wearisome business, especially when the pawpaws were ripe and the hawk was indolently floating on the western wind. The mill stood under a shed where there was nothing to see, and, besides, the boy doing the work was obliged to keep his head out of the way of the sweep, and to see that the horse kept a steady gait. "If you stopped to think how many strips were ahead of you the thought was appalling."

Breaking bark did not please Ulysses so well as driving the team which hauled the bark from the woods, and he escaped it in every way possible. When his father said to him, "We shall have to go to grinding bark," he would rise "without saying a word, and start straight for the village, to get a load to haul or passengers to carry, or something or other to do, and hire a boy to come and grind the bark." He was sometimes able to persuade the girls to help him by exalting the privilege, in the way of Tom Sawyer, and by earnestly detailing the need there was of his riding on the sweep behind the horse. This was great generalship, and across the space of half a century

his girl playmates still remember his roguish triumph. He was always on hand, also, when the wheat was being threshed, or for any work in which there was a chance to ride a horse.

All around him, during those years, the mighty battle with the forest went on. Axes rang incessantly; trees crashed and fell; columns of smoke rose to the sky at midday, and splendid fires glowed at night. It was like the attack of brownies on a chained and helpless army of giants. The steam sawmill had not yet added its devouring teeth to the destruction of the trees; it was mainly hand-work. Ulysses took active part in this devastation. He helped strip the bark from the oaks and set fire to the stumps and the heaps of branches. He drove team when the bark was carried to the mill, and he lent a hand to roll the useless logs into piles to be burned. There was something splendid in this activity, while the tannery grew more and more repulsive to him, and secretly he made up his mind never to be a tanner. He would grind bark in the yard, if need were, but to scrape hides, or even handle them, was out of the question. He never came nearer to being a tanner than this.

About a mile to the west of the village square a little stream called White Oak Creek runs through a deep coulée, or valley. In those days the stream was a strong, swift current, and there were mills for grinding corn and wheat located along its banks; and the farmers came in caravans from the clearings far to the north with grain to be ground, and at night they camped like an army-corps in the splendid open forest of the bottom-lands. It was a beautiful experience for the boys of Georgetown to see these campfires gleaming all over the lowlands, to hear the mules and horses call for supper, to see the smoke curling up, and to hear the hearty talk and laughter of the men. This was a favorite playing-ground for the boys, and Ulysses longed to join these caravans.

The creek was full of fish at that time. There were swimming-holes, which became skating-ponds in due season, and all good things to eat grew on these bottom-lands. Then, too, the teams filed past on their way to

Higginsport with their flour to load on the flatboats bound for New Orleans. It all had mystery and allurement in it, and one of the strongest passions Ulysses Grant felt at this time was the wish to travel—to go down the Ohio River and see where the water went to; to go up the river and find where the flatboats came from. He said little of this longing, for he was trained to hide his emotions.

Ten years of careful management made Jesse Grant one of the well-to-do citizens of the town. He had a comfortable brick house, he wore gold-bowed glasses, and he possessed a carriage. Most people went afoot or on horseback in that day, but he had a driving outfit, which Ulysses began to use when a mere child. "At eight and a half years he had become a regular teamster," his father states, "and used to work my team all day, day after day, hauling wood. At about ten years of age he used to drive a pair of horses all alone from Georgetown, where he lived, to Cincinnati, forty miles away, and bring home a load of passengers."

His father did not insist on his working about the bark-mill, provided he obtained a substitute, and readily enough intrusted Ulysses with a team, and was quite willing for him to have a horse of his own. Indeed, he allowed him to manage the horses and take part in the farming. Chilton White, one of his playmates, remembers that he was always busy. "He was a stout, rugged boy, with a good deal of sleight in his work with a team. He liked horses, and always kept his span fat and slick."

When Ulysses was in his twelfth year, a traveling phrenologist confirmed the father in his belief in his son's great ability. Of this famous incident there are two versions. The father's story runs thus:

When Ulysses was about twelve years old the first phrenologist who ever made his appearance in that part of the country came to the neighborhood. He awakened a good deal of interest in the science, and was prevailed upon to remain there for some time. One Dr. Buckner, who was rather inclined to be officious on most occasions, in order to test the accuracy of the phrenologist, asked him if he would be blindfolded and examine a head.

Stairway in the Grant homestead at Georgetown, Ohio.

From a photograph taken especially for this work.

Building used by Jesse R. Grant as the finishing-house of his tannery at Georgetown, Ohio.

It still stands, opposite the old Grant homestead.

This was at one of his public lectures. The phrenologist replied that he would. So they blindfolded him, and brought Ulysses forward to have his head examined.

He felt it all over for some time, saying, apparently to himself: "It is no very common head! It is an extraordinary head!" At length Dr. Buckner broke in to ask whether the boy would be likely to distinguish himself in mathematics.

"Yes," said the phrenologist; "in mathematics or anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him President of the United States." This made an ineffaceable impression upon the father, and confirmed him in his belief that his son Ulysses was a child of destiny.

The village version of the incident is quite different. With all his shrewdness and energy, the neighbors say, there was a strain of singular guilelessness in Jesse Grant. He was credulous and simple—in the old meaning of the word "simple."

According to their report, Dr. Buckner was only putting up a practical joke on his neighbor Grant. As the timid and blushing Ulysses was pushed forward to the platform the crowd began to titter, and the quick-witted lecturer seized upon the situation. It was to him another numskull son of a doting father. As he muttered to himself the crowd roared with delight. He spoke over this boy's head the same word of prophecy he had used in a hundred similar cases. It was a perfectly successful joke. The father believed the cheering to be in honor of his son. Ridicule made no difference with him; he stuck to his faith unshakably.

His faith, moreover, expressed itself in deeds. He sent Ulysses to school, in face of much discouragement. Being mindful of his own lack of education, and believing in his son, Jesse Grant was always an active supporter of the teacher. At a time when "book-l'arnin'" was at a sad discount, and when every hand was needed to make a living, the indomitable tanner kept his son in school, not letting him miss a day, thus setting his grim lips firmly in the face of derision.

Mrs. Grant's sweetness and strength of character kept

her one of the best beloved women of the town, while her husband's outspoken, dogmatic opinions upon all public policies made him to be both disliked and respected.

He was withal a sober man and an honorable man, and Mrs. Grant was considered a fortunate woman by her neighbors because her husband was "such a good provider." The Grant house was considered one of the best furnished in the neighborhood. Mrs. Grant acquiesced in the plans to make Ulysses a great man, and through her efforts he was always nicely dressed and ready for school. How much further her love went she gave little sign.

The feeling against Jesse Grant on the part of the pro-slavery element developed rancor on the part of many of the village boys toward Ulysses, and he suffered thereby not a little. According to the tales of old residents, the boys "were always laying for him," and stories are still current in Georgetown which are calculated to make him out a stupid lad. Of such is the famous horse-trade story, wherein Ulysses is said to have raised his own bid two points without waiting for answer on the part of the seller.

In spite of these stories, it appears that the boys who knew him best had a high regard for him. He had a way of doing things which commanded respect. He had traveled a great deal,—he had been to Cincinnati, to Maysville, and to Louisville on business for his father,—and he had a team to drive just as if it were his own. These things entitled him to a certain respect on the part of his comrades.

"There were, in fact, two sets of boys in the town, one very rough, and one very quiet set—that is to say, well-meaning; for while they were full of fun and noise, they were good, clean boys; they did not use liquor or tobacco; and it was to this company that Ulysses belonged. It was his habit to associate with boys older than himself, and this, with his staid demeanor, made him seem older than his years."

He seldom did anything which could even be called thoughtless.* "He was the soul of honor," another playmate bears witness.

* Judge James Marshall tells an amusing story of his hospitable nature. There had been a cholera scare in town, and Uncle Jesse, being one of the few men who had traveled and knew a thing or two, was commissioned to go to Maysville and procure a supply of the cholera medicine which was used at

At ten years of age he had become a remarkable teamster. He amazed his companions by his ability to manage and train horses. There was something mysterious in his power to communicate to a horse his wishes. He could train a horse to trot, rack, or pace, apparently at will. He would do any honorable thing in order to ride or drive a fine horse.

When he was about eleven years of age he made a reputation among the boys by riding the trick pony of a circus which came in trailing clouds of glorified dust, one summer day, like a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"It was a small animal show and circus," said Judge Marshall, "and one part of the entertainment was to turn a kangaroo loose in the ring, and ask some lively-footed boy to catch it. I considered myself a pretty good runner in those days, and I tried to catch the kangaroo, to the vast amusement of the people looking on. Ulysses, however, was a plump boy, and not a good runner. He made no attempt at the kangaroo, but was deeply interested in the trick pony which had been trained to throw off any boy who attempted to ride him. He was a very fat bay pony, with no mane, and nothing at all to hang to. Ulysses looked on for a while, saw several of the other boys try and fail, and at last said: 'I believe I can ride that pony.' He anticipated the pony's attempts to throw him off by leaning down and putting his arms around the pony's neck. The pony reared, kicked, and did everything he knew to unhorse Ulysses, but failed; and at last the clown acknowledged the pony's defeat, and paid the five dollars which

that time. He brought back a demijohn of blackberry cordial, and a jug of medicine of that time which was popularly known as "No. 6." No. 6 had various uses; it was a good thing to rub on a sprain, bruise, etc. One Sunday, shortly afterward, while the old people were all at church, the boys, tired with turning handsprings on the tan-bark, expressed a thirst, and Ulysses invited them all to come down cellar and test the cholera medicine. "We did not know how it was to be taken," said Judge Marshall, "but I know how we took it. With fine generosity, Ulysses offered us the No. 6, and we tasted it, and we did not like it. He then asked us to try the blackberry cordial, which we did, and liked; and thereafter we often went down cellar to have a pull at the cholera medicine. I don't know whether we took it right or not, but certain it is we did not take the cholera. . . . At this time Ulysses was a plump, short, ruddy, staid, manly boy, never given to pranks. He never backed out of anything, and avoided any prominence; what he had to do he did well and promptly."

he had promised to the boy who would ride him. As Ulysses turned away with the five dollars in his hand, he said to the boys standing round: 'Why, that pony is as slick as an apple.'"

There are stories, also, which seem to illustrate his fertility of resource in practical affairs, and others to show his pertinacity of purpose.

He was a successful farmer, and liked it very much; in fact, his life was nearer that of a farmer's boy than a tanner's son. He was thrifty, too. "While the other boys were at play he was earning a quarter." All testimony points to his being a very busy and resourceful boy. He always had pocket-money earned by teaming. He worked willingly and steadily at hauling, breaking bark, and plowing.

When he was not at work about the tannery or farm, he was conveying travelers to Ripley, to Maysville, to Higginsport, to West Union, or to Cincinnati. In this way he earned enough money to buy a horse of his own. Once, when he was about thirteen years of age, he took a couple of lawyers across country to Toledo. Everybody was astonished to think Uncle Jesse would trust his boy on such a long trip.

"Are n't you afraid he 'll get into trouble on the way?"

"Oh, no," replied the proud sire; "he 'll take care of himself."

To understand to the full the resolution and good judgment required on this trip of several hundred miles, it must be remembered that in 1835 there were few pikes or bridges, and the streams were much deeper to ford than now. Jesse often sent his son to make collections or to transact important business. The boy certainly did not lack for employment, and yet, in the midst of teaming, grinding bark, and going to school, he found time to have a little fun.

It was a good boy's country. It produced not merely great trees, and corn, and wheat: it produced pawpaws, and grapes, and May-apples, and blackberries, and hickory-nuts, and beechnuts, and all kinds of forage for boys. These things, in due season, they plucked and hoarded, in

the alert seriousness of squirrels or young savages. Ulysses was often of these parties, and in winter many pleasant evenings were spent before the hearth, cracking nuts, in company with the White or Marshall boys. He could swim well, but was a poor fisherman; he could play ball fairly well, and he could ride standing on one foot upon the back of a galloping horse. In winter-time he was a daring and much-admired coaster down the steep street which fell away sharply from the square and ran past the tan-yard and the Grant homestead. It is a fine country to coast in, with many long, curving slopes of road running under magnificent trees, and past clumps of brush, and over bridges.

He was a great favorite with the girls, though he was not a demonstrative lover. He was kind and considerate of them, never rude and boisterous, and never derisive. "He was one of the few boys who had a team and sleigh at their disposal, and he took the girls a-sleighing," sitting silently in the midst of their shrieking and chatter. He never teased children younger than himself, or tortured animals. So runs the testimony of the women who knew him as a boy. He had the effect always of being a good listener, and was counted good company, though never an entertainer. "He was more like a grown person than a boy."

He was at fifteen a good-looking boy, with a large head, strong, straight nose, quiet gray-blue eyes, and flexible lips. He was short and sturdy, with fine hands and feet. "He was not a brilliant boy, but he was a good boy," "a refined boy," "the soul of honor." "He never swore or used vulgar words, and he was notably considerate and unselfish." There is little record of his fighting.

Of his education in Georgetown little can be said. He had been schooled of nature and by work and play, but up to his fourteenth year he had attended only the winter session of John D. White's subscription school,*

* The following dunning letter would seem to indicate that there were those who could not, or would not, pay, even in "truck":

DISTRICT SCHOOL-HOUSE, March 5, 1829.

DEAR SIR: Justice to myself and family compels me to make out my accompts and endeavor to collect them. I hope you will not be offended at my sending you this scribble, for I have not time to run about and make

which "took up" in a long low brick building standing on a knoll to the south of the town. Schools in country towns of that day were not taken very seriously by most of the citizens. To be able to read and write and cipher was considered very fair attainment. There were those, it is true, who wished their sons and daughters to study Lindley Murray and higher mathematics, but such ambitions were considered of questionable virtue. Ulysses was a quiet boy at school. "He never whispered or spoke in a low voice as if afraid to be heard."

He won the admiration of his classmates in drawing. "He could draw a horse and put a man on him." He was strong also in mathematics—would not let his classmates show him the way to do problems, but always wanted to work them out himself. A certain wordlessness and lack of dash, together with a peculiar guilelessness, drew upon him the ridicule of the rude. His language was so simple and bare of all slang and profanity that it seemed poor and weak to his comrades. He suffered a certain persecution during all his days in Georgetown.

collections. If I have got anything of you that I have not booked I am willing to settle for it.

You have paid me as follows:

In cash	$2.00
214 pounds beef at 2 cts.	4.28
One bushel corn	.25
Flour	.50
Pork	.50
2 baskets corn	.16⅔
	$7.69⅔

My acpt. for 1826 is	$7.35¾
for 1827	8.00
for 1828	4.22½
	$19.58¼
	7.69⅔
Balance due	$11.88½

This is for the time you sent, and not according to your subscription.

Yours, etc., in haste,
JOHN D. WHITE.

Grant's birthplace, at Point Pleasant, Ohio.

From a copyrighted photograph by F. L. Dickinson, Cincinnati, Ohio. The house is still standing, but it has been removed to Columbus, Ohio, where it is carefully preserved as a relic in an inclosing structure of stone, iron, and glass.

The Grant homestead at Georgetown, Ohio, where Ulysses S. Grant lived as a boy for nearly fifteen years.

It is still standing.

CHAPTER III

ULYSSES GOES TO BOARDING-SCHOOL

JESSE GRANT was a close reckoner in ordinary dealings, but he was more liberal with his son than most fathers of the village; and the winter that Ulysses was fourteen he sent him to school in Maysville, a larger town just across the river, in Kentucky, fifteen or twenty miles from Georgetown. This was done in the hope that something a little better might be had in the way of schooling.

No doubt the boy gladly accepted the opportunity, for Maysville was a city to him, and, besides, there were the steamboats, the beautiful river, and the wharves with their daily passenger and freight traffic. It was an old town, filled with houses of the old English type, such as Boston and Baltimore have in their older streets. It was a straggling town, extending along the sloping bank between the river and the bluffs behind. It was on slave soil, but it was not without its antislavery element even at that day. Jesse Grant, it is said, helped to found the first abolition society in Kentucky, in 1823.

It was a finer place for a boy's life than Georgetown. There were boating, swimming, and fishing in summer, and beautiful skating and superb coasting in winter. Of his life in Maysville we know little; but his old teacher and some of his classmates remember him well as a very quiet, pleasant boy. The vicious side of life never seemed to attract him, and he did nothing to set himself distinctively above or below his fellows. Richeson, his teacher, was a college-bred man of liberal tastes, and his

methods as a teacher were peculiar and original. He made a strong and gracious impression on young Grant, who "ranked high in all his classes, and his deportment was exceptionally good."

While attending the Maysville Seminary Ulysses boarded with the family of his uncle, Peter Grant, who was largely engaged in the salt trade.

An old book containing the records of the Philomathean Society of Maysville, Kentucky, has something recorded of young Grant. Apparently he entered the club for the first time at its thirty-third meeting, January 3, 1837, and took a prominent part at once. By a curious coincidence, the question for this first evening was, "*Resolved*, That the Texans were not justifiable in giving Santa Aña his liberty." In the names of the debaters this night there appears on the record "H. U. Grant." He was on the affirmative side. He was on the affirmative side at the thirty-fourth meeting, with this question, "*Resolved*, That females wield greater influence in society than males." The affirmative side won in this case as well as in the other. At the thirty-fifth meeting his name appears on the affirmative of the question (a very vital one at that time), "*Resolved*, That it would not be just and politic to liberate the slaves at this time." Again he was on the winning side.

At the thirty-sixth meeting the name appears "U. Grant" on the affirmative side of the resolution, "That intemperance is a greater evil than war."

At the thirty-seventh meeting "Mr. Grant" submitted the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That it be considered out of order for any member to speak on the opposite side to which he is placed." On this same evening he was elected, together with his friends A. H. Markland and W. Richeson, as a member of the committee. He also took part in the debate on the question, "*Resolved*, That Socrates was right in not escaping when the prison doors were opened to him." He took the affirmative, and it was again the successful side.

At the thirty-eighth meeting Ulysses Grant and E. M. Richeson were appointed to declaim at the next meeting.

He was again on the affirmative side of the debate on the question, "*Resolved*, That the writer deserves more praise than the orator."

At the thirty-ninth meeting we find this significant line: "First declaim by E. M. Richeson; second, the roll being called, U. Grant was found to be absent." His name appears, however, on the negative side of the question, "That the writer deserves more praise than the orator."

His name appears once more on the question, "*Resolved*, That Columbus deserves more praise for discovering America than Washington did for defending it." He took the negative side of this question.

He was on the negative side, at the forty-second meeting, on the question, "*Resolved*, That America can boast of as great men as any other nation," March 27, 1837.

Grant's name does not appear in the records of the debating society after March, 1837; the probabilities are that he returned home to put in the crop.

There was a fine flavor about this society. It had a Latin motto, and debated the most weighty questions that the world has ever grappled with. It would seem from its record that Grant was a willing debater, but that he would rather pay six and a quarter cents fine than declaim. He was prominent in nine meetings, and, so far as we know, was an active member.

However, his was not a nature that showed its hidden powers early, and he returned to Georgetown the next spring, not very much changed in looks or habit. He remained in Georgetown during the ensuing year, sharing the life and amusements of its best young people attending the village school in the winter.

Of indoor amusements there were few. The better class of people in the village took a serious, if not somber, view of life. Dancing was prohibited; the fiddle was seldom heard. There were no musical instruments, and little singing, save of wailing hymns and droning psalms. As the walls were bare of ornament, so the souls of these people were without color of art or charm of poesy. Intelligence they had, and probity and power, but not

grace. However, each year liberalized them appreciably, and the usual rustic social pleasures—bussing-bees, parsing-bees, spelling-bees, and the like—came in.

Books were almost unknown, except volumes of sermons or religious essays. The school-books of the day were the English Reader, the Columbian Orator, Comstock's Philosophy, and Comstock's Arithmetic. The readers were filled with strenuously ethical essays, and tremendously bombastic orations, and very dry blank verse. It was all very far removed from southern Ohio colloquialisms. On the bureau of the Grant sitting-room, it is remembered, there stood a little cabinet containing possibly thirty books. What these were there is no tradition to tell. Presumably they were not of fine literature,* though Jesse Grant was naturally a lover of reading. Such books as came his way he read with care.

He attended the Methodist Church, though hardly so devoted in his religious life as his wife. Neither of them, however, could in their hearts completely sanction the barbarisms of the church of that day, which allowed of "shouting" and "frenzy." The "jerks" and "falling" were common when sinners were "smit by the Lord Almighty's power." Religion was not merely serious, it was tragic, in those days; the shadow of the Reformation still hung above it. "Hannah Grant was deeply religious, but very tolerant." She never interfered with any rational and proper amusement of her children.

Ulysses, being a healthy-minded boy, recoiled from the frenzy of the "revival," and there is no evidence that it made any other impression upon him than one of fear or astonishment. His mother's gentle creed and spotless life, however, he felt ineffaceably. There is no record that either father or mother ever used any strong effort to induce him to join the church, though they insisted on his recognition of the Sabbath. His home life was pleasant. "I never received a harsh word or suffered an unjust

* One of these was probably the famous old Weems "Life of Washington," for Jesse Grant speaks of Ulysses reading the "Life of Washington" at about seven years of age. The lad was not much of a reader, however. "He cared more for horses than for books."

act from my father or mother," he once said; and it is a good deal to say of any parents.

His sixteenth year was spent at home in Georgetown, beloved by his playmates, and happy in his activity with team and plow. His only bugbear was the beam-room, where the reeking hides are stretched and scraped. It is a repulsive place to a sensitive person, and Ulysses expected to be called soon to take his place there. He was growing toward a man's capacities,—indeed, he was more capable than most men already,—and the grim-lipped father was pondering upon the son's future. This Ulysses saw, but waited, as was his habit, for the other person to speak.

One day they were short of hands in the tannery, and Jesse said:

"Ulysses, you 'll have to go into the beam-room and help me to-day."

Ulysses reluctantly followed, for thus far he had escaped that work. As he walked beside his father he said:

"Father, this tanning is not the kind of work I like. I 'll work at it, though," he sturdily added, "if you wish me to, until I am twenty-one; but you may depend upon it, I 'll never work a day longer at it after that."

Jesse Grant, being a reasonable man, immediately replied:

"My son, I don't want you to work at it *now*, if you don't like it, and don't mean to stick to it. I want you to work at whatever you like and intend to follow. Now, what do you think you would like?"

"I 'd like to be a farmer, or a down-the-river trader, or get an education." He put the education last, in his modest way.

The little farm on which Ulysses had been working in years past was rented out, and down-the-river trading hardly pleased the father, and times being very close, he did n't see how he could send the boy away to school. He thought of West Point, and said:

"How would you like West Point? You know, the education is free there, and the government supports the cadets. How would you like to go there?"

"First-rate," Ulysses promptly replied.*

His life thus far had been such as makes a boy older than his years, but it had not given him much in way of preparation for West Point, and it is probable that he did not really imagine himself a successful candidate for the appointment. He said little about the plan, for he had suffered too keenly from the ridicule of his playmates, who made a never-ending mock of his father's prophecy of his son's future greatness. There seems no doubt of this, though he never alluded to it.† Undoubtedly this constant derision added to his reticence and apparent dullness.

Even at fifteen years of age he had a superstition that to retreat was fatal. When he set hand to any plan, or started upon any journey, he felt the necessity of going to the turn of the lane or to the end of the furrow. He was resolute and unafraid always, a boy to be trusted and counted upon—sturdy, capable of hard knocks. What he was in speech he was in grain. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but also that he had thought his way to the successful end of the task. He was, in fact, an unusually determined and resourceful boy, as the stories of his neighbors show. Some of the good people of Georgetown, Ripley, and Batavia, however, went far in their attempt to show how very ordinary Ulysses Grant was. One measure of greatness they always had in these small towns—*oratory*, "gab." If a man was able to make a speech he became at once a man of mark. If a boy could declaim or debate well he was called brilliant; conversely, one who could not was "ordinary."

In the small minds of envious people, a boy of thirteen who could drive a team six hundred miles across country, and arrive safely; who could load a wagon with heavy logs by his own mechanical ingenuity; who insisted on solving

* From a letter written to the New York "Ledger" by Jesse Grant in 1868. This does not agree with the account in the "Memoirs" of U. S. Grant, but it seems a very natural decision on the boy's part.

† This ridicule is alluded to by W. T. Galbreath, Chilton White, Nelson Waterman, O. Eadwards, and other citizens of Brown County.

all mathematical problems himself; who never whispered, or lied, or swore, or quarreled; who could train a horse to pace or trot at will; who stood squarely upon his own knowledge of things, without resorting to trick or mere memory—such a boy was stupid, dull, and commonplace. That Ulysses was not showy or easily valued as a talker was true. His unusualness was in the balance of his character, in his poise, his native judgment, and in his knowledge of things at first hand.

CHAPTER IV

ULYSSES ENTERS WEST POINT ACADEMY

TO go to West Point was a great distinction in 1839, especially to the son of a Western tanner. It meant, supposedly, association with brilliant young men from all over the United States, assembled in a historic and most beautiful spot. It meant a free education in a good school, and also an honorable position under the government after graduation. Jesse Grant had in him the military heart of Captain Noah Grant. His strong, alert, aggressive nature assorted well with military affairs. Whether he intended that Ulysses should be educated for a soldier, however, is in doubt; perhaps the distinction of having his son appointed was secondary only to his feeling that the four years' schooling was to be free.

Having decided upon the plan, however, he set to work to carry it out. The outlook was not, at the moment, promising. The congressional appointment was filled, and even if it had not been, he no longer felt assured of aid; for a year or two before he had fallen into violent discussion of the banking question with his friend and neighbor, the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, congressman from Brown County. They had succeeded in saying bitter things, and had parted in anger; and they were no longer in correspondence, and did not shake hands when they met on the street,* though secretly each felt for the other the same high regard, and Mr. Hamer loved Ulysses as if he were a son, and held Hannah Grant in high esteem as a most noble and capable woman.

During this estrangement Mr. Hamer appointed to the

* "Memoirs."

cadetship George Bartlett Bailey, a son of Dr. Bailey, who lived just across the street, and whose family was very intimate with the Grant household. The Bailey children used to lighten the labors of the Grant boys at the bark-mill, and the girls of the two families were daily playmates.

Bart, as he was called, was a brilliant boy in all ways—quite the opposite of Ulysses. He could talk, he recited happily, and was considered just the proper youth to be sent to West Point; and his appointment was heartily applauded in the village. He was about the age of Ulysses.

The records of his career are very brief.

According to the adjutant's books, he reported at the academy in July, 1837. In February, 1838, he resigned, and entered a private school for a year's further preparation. In July, 1838, he was reappointed, and registered.

In February, 1839, he again resigned, and no reason appears. So far as the records show, he passed both January examinations, and struggled hard, apparently, to remain. In some mysterious way he failed—probably because he detested the strict life and hard drill of the barracks. This much is certain: he made way for Ulysses Grant. "*It was to be*," the old adjutant's clerk said, with a mystic gleam in his eye.

Young Bailey's secret resignation was not known in Georgetown at the time. He had not returned, and the family felt that the boy would be misunderstood, and had been at pains to keep the news from their neighbors. Mr. Grant, not being in communication with Congressman Hamer, supposed the place still filled. However, knowing that each senator also had the power to appoint a cadet, the determined father wrote to United States Senator Thomas Morris of Ohio, asking if he had a vacancy in his appointment.

Senator Morris replied: "I have not. There being no application for the cadetship, I waived my right to appoint in favor of a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. But there is a vacancy in your own district, and doubtless Mr. Hamer, your representative, will fill it with your son." *

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

This was news to Grant, and he immediately wrote to Mr. Hamer a polite and dignified letter: *

GEORGETOWN, February 19, 1839.

TO HON. THOMAS L. HAMER.

DEAR SIR: In consequence of a remark from Mr. Morris (senator from Ohio), I was induced to apply to the War Department, through him, for a cadet appointment for my son, H. Ulysses. A letter this morning received from the department informs me that your consent will be necessary to enable him to obtain the appointment. I have thought it advisable to consult you on the subject, and if you have no other person in view for the appointment, and feel willing to consent to the appointment of Ulysses, you will please signify that consent to the department. When I last wrote to Mr. Morris I referred him to you to recommend the young man, if that were necessary.

Respectfully yours,

JESSE R. GRANT.

(See recommendations.)

Mr. Hamer generously did not allow the trouble between himself and Mr. Grant to interfere with the future of Ulysses, whom he thoroughly believed in. He promptly gave his indorsement, and Ulysses was appointed. It is pleasant to add that by this manly act the Hamers and Grants were reunited. It may also be remarked here that Jesse Grant was a remarkably fine letter-writer for those days. His letters are models of neatness and legibility, and not a little subtlety of expression is in them.

It is the tradition in Georgetown that when the news of Ulysses Grant's appointment came, the people were amazed. Some laughed, but others were indignant that such a clodpoll should be sent to be educated by the government. One man, meeting Mr. Grant on the street, said:

"I hear Ulysses is appointed to West Point. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir."

* This letter, hitherto unpublished, and one which Ulysses Grant saved, is valuable for several things. It fixes the boy's name, and the method of appointment. This letter is now in possession of the Hamer family. The Grants were unaware of its existence at the time the "Memoirs" appeared.

"Well, that 's a nice job! Why did n't they appoint a boy that would be a credit to the district?" *

There were many others who voiced the same feeling, though they had the grace not to snarl in the presence of the father. Ulysses doubtless agreed with them that it was a mistake,—he had no extravagant opinion of himself at any time,—but he faced the issue. He wanted to go, and he did not. The honor came with certain obvious disadvantages. One of these was home-leaving. He loved his home. He was the most unmilitary of boys in a military age. The story of his grandfather's battles, sieges, and marches had seemingly made little impression upon him. The "trainings" and "general muster" of the militia had interested him rather less than the infrequent circuses of the day. He had small love for guns, could not bear to see things killed, and was neither a hunter nor a fighter. The people could not be much blamed for their feeling of resentment. To any one but the father and mother it seemed very much like a waste of government privileges.

When the news of his appointment came Ulysses was living in Ripley. He had entered a special school, an academy, which was superintended by the Rev. William Taylor. It afforded the best instruction in the county, and was as good a school, undoubtedly, as could be found in any of the surrounding towns.

Sixty years is a long time to keep distinctly in memory the form and face of another, but several of Grant's classmates still live in Ripley, and remember him very well.† And the reports upon Ulysses' character are much more gracious than those of Georgetown.

"Lys, or Lyssus, as we called him, boarded with R. M. Johnson, a tanner, whom Jesse Grant knew by way of business dealings. He was then about sixteen years old, and in appearance was short, stout, stubby, and hearty, but rather sluggish in mind and body. I was in the same class

* This statement, made by Richardson, is corroborated by people in Ripley and Georgetown. It is all quite natural, and probably true.

† I am indebted to Mr. Chambers Baird of Ripley for notes and letters bearing on Grant's life in Ripley.

with him. We studied algebra together. He was excellent in mathematics. We studied Latin also, as beginners. He was not much of a talker—was rather quiet and serious. We all spent a good deal of time on the river in little boats. He played ball, and was good at it. When roused, was strong and active. He used to wrestle some, but I never knew him to fight, and he was never quarrelsome.

"His habits were good. I don't remember of his using tobacco or liquor. He never talked about military life. He never went on trips or excursions with us, except in our boating or skating; he was occupied with his studies. Everybody liked him, for he was so amiable and friendly and helpful. He was a good student, though we did not consider him a brilliant boy in studies.

"Our text-books were the English Reader and its Sequel, Lindley Murray's Grammar, Haven's Speller and Definer, Comstock's Philosophy. Then, we had a geography with pictures of Indians and Chinese in it. I don't remember the name of it. It was a queer little book. Grant stood well in all his classes, but he was specially good in mathematics."

Another classmate remembers him as a "heavy-made, good-looking boy, clever and social, modest and quiet. He was steady and studious. He was there for business. I belonged to the boys who made things lively, but Grant never took any hand in our mischief. He showed no liking for military life, but just accepted his appointment, and went to work preparing for it.

"I sat in the same seat with him the spring term. He was a good, steady boy, with no bad habits. I never saw him whipped or reprimanded."

To one of the girls of the school he looked "awkward and countrified, and as if he did n't think much about how he looked. He was quiet and slow in everything he did."

Another classmate adds a new observation to the meager list: "He was a great hand to ask questions. I think I have heard him ask a million. He seemed to want to get information and opinions from everybody. He said little himself, but he could answer questions, if you gave him time." This significant comment explains much

of Grant's great fund of facts. He absorbed information like a sponge.

"He was always dressed in home-made butternut jeans. He nearly always carried a stick, and whittled most of his time. If he stopped to talk with any one, he always whittled on the stick he carried; but he never made anything, like a great many boys do when they whittle."

Ripley seemed to Ulysses to be almost a city in comparison with Georgetown, and the mental atmosphere of the town was in sharp contrast. Georgetown was still distinctly Southern in its political sentiment, while Ripley was sharply Northern, even Puritan, in character. It was, indeed, to become in a few years the most famous station on the "underground railway" in all southern Ohio. It was the scene of the escape of Eliza, the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" heroine; and the Rev. Rankin and his stalwart sons formed a host in themselves when the slave-hunters came trailing up the Ohio steeps, on whose summit the Rankin homestead perched like a robber's roost, capable of stern defense. That Ulysses was affected by these surroundings there can be no doubt. In a letter to a Ripley friend, long afterward, he said: "I remember with pleasure my winter in Ripley."

He lived pleasantly as a member of the Johnson household, and it is related of him that he taught Betty Osbon, the cook, how to make buckwheat cakes, and that he took his "trick" at baking them of a morning. He was not in the society of girls much, though he took a shy delight in speech with them.

In such wise he was living when the appointment to West Point came to change the gentle current of his life. There is no record that he showed exultation, or that he dwelt upon it in talk with his mates. He answered their questions quietly, but volunteered little. With his mother's impassive exterior he concealed the tremor of his heart, and prepared for his journey into the world as one would now go to arctic regions.

There is a whisper to be heard, also, of a little maid living in those days whose face and voice had come to be very precious to Ulysses. This boyish love was of the

sweetest and daintiest type—perhaps unspoken, on his part, for he feared the ridicule of his friends, and especially of his elders. It is only a tradition now—a faint odor as of pressed roses and spice-pinks. No doubt, as the time approached for saying good-by, he keenly felt the sorrow of parting.

However, he saw in prospect a splendid ride up the Ohio River in a steamboat, a trip over the mountains, and, better than all, a visit to the far cities of New York and Philadelphia, more splendid to him than his tongue could tell; and, finally, he knew the inflexible purpose of his father; therefore he set his face toward the East.

His life had been active and happy; he had lived securely, though meagerly; he had experienced no struggle nor turbulence in his life in Georgetown; and while he breathed quick with the thought of the great cities to be seen, he left Georgetown with regret.

His mother said good-by in her singularly self-repressive manner, and Ulysses started out to take the stage to Ripley. As he went by the Bailey house Mrs. Bailey and her daughter came out to wish him good journey.

It was a beautiful May day, just the most bewitching time of all the year in southern Ohio, and the girls met Ulysses on the soft green grass before the house. Mrs. Bailey, warm-hearted and impulsive, kissed him, and said tearfully: "Good-by, Ulysses." As she turned away, Ulysses, deeply moved, said wonderingly: "Why, Mrs. Bailey, my own mother did n't cry!" Yet there can be no question of his mother's love for him. And so he started off, with an ache in his heart. Going to West Point was not an unmixed delight.

It is at this moment that we come upon the change of his name. Up to the start for West Point he had been Hiram Ulysses, or H. Ulysses Grant. He had been called "Useless" Grant because of his unusual middle name, and "Hug" because of the initials H. U. G., and his cousin, James Marshall, is an important witness right here. The young traveler required a trunk, and Thomas Walker, a local "genius," was the man to make it. He did so, and, to finish it off, he traced on the cover, in big brass

tacks, the initials H. U. G. Young Marshall went to help Ulysses to carry the new trunk home. Ulysses looked at the big glaring letters disapprovingly. "I won't have that so," he said. "It spells 'hug.' The boys would plague me about it." And he thereupon shifted his middle name, and became Ulysses H. Grant, and so he went forth into the world.

By his teaming and farming he had accumulated about one hundred dollars, which was a great deal of money for a boy of his age in those days, and he took a manly pride in knowing that he had earned so much of his expenses. Few boys of his age had done as well.

In those days the saddle was the emblem of speed, and the canal-boat was tolerated as a passenger craft; but to the boy it was all equally wonderful. Of the long journey by boat to Pittsburg, and by stage and canal to Philadelphia, there is little record. An aunt on his mother's side, in Philadelphia, remembers him as he then appeared. She describes him as a rather awkward country lad, wearing plain, ill-fitting clothes, and large coarse shoes with toes as broad as the soles.

He strolled about the streets in the fashion of the rural visitor, seeing all there was to be seen.* He enjoyed his visit thoroughly, that is known; for he lingered, boy-fashion, to the last moment in Philadelphia and New York, and headed toward West Point only when he felt he must. The ride up the Hudson † was one of the grandest experiences of his life. He felt the historical side of it very strongly, as most Western boys do, and approached West Point with a thrill of exultation in his heart. It seemed to him one of nature's most tremendous upheavals—the water-gap, the wide river, and the dark hills bulging against the sky.

He registered at Roe's Hotel, on the 26th of May, as "U. H. Grant," and the next day reported to the adjutant,

* From an interview in the Philadelphia "Times," July, 1885.

† Probably

"On the proud steamer, long since gone awreck,
The *R. L. Stevens*, fleet as a balloon."

(From an old poem.)

C. F. Smith, deposited forty-eight dollars, and signed his name "Ulysses Hiram Grant." His name as reported from Washington, however, was U. S. Grant, and arose in this way: The Hon. Thomas Hamer received the letter of Jesse Grant only the day before the close of his term, and being much hurried, sat down at once and wrote to Secretary of War Poinsett, asking for the appointment of his neighbor's son. He knew the boy's name to be Ulysses, and inferring that his middle name was Simpson, filled in the application so, and so it stood when Ulysses faced the adjutant.

He asked to have it changed, but was told it was impossible without the consent of the Secretary of War.

"Very well," he said; "I came here to enter the Military Academy, and enter I shall. An initial more or less does not matter." * He was known to the government thereafter as U. S. Grant.

This being settled, he was given the "Book of Regulations," and sent across the area to the old South Barracks to report to the cadet officers. As he went he was greeted with derisive yells: "Does your mother know you 're out?" "Oh, what an animal!" "Who is your tailor?" and other † witticisms. Missiles hurtled from the windows when no one in authority was in sight.

At headquarters the cadet corporals took him in hand. He was told that the first duty of a soldier was to stand erect. He was ordered to throw out his chest and pull in his belly, and to fix his eyes on a tack driven in the wall. Then questions were asked—apparently harmless and quite polite questions.

"Mr. Grant, what have you brought from home?"

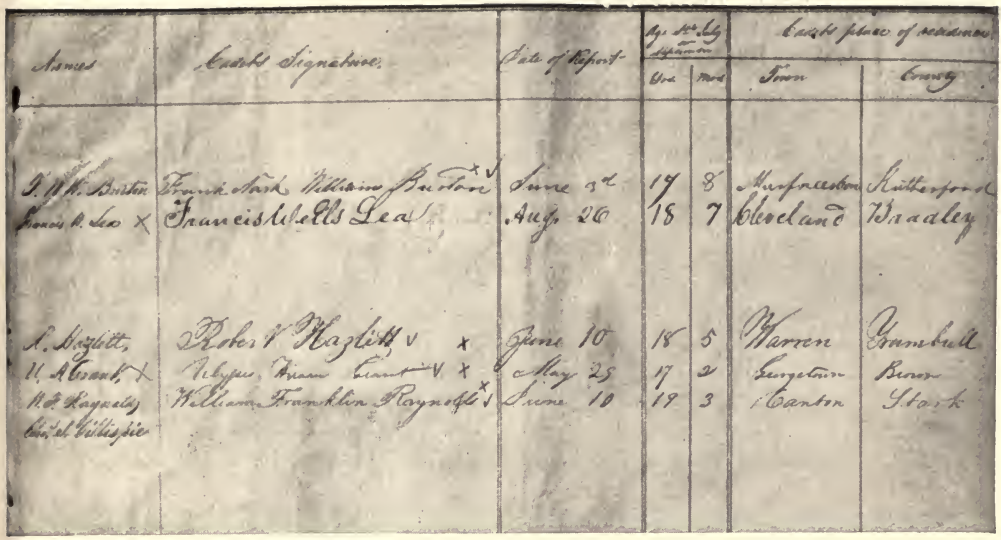
Naturally he turned his head toward his questioner to reply.

Fierce yells arose:

"Keep your eyes to the front, sir!" He was told that

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

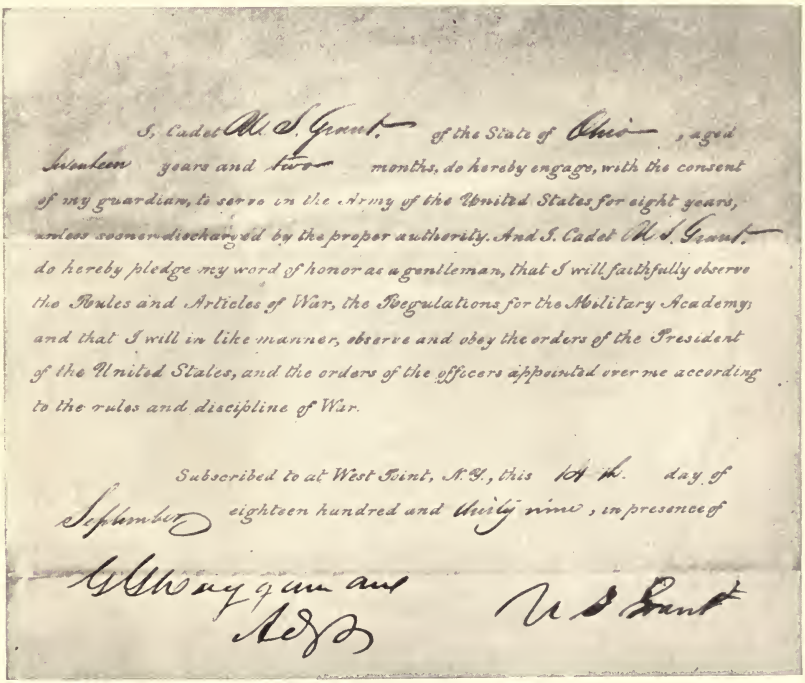
† "Crossing the plain from the North Barrack windows
Came boisterous shouts of welcome from within;
Sarcastic shrieks, as from a tribe of Mingoes,
Assailed our hero with infernal din."



Names	Cadets Signature	Date of Report	Age at Sep. 1st or Septemb.		Cadets place of residence	
			Yrs	Mos	Town	County
T. W. W. Burton	Frank Nark William Burton	June 3d	17	8	Murfreesboro	Rutherford
Francis W. Lea	Francis Wells Lea	Aug. 26	18	7	Cleveland	Bradley
R. Hazlett	Robert Hazlett	June 10	18	5	Warren	Trumbull
U. H. Grant	Ulysses Hiram Grant	May 29	17	2	Georgetown	Brown
W. F. Raynolds	William Franklin Raynolds	June 10	19	3	Canton	Stark
Chas. A. Villispie						

Facsimile showing Grant's autograph in the adjutant's record, West Point.

This signature, "Ulysses Hiram Grant," was written the same day as the one "U. H. Grant," in the register at Roe's Hotel, May 29, 1839.



I, Cadet U. S. Grant of the State of Ohio, aged Seventeen years and two months, do hereby engage, with the consent of my guardian, to serve in the Army of the United States for eight years, unless sooner discharged by the proper authority. And I, Cadet U. S. Grant do hereby pledge my word of honor as a gentleman, that I will faithfully observe the Rules and Articles of War, the Regulations for the Military Academy; and that I will in like manner, observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me according to the rules and discipline of War.

Subscribed to at West Point, N.Y., this 14th day of September eighteen hundred and thirty nine, in presence of

G. C. Wagner and Adj.

U. S. Grant

Facsimile of Grant's certificate of enlistment.

This certificate was signed by Grant, September 14, 1839, after he had passed his examinations. It bears what is, so far as known, Grant's earliest autograph as U. "S." Grant. By this time the mistake of Congressman Hamer in so naming him to the War Department had fixed that as his official designation.

the next duty of a cadet was to keep his eyes to the front, if the heavens fell. He was made to "fin out"; that is, to put his little fingers to the seams of his trousers, and to turn his palms to the front. He was told, with withering scorn, to "get a brace" on himself.

"Drag in your chin! Draw in your belly! Throw out your chest! Now, you are to put 'Mr.' before every name, salute every officer, and do as you are told." His attention was called to other regulations in the same manner.

After this exercise he was sent to the quartermaster for his outfit, which consisted of two blankets, pillow, water-pail, broom, a chair, etc.; and he was required to carry all these things himself, on the handle of his broom, past the officers' quarters, past the howling cadets, while every mother's son of them said:

"Hello, plebe; how do you like it?"

These belongings he was taught to pile and place in his room, under instruction of his room-mates. For two weeks he slept on the floor in the barracks, on two thin blankets. It was all literally camping under a roof. Ulysses and Rufus Ingalls were assigned to the upper floor of the old North Barracks (which long since gave place to new buildings); and here, in a bare, dreary room, he faced the four years of a cadet's life. "It was a wonderful time for us," says W. B. Franklin.* "We were all homesick and lonesome, and depressed by the hard manner of life. We knew no one, and were not in a condition to resent any impertinence or joke of the upper classmen."

During this time he was drilled by "squad marches" in plebe drill in city clothing, and suffered all modes of "plebe jumping." He was forced to walk painfully straight, to perform various athletic exercises, and otherwise to prepare to be a "conditional cadet."

During this time life was a burden and a weariness of the flesh. At last, when he had passed his preliminary examination, he shucked out of his home-made clothes and into the skin-tight uniform,† and became a private soldier

* General W. B. Franklin, who led his class during the four years.

† "The clothes of the plebes in Grant's day were wonderful. They were of all cuts, colors, and kinds. They came with the local peculiarities of Ohio,

in the summer camp of the cadets. He went into training as a cog in the machinery of an army.

The entering class and the bulk of all the cadets were ranked as private soldiers with the pay of corporals. From the first or graduating class the commissioned officers were appointed, and consisted of four captains, sixteen lieutenants, a quartermaster, and a sergeant-major. These men were subject only to the instructors and to the regular army officers in charge. Promotions were made without reference to academic standing; they were always for soldierly qualities. From the dullest plebe to the superintendent of the post was a regular series of commands, each succeeding higher rank with less numbers, until, like the glittering apex to the pyramid, the superintendent shone solitary and supreme.

Tennessee, Maine, South Carolina, and Boston; and when we lined up in squad drill we were as comical as the awkward squad at a spring training. We were not measured for uniforms till the authorities felt sure we were to stay."—GENERAL FRANKLIN.

CHAPTER V

THE TRIALS OF A PLEBE

FROM the democracy of small villages in the West, or from farms in the East, boys of seventeen or eighteen were brought face to face with this grim military despotism. It was a shock. Even at this time had grown up customs and traditions stronger than military regulations.

In a half-jocular and half-ferocious way Grant was made to feel the power of those above him. The names by which he was designated show this. He was called a "thing," a "beast," an "animal," before his examinations. "Plebe" was his kingliest title during his first year. From the time he came in sight of the adjutant's office to the end of his first encampment he was not allowed to forget that he cumbered the earth. He was the victim of orders, of jests, of hootings, and of revilings. He was under command of everybody, and, like a wastrel cat, had no place of refuge.

When Ulysses shed his citizen's clothes, and got into the tight-fitting jacket and trousers, he felt that he had been stripped naked, with all his imperfection of limb and bust open to inspection and derision. He was forced to "brace" and "fin out" and salute "eyes front" every time he faced an officer or the upper-classmen. This absurd and painful contortion of body made him feel like a trussed turkey, and took all joy out of life. He was put through ridiculous actions at plebe drill.

He was ordered into the rear rank when marching to and from meals, and the file-closer accosted him in a low snarl: "Get into line there, Mr. Grant! Watch out,

there! I 'll skin you if I see you do that again." Commands were hurled at him with all the venom (real or assumed) of piratical imprecation. No one quite laid hands upon him, and no one actually blasphemed, but the tone in which he was addressed was charged with the most desolating hate (apparently) which the human heart could conceive.

The summer camp of cadets was precisely like an army camp in the face of an enemy. It was an army in miniature.

A complete guard was posted, and no one was allowed to leave camp without a permit. Everywhere was elaborate and grim detail of procedure—detail enough to govern the army of Russia or destroy it. Grant and his fellow "animals" were at once bewildered by the salutes innumerable, the wheelings, marchings, roll-calls, policing calls, shouts of command real and mock. They were hustled into ranks with opprobrious mutterings of comment on the part of the corporals, whose delight was to send a man to the guard-house.

They slept little the first night. The floor of the tent was hard,—harder even than the floor of the barracks,—and the mosquitos fed on each plebe with the spirit of the upper-classmen. Hardly had they fallen asleep when the vicious clamor of the reveille broke forth. Wild, fierce cries arose: "Fall in! Get out of here! Move! What d' ye *mean* by that? Step lively, now! Fall in!"

Thus assisted, they got into line for roll-call, with jackets fairly on, but with dreaming eyes. All about, the fog and chill of early dawn made the world unreal. Then the policing call brought more work, sweeping out and making ready for morning inspection. Ulysses kept a sharp eye on his neighbors, and so got through tolerably well, though once some one yelled ferociously:

"You want to wake up there, Mr. Grant!"

When the sick-call sounded, many a man felt like responding who did not.

Then came "peas upon a trencher" call, and everybody formed into line for breakfast, the plebes in the rear rank, of course, with palms thrown forward and

backs strained almost to breaking, the file-closer insulting them as they moved.

Breakfast was as simple as a lumber-camp meal. The dining-hall was bare and the tables without cover. There were no napkins, and only common steel knives and forks, and the cups were heavy as bowls.* The fare was very bad, and the poor plebes "were assigned seats near the center, where it was hardest to get anything," and they commonly went away hungry from "hash," which was the morning dish. Sentinels in tall leather caps stood about the room while the rest ate.

At last came the call:

"Company A, rise."

"Company D, rise."

Once more the torture of the march back to the camp, whence no one could escape without permission. Each hour thereafter was filled with "calls" to duties, drills, and studies. There seemed to be no free hour. Mock

* "The fare was very bad. West Point at that time was isolated from the world. It had no railways, and in winter no steamboats. There were, in fact, no farms very near. Breakfast was quite generally hashed beef, with coffee. Dinner, roast beef or boiled beef, with sometimes fish or mutton. Mutton was not a popular dish. We used to 'baa' like a sheep when we came into the dining-room. I *think* we had a table-cover, but I am not certain. Of this I am certain: our forks were of the two-tined, bone-handled variety, and from long washing in hot, greasy water they had decomposed, and they gave a horrible smell which no old cadet can forget as long as he lives. It was horrible. 'Tea' was largely tea, and very little besides, and the boys used to provide for it by sticking a fork into a big hunk of beef from the dinner and jabbing it fast under the table. This, when unperceived by the 'tack,' helped out the starvation form of 'tea.'

"This thin fare led to all sorts of 'foraging on the enemy,' and men were detailed to steal from the dinner-table. We wore caps of morocco with a big flat top. We called them 'gig-tups,' and they held potatoes and salt-cellars and bread very comfortably. One man was detailed to steal bread, another meat, another salt and pepper, and so on. The sentinels who stood guard over our eating wore a sort of bell-crown cap of stiff leather, like those of Napoleon's body-guard; and these caps could contain four quarts of boiled potatoes, and only add to the soldierly bearing of the sentinel.

"This stuff we put into a pillow-case, and at night we beat it up with a bayonet, and cooked it over the grate, which was of anthracite coal and quite handy. Our dishes were slices of bread or toast. These were 'cadet hashes,' and were an institution in our day. No man, no cadet officer, in fact, was ever known to refuse an invitation to a cadet hash. I don't particularly recall Grant in this connection, but as he was a farmer boy, and a growing boy, I 've no doubt he accepted every possible chance to eat cadet hash."—W. B. FRANKLIN.

inspectors came by and rated the plebes. Third-class men, assuming authority, demanded salutes and service. Innocent and scared plebes were sent to the professor of mathematics for a half-dozen right lines, and on other fool's errands across the guard-line, only to be stopped and turned back with military promptness by the guard. They forgot to salute the officer of the day as he came by, and received more heart-bruising instruction.

They were drilled incessantly by acting corporals ambitious for promotion, who thrust their noses almost into their victims' eyes, while they hissed and snarled out blasting phrases whose words were harmless, even polite. At morning inspection each scared plebe had his musket clawed from him by a stubby little martinet, who flung it back at his victim with intent (apparently) to smash his nose.

"Where 's your bone-snapper, Mr. Grant? I 'll skin you for having that flint in. You want to peel your eye. What do you think this is—a picnic?"

At noon roast-beef call, and more marching to dinner and marching back. More drill—always drill, and always cleaning up tent or gun. His clothes fitted so close he felt compressed; he had no moment of ease in all the day. At last retreat sounded, and the gun boomed imperiously, and supper, even more welcome than dinner, was eaten. The night came, and sly deviltry broke loose.

Some plebes escaped by inconspicuousness, but others were made to do absurd and useless tasks. Some were put on false guard, and made to walk all night. Deviling went on in the tents farthest from the officer of the day—quietly, of course, but with precision, nevertheless. Plebes were set to catching imaginary flies in some yearling's tent. Boat-races in wash-bowls were arranged.

At 9:30 came the wailing, sweet music of tattoo and taps, and not even the mosquitos and the yearling or the hard boards beneath could keep the weary plebe awake.

"There are few compensations during the first year; it is hard work, early rising, close application. You rise at 5 A. M. summers and 6 A. M. winters, and every hour

View up the Hudson River from mortar- and siege-battery, West Point.

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

A "plebe" boat-race, West Point.

From a photograph loaned by Lieutenant S. C. Hazzard, West Point.

is filled till 7:30 P. M. You are obliged to scrub the floor and to make up your own bed, and keep your gun and room and uniform in perfect order, and also to be subject to the upper-classmen.

"In the second year, however, you can bully the entering class, and swagger around doing corporal duty; the third year you can bully two classes, and wear a red sash around your waist in parade to show you are a senior cadet officer; and in the fourth year you can do 'most anything you please—you can, in fact, do the very things you kept your subordinates from doing in the second year.

"When you were a plebe you were obliged to stand up before the amanuensis like a trussed turkey with a towel under your wing, while he parboiled you for daring to be on earth at all—much more for asking leave to take a bath; and you were obliged to dissemble, and say with marvelous meekness, 'Yes, sir,' 'No, sir,' to his nobs, who sprawled at ease before his time-book. You were the fag-end of things—a loathsome 'beast.' But as a yearling these things changed."

All this, or something like it, Ulysses Grant went through. No doubt he was able to escape much by reason of his quiet and obliging nature. Then, too, he speedily became a favorite of some of the more powerful men in the classes above him, and that smoothed his way a little. But he studied the tack, braced, finned out, policed camp, scrubbed floors on Saturday, was "skinned" for leaving the flint in his gun instead of the "bone-snapper," and endured all the educational abuse and discomfort which is the lot of the average plebe.

In a letter to McKinstry Griffiths, a cousin in Batavia, he expressed his general feeling about the place—a fine, buoyant, well-expressed letter it is, too. It had a few misspelled words, but it is doubtful whether there were many more young men of seventeen in Georgetown who could have written so bright a letter.*

* The original was long in the possession of Mr. Griffiths, and was first published in a Clermont County paper in 1885. It is now in the possession of C. F. Gunther.

MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.,
September 22, 1839.

DEAR COZ: I was just thinking that you would be right glad to hear from one of your relations who is so far away as I am. So I have put away my algebra and French, and am going to tell you a long story about this prettiest of places, West Point. So far as it regards natural attractions it is decidedly the most beautiful place that I have ever seen. Here are hills and dales, rocks and river; all pleasant to look upon. From the window near I can see the Hudson—that far-famed, that beautiful river, with its bosom studded with hundreds of snowy sails.

Again, I look another way I can see Fort Putt, now frowning far above, a stern monument of a sterner age, which seems placed there on purpose to tell us of the glorious deeds of our fathers, and to bid us to remember their sufferings—to follow their example.

In short, this is the best of places—the PLACE of all PLACES for an institution like this. I have not told you HALF its attractions. Here is the house Washington used to live in—there Kosisuscko used to walk and think of HIS country and of OURS. Over the river we are shown the dwelling-house of Arnold—that BASE and HEARTLESS traitor to his country and his God. I do love the PLACE—it seems as though I could live here forever, if my friends would only come too. You might search the wide world over and then not find a better. Now all this sounds nice, very nice; what a happy fellow you are, but I am not one to show false colors, or the brightest side of the picture, so I will tell you about some of the DRAWBACKS. First, I slept for two months upon one single pair of blankets. Now this sounds romantic, and you may think it very easy; but I tell you what, Coz, it is tremendous hard.

Suppose you try it, by way of experiment, for a night or two. I am pretty sure that you would be perfectly satisfied that it is no easy matter; but glad am I these things are over. We are now in our quarters. I have a splendid bed (mattress) and get along very well. Our pay is nominally about twenty-eight dollars a month, but we never see one cent of it. If we wish anything, from a shoe-string to a coat, we must go to the commandant of the post and get an order for it, or we cannot have it. We have tremendous long and hard lessons to get, in both French and algebra. I study hard and hope to get along so as to pass the examination in January. This examination is a hard one, they say; but I am not frightened yet. If I am successful here you will not see me for two long years. It seems a long while

to me, but time passes off very fast. It seems but a few days since I came here. It is because every hour has its duty, which must be performed. On the whole I like the place very much —so much that I would not go away on any account. The fact is, if a man graduates here, he is safe for life, let him go where he will. There is much to dislike, but more to like. I mean to study hard and stay if it be possible; if I cannot, very well, the world is wide. I have now been here about four months, and have not seen a single familiar face or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls of Bethel were here, just so I might look at them. But fudge! confound the girls. I have seen great men, plenty of them. Let us see: General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Secretary of War and Navy, Washington Irving, and lots of other big bugs. If I were to come home now with my uniform on, the way you would laugh at my appearance would be curious. My pants set as tight to my skin * as the bark to tree, and if I do not walk military,—that is, if I bend over quickly or run,—they are very apt to crack with a report as loud as a pistol. My coat must always be buttoned up tight to the chin. It is made of sheep's gray cloth, all covered with big round buttons. It makes one look very singular. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask would be, "Is that a fish or an animal?" You must give my very best love and respects to all my friends, particularly your brothers, uncles Ross and Samuel Simpson. You must also write me a long letter in reply to this, and tell me about everything and everybody, including yourself. If you happen to see any of my folks, just tell them that I am happy, alive and well.

I am truly your cousin and obedient servant,

U. H. Grant.

McKinstry Griffith.

N. B. In coming I stopped five days in Philadelphia with our friends. They are all well. Tell Grandmother Simpson that they always have expected to see her before, but have almost given up the idea now. They hope to hear from her often.

U. H. Grant.

I came near forgetting to tell you about our demerit or "black marks." They give a man one of these "black marks" for almost nothing, and if he gets two hundred a year they dismiss him. To show how easy one can get these, a man by the name of Grant, of this State, got eight of these "marks" for not going

* The trousers were poorly made of white stuff that would shrink.

to church. He was also put under arrest so he cannot leave his room perhaps for a month; all this for not going to church. We are not only obliged to go to church, but must march there by companies. This is not republican. It is an Episcopal church. Contrary to the expectation of you and the rest of my Bethel friends, I have not been the least homesick. I would not go home on any account whatever. When I come home in two years (if I live), the way I shall astonish you natives will be curious. I hope you will not take me for a baboon.

My best respects to Grandmother Simpson. I think often of her. I put this on the margin so that you will remember it better. I want you to show her this letter and all others that I may write to you, to her. I am going to write to some of my friends in Philadelphia soon. When they answer I shall write you again to tell you all about them, etc.

Remember and write me very soon, for I want to hear much.

This frank, gossipy letter is a revelation of the real boy behind his impassive mask of face. Whatever its faults, it is not the letter of a dullard.

He was at once called "Sam" Grant. "I remember, as plain as if it were yesterday, Grant's first appearance among us," said Sherman. "I was three years ahead of him. I remember seeing his name on the paper in the hall on the bulletin-board, where all the names of the new-comers were posted. I ran my eye down the columns, and there saw 'U. S. Grant.' A lot of us began to make up names to fit the initials. One said 'United States Grant.' Another 'Uncle Sam Grant.' A third said 'Sam Grant.' That name stuck to him." (An interview in July, 1885, New York "Herald.")

"He was a most unique-appearing youth," another witness testified.*

He fell into ranks quietly and with little friction; being so equable and obliging of temper, no one but a bully could find heart to impose upon him. He was small, also, and there was little excitement in "jumping" such a little fellow. He was a good boy here, as at home. He took little part in the sly deviltry of the class.†

* Coppee, "Life of Grant."

† "It was impossible to quarrel with Grant," said one who roomed with him for a year. "He never had a spat. I never knew him to fight."

A careful study of his page of demerits shows scarcely a single mark for any real offense against good conduct. His offenses are mainly "lates" and negligences. He was "late at church," "late at parade," "late at drill." He was a growing boy, and a little sluggish of a morning, no doubt. Once he sat down on his post between five and six in the morning; for this he received eight demerits. Twice in his second year as squad marcher he failed to report delinquencies in others, and received five demerits each time. His amiability led to this. Once he spoke disrespectfully to his superior officer on parade. The provocation must have been very great to have led to this. The probabilities are the officer was mistaken.

The life at the academy had this virtue—it was democratic. All fared alike, so far as regulations could go. The son of slaveholding parents from Virginia had the same duties to perform as the tanner's son. "Each Saturday it was down on your knees and scrub the floor. The barracks were dismal, barn-like structures with bare floors and very scanty furnishings. We had no servants at all. We had to carry water, make up our own beds, etc. There were no such luxuries as bath-rooms then. We had to pump our own water, and carry it up-stairs, whenever we found it necessary to take a bath.

"I remember Grant well. He was a small fellow, active and muscular. His hair was a reddish brown, and his eyes gray-blue. We all liked him, and he took rank soon as a good mathematician and engineer, and as a capital horseman. He had no bad habits whatever, and was a great favorite, though not a brilliant fellow.

"He could n't, or would n't, dance. He had no facility in conversation with the ladies, a total absence of elegance, and naturally showed off badly in contrast with the young Southern men, who prided themselves on being finished in the ways of the world." *

He belonged decidedly to the plebeian side of the class, which was sharply divided on the line of elegance and savoir-faire, notwithstanding the democracy of the military regulations. "Socially the Southern men led. At

* General D. M. Frost.

the parties which were given occasionally in the dining-hall Grant had small part. I never knew Grant to attend a party. I don't suppose in all his first year he entered a private house."

He was soon deeply immersed in certain of his studies. "A military life had no charms for me," he wrote, many years after,* "and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army, even if I should be graduated, which I did not expect. The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came, the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks, I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I stayed till graduation I would have to remain always."

Undoubtedly the boy was homesick. Every wind that blew from the west was a reminder of home. Every letter from his cousins, his companions, from his father and mother, made him long for the little Ohio town. He had no realization of its squalor, its narrow bigotry. He knew only the boy's side of it. It was all poetry to him then. Its security, repose, and homely good will seemed the most desirable things in the world.

During this time, before he had settled into place among his fellows, he read a great many novels of the standard sort, and was much benefited thereby. He wrote some capital letters home, telling of his life and reading. When the examination came in January he surprised himself by taking a very good place in the class, especially in mathematics and kindred studies. He was not a good linguist, as might be inferred, but was not positively disreputable, even in his French. He never quite reached the foot in anything.

He was not resigned to being a soldier even after the January examination; and when, in the midwinter, a bill was introduced in Congress to abolish the West Point Academy, he read the debates with absorbed interest, hoping it would be carried. "It never passed, and a year later I would have been sorry to have seen it succeed. My

* "Personal Memoirs." This is the old man's comment. The boy's letter should be set over against it.

idea was then to get through the course, secure a detail for a few years as assistant professor of mathematics at the academy, and afterward obtain a permanent position in some respectable college; but circumstances always did shape my course different from my plans." * This was his peaceful and modest day-dream, into which, no doubt, some one of the young girls of Georgetown naturally drifted.

He was not involved in any mischief at the academy, and there is no record that he ever went to Benny Haven's, though he may have done so. He was a good boy without being effeminate. The testimony of his companions—Quinby, Ingalls, Hamilton, Longstreet, Franklin—is concurrent at this point:

"He was a lad without guile. I never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. He was a boy of good native ability, although by no means a hard student." †

"So perfect was his sense of honor that in the numerous cabals which were often formed his name was never mentioned, for he never did anything which could be subject for criticism or reproach. He soon became the most daring horseman in the academy." ‡

He had a way of solving problems out of rule by the application of good hard sense, and Rufus Ingalls ends by saying: "When our school days were over, if the average opinion of the members of the class had been taken, every one would have said: 'There is Sam Grant; he is a splendid fellow, a good, honest man against whom nothing can be said, and from whom everything may be expected.'"

One of the keenest observers in his class saw more in him than his instructors. "He had the most scrupulous regard for truth. He never held his word light. He never said an untruthful word, even in jest. He was of a reflective mind, and at times very reticent and somber. Something seemed working deep down in his thought—things he knew as little about as we. There would be

* "Personal Memoirs."

† General Viele.

‡ General James Longstreet, afterward an eminent and able general in the Confederate army.

days, even weeks, at a time when he would be silent and somber—not morose. He was a cheerful man, and yet he had these moments when he seemed to feel some premonition of a great future, wondering what he was to do and what he was to become. He was moved by a very sincere motive to join the Dialectic Society, which was the only literary society we had. I did not belong, but Grant joined, while we were room-mates, with the aim to improve in his manner of expressing himself." And a certificate of membership, still extant, shows Grant to have been sufficiently well thought of by the members to have been elected its president.*

All this does not mean that he was reserved or priggish. He was generally ready for any fun which did not involve deceit or lying. "He had a sense of humor," W. B. Franklin said. "No man can be called a 'good fellow,' as Grant was, and be a dullard." He was ready for a frolic. One night a chicken was being roasted in Grant's room, when a tack (tactical officer) was heard at the door. Grant hid the chicken and saucepan, and stood "attention" before the fire, with face quite impassive. The officer entered. Grant saluted. The officer walked around the room, looking very hard at the ceiling and walls, where nothing could be seen. "Mr. Grant, I think there is a peculiar smell in your room."

"I 've noticed it, sir," replied Grant.

"Be careful that something does not catch fire."

"Thank you, sir," replied Grant, saluting.

The two years wore away at last, and, with a very good record, he applied for a vacation, and secured it.

* "DIALECTIC SOCIETY,

"UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.

"Be it known that James Allen Hardie of the State of New York is entitled to all the rights and privileges of an honorary member of the Dialectic Society.

"In Testimony of which we have caused to be hereunto affixed the seal of the Society and the signatures of our President and Secretary.

"U. H. GRANT, President.
"W. S. HANCOCK, Secretary.
} Dated at the Hall of the Society, West Point, June 20, 1843."

(From original, in possession of Mr. Joseph C. Hardie, Washington, D. C.)

CHAPTER VI

VACATION-TIME

MEANWHILE, Grant's father had removed from Georgetown to Bethel, a small town a few miles nearer Cincinnati, and had established a fine tannery there.

The cadets of that day were only allowed one furlough during the course of study, and Ulysses looked forward with great eagerness to his return to his parents and to his home.

From Harrisburg homeward he had the company of his grandmother Simpson and Miss Kate Lowe, a very charming young lady from New York, who helped him bear in patience the long canal-boat ride to Hollidaysburg.

It fell at the end of the lovely month of June, the way led through the exquisite scenery of Pennsylvania, and the boat abounded in material comforts. Grant himself, in speaking of the charms of this route, says: "With the comfortable packets, no mode of conveyance could be more pleasant, when time was not an object"; and obviously, in this case, time was no object.

Miss Lowe considered Cadet Grant a fine-looking young man. He had clear eyes and good features; but was chiefly attractive on account of his splendid carriage and soldierly bearing. He was fastidious in dress, wearing always a blue sack-coat and white-duck trousers, of which he seemed to have a fresh pair for every day in the week. Though somewhat bashful, he was never awkward, and though rather reserved and reticent in company, he always had something to say. The strongest bond between them was their mutual love for riding, and horses and horse-

manship was a topic of unfailing interest, while current events and neighborhood gossip came in for their proper share. Polite literature was also a fruitful theme, for Grant at this time was a great lover of good novels—was given, indeed, to spending rather too much of his time at West Point devouring them, Bulwer, Cooper, Marryat, Scott, Lever, and Washington Irving taking their turn with many others.

His most charming characteristic, however, was his extreme courtesy; he was full of delicate and kind attentions, not less to his aged grandmother than to the most fascinating young woman.

It was late when he reached home—in the riotous luxuriance of summer not yet past its freshness. The boy was nineteen, and full of the joy of life. The world seemed a good place to be in during those care-free weeks. The only pain in his life was the thought of the shortness of the play-spell.

He went straight to his sweet and gentle mother, of course. "Why, Ulysses," she said, with a face shining with pride, "you 've grown much straighter and taller."

"Yes, mother," he replied; "they teach us to be erect."

The father's pride in his boy was boundless. He provided him with a fine young colt to ride, and after a day at home, he rode like a pursued Sioux over to Georgetown, to see the girls and boys of his acquaintance. It is remembered that he used to drive over "like Jehu, and load in some old friend, and go off a-whizzin'!"

One of the girls he hastened to see was Miss Mary King. To her he had significantly sent one of his best drawings from West Point. The drawing is signed "U. H. Grant." These things give color to the tradition that Miss King was the boyhood sweetheart who had made West Point seem a long way off. Of her little can be learned save that she had accepted another wooer. It is not remembered that Ulysses grew wan with grief. Perhaps Miss Lowe was a helpful influence.

The Grant home in Bethel was a comfortable brick house similar to the home in Georgetown; but the tannery was much more extensive. The village itself was

A sketch made by Grant about the time he was at West Point.

Reproduced by permission from the original drawing, owned by C. F. Gunther, Chicago, and now first published.

A water-color sketch made by Grant about the time he was at West Point.

Reproduced by permission from the original, owned by Mrs. Rotherey, Newark, New Jersey, and now first published.

hardly more than a street lined with a dozen buildings, whose broadsides stood close to the narrow walks—a style of architecture not Northern, nor Southern, nor Western, but partaking of the characteristics of them all, in the manner of Georgetown and Batavia. Like Georgetown, it had also been hewn out of the forest, and had no river connection.

The people commented freely on the young cadet's improved manners, and the Georgetown "Gravel Club," which met under the trees before the court-house door, admitted that he might make a decent mark for muskets, after all. They did this grudgingly, to be sure; for wise-acres in a small town are very loath to change their views. They arrogate to themselves the infallibility of gods and popes. Sitting on counters and nail-kegs as upon thrones, they still continued to direct the destiny of the world, including that of Cadet Grant.

"His neat undress uniform, his erect carriage, pleasant face, and his easy and graceful horsemanship, won hearty commendation from the unprejudiced. The young cadet made many visits to the home of John W. Lowe, a member of the bar, in whose home Miss Kate Lowe was staying."

With rides and walks with the girls, and games with the boys, the vacation passed. It was all too sorrowfully short, and the young cadet said good-by with a sigh of pain. However, he was young, and had attached himself to his chums, Rufus Ingalls, Charles Hamilton, and others of the most promising of his classmates, and he soon found his heart as light and his mind as untroubled as before.

"I enjoyed this vacation beyond any other period of my life," he said afterward; and the words must be taken at their utmost value, for Ulysses Grant seldom allowed himself even this much in the way of emotional expression.

CHAPTER VII

LAST DAYS AT WEST POINT

TO return to the barrack life after the glorious freedom of the vacation was like returning to prison. Again the insistent snarl of the drum summoned to roll-call. The bugle, the morning gun, the staccato commands of officers, brought a routine which clamped like an iron band;* but this wore off in a few days, and the pleasant things reasserted their charm.

It had its compensations, this life, which got hold of Cadet Grant at last. It was a healthful life, this ceaseless marching to and fro, this vigorous, regular routine. The instruction was good, the exercise well timed and well considered, and the cadets were all markedly graceful, strong, and well. It had its beautiful side, too. The surroundings of the place are noble, and the sun rises and sets in unspeakable glory of color. The shaven green of the lawn, the gleam of tents, the swing of columns, the ripple of pliant snow-white trousers beneath a band of blue coats, the crash of horn and cymbals, the clamor and squeal of drum and fife, the boom of sunset gun, the rumble and jar of wheeling artillery—all these sounds and pictures came to be keen pleasures to divide the dull gray hours of hard study with moments of purple and gold.

The cavalry drill, which was added in 1841, undoubtedly helped Cadet Grant to endure these last years. Every morning of the autumn, while the maples turned from green to gold and orange and scarlet, the battalion wheeled

* This is made evident by the increase of demerit marks during the first month after vacation.

over the parade-ground. The call of the bugles, the thrilling commands, the reel of the horses, the clang of sabers, the splendid voices of the commanders, the drumming of hoofs, the swift swing into perfect alignment,—all these movements helped him to forget his homesickness, and gave him appetite for dinner and what came after.

A deeper effect was beginning to appear. He felt some stirrings of ambition to be a military leader. They were not very pronounced, but sufficiently definite to enable him to write afterward:

"In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation."

He concluded, at length, to remain in the army, and wished to enter the cavalry—moved thereto, of course, by his love of horses; but as there was only one regiment of cavalry in the army at that time, the chance for a position in the cavalry was not good. Nevertheless, at graduation he indicated his first choice, the cavalry, and his second choice, the Fourth Infantry.

He was brevetted second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, and ordered to report to his command at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, after a short vacation.

The entire army of the United States at that time numbered less than eight thousand men, and the supply of officers then, as now, was embarrassingly large. It was the custom, therefore, to brevet graduates second lieutenant.

He graduated the twenty-first in a roll of thirty-nine, with a fair record in all things, a good record in mathematics and engineering, and a remarkable record as horseman. More than a hundred had entered with him, but one by one they had dropped out till but thirty-nine remained. Riding his horse York, he leaped a bar five feet six and a half inches high—a mark, it is said, which has never been surpassed.

"One afternoon in June, 1843, while I was at West Point a candidate for admission to the Military Academy, I wandered into the riding-hall, where the members of the graduating class were going through their final mounted

exercises before Major Richard Delafield, the distinguished engineer (then superintendent), the academic board, and a large assemblage of spectators.

"When the regular services were completed, the class, still mounted, was formed in line through the center of the hall. The riding-master placed the leaping-bar higher than a man's head, and called out, 'Cadet Grant!'

"A clean-faced, slender young fellow, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, dashed from the ranks on a powerfully built chestnut-sorrel horse, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the farther end, and came into the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace and measured his strides for the great leap before him, bounded into the air, and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast were welded together. The spectators were breathless.

"'Very well done, sir,' growled old Herschberger, the riding-master, and the class was dismissed." *

When spoken to about this feat, he was accustomed to smile a little bashfully, and retreat by saying: "Yes; York was a wonderfully good horse."

Apparently Grant remained markedly unmilitary throughout the four years' course. He served as a private throughout the first two years of his course. During the third year he was made sergeant, but was dropped (promotions at that time were made for soldierly qualities, and had no exact relation to excellence in studies), and during the fourth year he served again as private. He had no real heart in the military side of the life. Its never-ending salutes, reprimands, drills, and parades wore upon him.

"I did not take to my studies with avidity; in fact, I rarely read over a lesson the second time during the entire cadetship. I devoted more time to reading books from the library than to books relating to the course of studies." †

"Notwithstanding this modest statement, Cadet Grant stood well in his studies. The first year he took up French

* James B. Frye, afterward general in the Civil War; Captain L. Shields and General E. G. Viele also speak of Grant's remarkable horsemanship.

† "Personal Memoirs."

Grant after leaving West Point.

After a daguerreotype taken, probably, when Grant was on his way to Mexico.

and mathematics, and though the course was severe, including algebra, geometry, trigonometry, application of algebra to geometry, etc., he stood fifteenth in a class of sixty in mathematics, and forty-ninth in French, and twenty-seventh in order of general merit. The second year he climbed three points in general merit, and stood twenty-fourth in a class of fifty-three. He ranked Frederick Steele and Rufus Ingalls, and stood tenth in mathematics and twenty-third in drawing, but was below the center in ethics and French. In his third year he rose in his drawing to nineteen, and was twenty-second in chemistry and fifteenth in philosophy, which was a very good standing indeed. He rose to twenty in general merit, sixteen in engineering, seventeen in mineralogy and geology, but was a little below the average in ethics and artillery and infantry practice."

In general, it may be said that he left the academy with a good average record as a student and a very high record as a man.

"He betrayed no trust, falsified no word, violated no rights, manifested no tyranny, sought no personal aggrandizement, complained of no hardships, displayed no jealousy, oppressed no subordinate, and was ever known for his humanity, sagacity, courage, and honor."

These were negative virtues, it is true. On the positive side little could be said at that time. He was not a man of obvious powers. He left the gate at West Point small, obscure, poor, and without political friends or influential relatives,* a kind, obliging, clean-lipped, good-hearted country boy, who could ride a horse over a picket-fence or across a tight rope.

To his old playmates in Georgetown he seemed a self-reliant, well-balanced young soldier. The training had done much for the shy lad.

* It is reported that two of the teachers, in talking over the class, asked each other, "Who is the smartest man in the class?" and one replied, in his turn, "Sam Grant." This, however, is of the order of *post facto* prophecy.

CHAPTER VIII

GRANT'S FIRST COMMAND

HE spent his furlough in Bethel and Georgetown. During his stay he was invited by the officers of the militia to drill the troops at "general muster," which took place at Russelsville during August of 1844, and this was his first opportunity of command.

These semiannual musterings of the possible soldiery of the country had come to be a jolly farce. It was ordered by State law twice each year, however, and so it was made the most of.

The troops were called the "Corn-stalk Brigade" because of their lack of guns and uniforms. Occasionally some wag would appear with a broomstick or a stalk of corn in place of musket. And discipline was not coercive enough, nor command military enough, to make general muster other than a diversion to which the people assembled to trade horses, drink cider, and eat gingerbread, which was considered in the light of ice-cream and candy by the young fellows and their girls.

On that day the people came on horseback and afoot from every nook of the country with such soldierly belongings as they had—guns of all eras, and coats and caps of all sorts and colors. The officers, pompous in martial toggery, *woofed* and grunted and howled their orders at the straggling files for an hour or two, then lay off to lunch and talk politics, while the men traded horses and settled any odd scores they might have on hand by fist-and-face encounters; and at sundown every one went home, conscious of a duty well done and a day well spent.

U. S. Grant as Brevet Second Lieutenant, age 21 years.
Taken in Cincinnati in 1843, just after graduation from West Point.

U. S. Grant as Captain, while stationed at Sacket's Harbor, New York, 1849, age 27 years.

From a very small miniature.

In 1844, however, the Mexican War excitement was rising, and the turnout was naturally larger and the soldiers more serious of mind; then, too, it was known that Cadet Grant was to be present to drill the troops, and that added to the interest.

The scene impressed itself ineffaceably on certain of young Grant's playmates, because it seemed wonderful, even revolutionary, to see a young lad such as Cadet Grant looked, ordering the pompous old officers about. "He looked very young, very slender, and very pale."

"He was dressed in a long blue coat with big epaulets and big brass buttons, and his trousers seemed to be white, though they may have been a light gray. He wore a cap, and a red sash around his waist, and he rode his horse in fine style." He handled his men in a way to make his former detractors marvel.

"I was particularly struck with his voice—that is, his way of using it. The old men barked out their commands; you could n't tell what they said; noise seemed to be their idea of command. But Grant's voice was clear and calm, and cut across the parade-ground with great precision. It was rather high in pitch, but it was trained; I could tell that, though I was only a boy."

This was the young soldier's first command, and must have been one of his red-letter days. Being human, no doubt he rejoiced in showing his old neighbors that they had not properly estimated him, and being young, he enjoyed the shy glances of admiration which the girls gave him as he passed in his resplendent uniform.

It must have been after this that he fell in with the unwashed, one-gallused Cincinnati street gamin who trotted by his side long enough to pipe these mystic words, worthy of Gavroche:

"Soldier, will you work? No, sirree! I 'll sell my shirt first."

His cutting sarcasm gave Ulysses such a distaste of his uniform that thenceforth he shunned the slightest display of his rank.*

At this time he was a small young fellow, a little over

* "Personal Memoirs."

five feet seven inches in height, and weighing but one hundred and seventeen pounds, and, according to his first portrait, his face was strongly lined, like his father's, with fine, straight nose and square jaws. A pleasant and shrewd face it was, with a twinkle in the gray-blue eyes when amused, and a comical twist in the long, flexible lips when smiling. His hair was a sandy brown, and his complexion still inclined to freckles. His early sweetheart had married another man, and his second had not returned his love, but no deep sorrow appears on his face.

His ambitions were not inordinate. He still held to the idea of getting a place to teach in some quiet place, with a salary sufficient to support a wife. He had no corrupting desire for glory—for personal aggrandizement. He had no somber and lurid dreams of conquest. He did not look away to Mexico or Peru as a field for a sudden rise to sole and splendid command. He had in mind a little wooden cottage somewhere under the maples, with a small woman to care for the home, and to meet him at the door as he returned from his daily duties as professor of mathematics in Blank College. All this is very little to hope for, but he seems to have given it a great deal of troubled thought. The awful splendor of General Scott's position he never once lifted his eyes to. Even that of his instructor, Captain C. F. Smith, seemed unattainable security and glory.

"The small man with the big epaulets," under the spell of a street-boy's derision, had even lost all pleasure in his uniform, and his civilian's coat was a pleasurable relief. In such unmilitary mood he took his way to his regiment in the "far West."

CHAPTER IX

GRANT'S COURTSHIP

ABOUT ten miles south of the city of St. Louis, and on a fine height which overlooks the oily tan-colored flood of the Mississippi River, is set the Jefferson Barracks, of early Western history. New buildings have been added from time to time, and the trees have grown; but the old buildings, set around the square of sward, are quite untouched by change; they look much as they did in 1843, when Ulysses Grant joined the army there, and entered upon his duties as brevet second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry.

They are of whitewashed stone, with galleries and generous roofs, in the Southern manner. At the eastern end of the campus is set the flagstaff, and under it the brass cannon which serves as evening gun. Across the river are wooded banks, and to the north the city of St. Louis shows vaguely in the smoke and haze. On the river below steamboats ply with shining paddle-wheels which make no noise. There is a singular air of peace and repose and gentle life within this square, which rings at intervals with the imperious commands of the bugle. All fear, all anxiety concerning life, seems left behind. The men move quietly about, the robins tug at worms on the lawn, and the blue-jay flying across mocks the bugle's note with saucy unconcern.

It was a large garrison in the early forties, for St. Louis was then a far-Western town and a most important military base. No less than sixteen companies of infantry were stationed there when Lieutenant Grant was assigned

first duty after his graduation from West Point. Colonel Stephen Kearney commanded the post, and commanded it reasonably; and the young lieutenant found army life very agreeable. The routine was not severe, and though his room was bare and the life monotonous, yet it had compensating charms. For diversion, men and officers alike looked away to St. Louis. Between roll-calls and drills the officers were permitted to enjoy themselves without inquisitorial search into their plans and motives.

With his mind still set on securing a situation as teacher, Ulysses set to work to do some studying and reading. Possibly this resolution kept him out of the degenerating tendency of the routine life which makes toward indifferentism and mechanical action. No one has yet uttered a word of criticism of his life there.*

"He became a general favorite at once, and his name was never connected with anything which called for rebuke or reproach," said his classmate Longstreet. "The routine was strict enough to account for every man and to fill his time pretty thoroughly. It was about like that at West Point, with thorough daily drill; for the Mexican War was threatening."

From the barracks an irregular road led to the northwest toward Georgetown, intersecting the famous Gravois road from St. Louis at a point about nine miles outside of the city. This byway came to be a familiar one to Ulysses Grant, for the father of his classmate and roommate, F. T. Dent, lived "out on the Gravois road," a mile or so beyond its intersection with the barrack road.

"Colonel" Dent, as he was called, was a man of some means and social standing in the neighborhood. He held a large tract of valuable land, and owned a bunch of negro men and women, and was living in simple planter fashion at the time his son Fred returned from West Point.

* Lieutenant Grant was assigned first duty after his graduation from West Point. As he marched up to the guard-house the first time as supernumerary officer, ruddy-cheeked, square of shoulders, a crazy but harmless soldier who was confined in the guard-house said, with an inflection as mystical as that used by the street-urchin in Cincinnati: "Ah, there you go, like a young bear. All your troubles before you." Lieutenant Grant gave no sign of hearing, but no doubt thought that all his honors were before him also.

The house in which Grant went to school at Georgetown, Ohio.

"White Haven," the Dent homestead near St. Louis, Missouri.

Redrawn from an old drawing owned by Mrs. U. S. Grant.

Young Dent was intimate enough with Ulysses Grant to visit him at his home in Bethel, and also to invite him to visit "White Haven," as the elder Dent rather grandiosely called his farm-house. Before Ulysses was able to make this visit, however, young Dent was forced to report for duty in a regiment stationed farther west, and had not the pleasure of introducing his room-mate to his family.

The Dent household contained three young girls, Emma, Julia, and Ellen. Julia, a girl of seventeen, was visiting in St. Louis, and Lieutenant Grant, upon making his first visit, did not meet her, though he found the house filled with young people. Besides the two younger sisters, there were also two brothers, Lewis and Renshaw.

Mr. Grant enjoyed his visits to White Haven even before Miss Julia returned from St. Louis; but afterward he very frequently rode out there, clattering furiously up the road in impetuous, boyish fashion, for between drills and roll-calls was brief time to make a visit in, especially upon a young lady whose home was several miles away.

White Haven was a plain farm-house with two smallish rooms and a hall in the main part below. It had also an addition to the west, and a negro cabin and kitchen to the rear. It was imposing by reason of its galleries, its position, and the beautiful surroundings it overlooked. It was not so overawing to the young Ohioan as the imperious "colonel" himself, who was at this time a middle-aged man of large frame and irascible temperament, quite the ideal in manner of a gentleman of the plantation—a man who commanded labor, but did not act with it.

According to local testimony, Dent took small interest in Ulysses Grant, who was a plain, inexpressive youth, quite commonplace in all discernible ways. Mrs. Dent, on the contrary, it is said, liked young Grant at once. Her keen sense apprehended in him honesty, loyalty, and a certain refinement, as well as capacity. Her greetings continued to be cordial even after it appeared that her daughter Julia was wholly committed to the young lieutenant's future weal or woe.

Georgetown was the back country then. St. Louis was ten miles away over a bad road, and its pleasures quite

out of reach in winter; therefore the Dent family took active part in the dances, parties, and "bees" of the neighbors. At the Longs, the Fentons, the Sappingtons, the young people gathered of evenings to dance and sing, and in these merrymakings Grant and some of his fellow-officers from the barracks were frequent participants. Besides these, there were long rides along the woods roads, and evenings spent quietly at home in White Haven. These were beautiful days, with little to worry about and nothing to regret. Within the barracks all was peaceful. Across the lovely hills and through secluded wooded lanes the lovers rode without prevision of trouble.

CHAPTER X

CALL TO WAR

BUT outside, in the nation at large, were signs of a gathering storm. The one political issue which overshadowed all others was the question of the annexation of Texas. It was, in fact, the slavery problem in a new form. The pro-slavery leaders felt the need of acquiring more territory with which to hold in check the growing power of the antislavery States; the Northwest was coming each year to be stronger and to be also more pronouncedly abolitionist in feeling. The inevitable conflict had really begun, under a masked campaign.

Into the Mexican territory of Texas, under cover of individual colonization, settlement, mainly from the South, had been going on for years by invitation of the unsuspecting Mexicans. The planters of Louisiana and Mississippi took not merely their ideas of government, but their slaves, with them.

These colonists, as they grew in power, paid small heed to the far-away and revolution-distracted Mexican government. They came at last to the point of setting up an independent government of their own, the "Lone Star Republic," within the territory of the Mexicans; and then the United States was suddenly made aware of the doings of this distant southwest colony, and was forced to take action upon the whole contention.

Texas seceded from Mexico, won its battles over Santa Aña, the Mexican President, in 1836, and offered itself to the United States and was accepted by Congress in 1845. It was conceivable to the pro-slavery men that out of this

enormous territory senatorial districts might appear to keep the balance of power in the South during the titanic struggle which the fore-enlightened now plainly saw coming. Pending this acceptance by the United States, desultory warfare and raiding by both parties was going on between the frontiers, and it was ostensibly to prevent filibustering into Texas that General Zachary Taylor, commander of the Southwest Military District, was ordered to occupy the disputed territory lying between the Rio Grande and Nueces rivers.

It was not much to fight for, this land. In fact, it remains to-day practically unused—a region of drought, covered with mesquit and cactus, with only here and there a settler lost in the chaparral. However, anything will do as a pretext when a fight is desired.

Thus while Lieutenant Grant was in the midst of his most beautiful year of love and comradeship the national leaders were plotting for party aggrandizement and, secondly, for national aggression.

Up to this time the young soldier had not taken any very vital interest in politics, and, still intent on leaving the army, had written to Professor Church, his old instructor at West Point, asking to be detailed for the position of assistant teacher of mathematics. To this letter Professor Church had replied expressing willingness to make the request; and being much encouraged, Lieutenant Grant had been applying himself to the necessary books to fit himself for the desired position.

His life was a round of pleasant things—the peaceful garrison life, the dashing rides up the forest road, the simple, hearty greetings of the people at Georgetown, and, above all, the presence of a little woman to share hopes and pleasures with. War was a great way off, and Texas a word of vague significance and still vaguer geography.

However, the order came to the Fourth Infantry to break camp and join the Second Dragoons at Fort Jessup in Louisiana. This order also brought to Lieutenant Grant a realizing sense of his dependence upon the good will of Miss Julia Dent. He had just obtained a twenty-

day leave of absence to visit Ohio when the order came to the barracks. He was, in fact, on the road, and there was no way of recalling him, save by letter; so he journeyed on without worry.

His worry began when a letter reached him telling him his regiment was about to move. He had not arrived at a definite understanding with Miss Dent, being content to meet her day by day; but now *war* was threatening, and it seemed of paramount necessity that he should know precisely her feeling toward him. He returned in express haste to Jefferson Barracks. Upon arrival, he saddled his horse and rode immediately to Gravois.

He arrived at White Haven on the day of a wedding among friends of the Dents, and all things conspired to make him very determined and more than usually serious.

He found Miss Julia in a carriage, just starting to the wedding with her brother. He persuaded the brother to take his horse, and so won a place in a single-seated carriage with Miss Julia, and they started.

He was unusually silent at first.

Now it chanced that heavy rains had swollen the creek to abnormal size, and the frail bridge was nearly submerged with a wild and turbid flood. As they approached it Miss Dent grew apprehensive, and said:

"Are you sure it is all right?"

"Oh, yes; it 's all right," he replied, man-fashion to womankind.

"Well, now, Ulysses, I 'm going to cling to you if we go down," Miss Dent said.

"We won't go down," he replied, and drove resolutely across, while the scared girl clung to his arm.

She released her hold as they reached the other side of the bridge, and he drove on in thoughtful silence for some distance. At length he cleared his throat.

"Julia, you spoke just now of clinging to me, no matter what happened. I wonder if you would cling to me all my life?" This was a great deal of sentiment and imagery for a man with eight generations of New England ancestry behind him.

Her answer was favorable, but, being astute young

Americans, they agreed to say nothing to Mr. and Mrs. Dent till his return from the South, at least. He was quite sure Colonel Dent would not favor his suit. A poor plain young second lieutenant (by courtesy), a man whisked about at the command of the War Department, was a very bad match for Miss Julia Dent.

Lieutenant Grant left immediately to join his regiment near Natchitoches, in Louisiana, and Miss Dent went back to White Haven to wait, which is the lot of women. She found her greatest pleasure, during the years of separation which followed, in his letters. He had always been a good letter-writer, but under the stimulus of love and a life of action in strange scenes he surpassed himself. He delineated the landscape, the camp life, and the campaigns, and through all his letters ran the expression of a pure and loyal love.

His first camp was near the town of Natchitoches, in Louisiana. It is an old French town situated on the Red River. At that time the Sabine formed the United States frontier to the Southwest. The nearest post was called Fort Jessup, but the camp, which was on a pine ridge, was called "Camp Salubrity" by the soldiers. The State of Texas was not yet annexed, though annexation was pending in Congress.

In a letter to a friend he describes his journey to Camp Salubrity, and says: "My trip was marked with no incident, save one, worth relating, and that one is *laughable, curious, important, surprising*, etc.; but I can't tell it now; it is for the present a secret." This was his reference to his proposal and acceptance.

He describes his mode of living: "I have a small tent that the rain runs through as it would through a sieve. For a bedstead I have four short pine sticks set upright, and planks running from the two at one end to the others; for chairs I use my trunk and bed; and as to a floor, we have no such luxury yet. Our meats are cooked in the woods by servants who know as little of culinary matters as I do myself."

The regiment remained in camp at Salubrity for a year, waiting for further orders. During this time the officers

whiled away the days by visiting Fort Jessup, Natchitoches, Grand Grove, and other places of interest. Lieutenant Grant learned to play "brag," and on rainy days, with Longstreet and other young officers, used to play all day at penny stakes. This was wildly exciting at times, but not calamitous to any player; sometimes they lost seventy-five cents!

Ostensibly the Third and Fourth regiments were stationed at that point "to prevent filibustering into Texas," but really as a menace to Mexico in case she appeared to contemplate war. Generally the officers of the army were indifferent whether the annexation should be consummated or not; but Grant was bitterly opposed to the measure. He saw in it aggression and the selfish plans of politicians, and he began also to comprehend something of the far-reaching policy of the slave interest, which had no hope of new territory in the Northwest, and therefore must seek it in the Southwest.

There is something inexorable in the manner in which the South won this fight for new territory, and something mystical in the process by which a sectional victory came at the last to be a national glory. Looking at the map of 1844 makes it hard to believe that the United States could have maintained such a line of frontier. New Mexico, also a sparsely settled Mexican province, extended into the north to the latitude of the southern line of Kansas. This jagged, vague, and wandering line was too long to be held. It needed to be reduced to simple terms.

All this year of camp life the discussion raged in Congress and in the North. The abolitionists were raising their banner with a ferocity of fanaticism which made war a certainty and a necessity. This was the second advancing wave of discussion. War was prophesied in the intensity of this discussion. Slavery won; the State was annexed. In March, 1845, President Tyler signed the bill for annexation, and Texas became a part of the United States, and the "army of observation" was ordered to occupy "the disputed territory," that is to say, the tract lying between the Nueces and Colorado rivers.

The abolitionists and Free-soilers of the North received

the news with bitter sorrow. It meant at least two more slave States, and seemed to put just that much further off the abolition of human slavery in the nation. The pro-slavery element was correspondingly elated, and set about making the most of their victory. No time was allowed for a settlement with regard to this territory; but General Taylor, the famous Indian-fighter, who was then in command of the Southwest district, was ordered to cross the Nueces and enter upon the territory in dispute. "If they offer to fight, we will whip them," was the feeling of a very large body of people in the North as well as in the South.

Early in May, Lieutenant Grant, believing he was about to go into war, with remote chance of being killed, asked for a leave of absence, and hastened to St. Louis to see his bride elect, and to get the consent of Colonel Dent to his union with his daughter Julia. This was given grudgingly and with reservations and provisos, and Lieutenant Grant returned to his regiment.

Up to this time he had not given up his plan to become an instructor in mathematics at West Point. He still allowed himself to dream of a quiet life in a cottage on the Hudson—a very modest home, with his young wife therein, and his life going peacefully and unbrokenly forward. He had less military zeal, probably, than any officer of the American army.

Nevertheless he was a soldier, and entered upon his duties with outward readiness. Early in July the regiment was ordered to New Orleans, where it went into barracks and waited for the politicians to decide upon the next order. This took them to Corpus Christi, which was a small village at the mouth of the Nueces River and on the edge of the territory in dispute. Here Lieutenant Grant came under general command for the first time. There were about three thousand men under the immediate leadership of General Zachary Taylor. Grant was profoundly impressed with this bold, ready, and unconventional soldier, whose services against the Indians had already raised him to prominence second only to that of General Scott, commander-in-chief of the army.

Lieutenant U. S. Grant and Lieutenant Alexander Hays in 1845, when they were starting for the Mexican War.

The original picture, owned by Mrs. Agnes M. Hays Gormly, was taken at Camp Salubrity, Louisiana, in 1845. Beside Grant (the figure in the background) is his racing pony Dandy, and beside Lieutenant Hays is his pony Sunshine. The two men had been fellow-cadets at West Point, and served in the same regiment in the Mexican War. Afterward Hays, like Grant, retired from the army, to reënter it at the breaking out of the Civil War as a colonel of volunteers. He became a brigadier-general, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness. Grant, on learning of his death, said: "I am not surprised that he met his death at the head of his troops; it was just like him. He was a man who would never follow, but would always lead, in battle."

Texas at that time was very sparsely settled. San Antonio was but a village and fort, and Corpus Christi was a cross between a frontier ranch and a smugglers' camp. Being at the mouth of the Nueces River, it was the objective landing-place for an "army of occupation." The town, when the army landed there, consisted of twenty adobe houses. In a few weeks it was a town of a thousand inhabitants, not counting the soldiers. Camp-followers, traders, as well as citizens, attracted by the presence of the soldiers, made up this miscellaneous and not over-refined village.

There was hunting on the plain back of the town, but that interested Lieutenant Grant very little; he was no gunner. He was far more interested in the wild horses which moved in myriads over the Texas levels.

Life at Corpus Christi during the early autumn was not pleasant. The heat was excessive and the air filled with moisture. People live there, it is true, and apparently enjoy life; but the mortality among those not acclimated is very great in the heated season of the year. The Northern army suffered; there were many sick, though Grant remained well and active.

He made his first attempt as an actor at this time. "The officers, eager for diversion, had built a theater, and were depending upon their own efforts for reimbursement. The dramatic company was necessarily organized among the younger officers, who took both male and female parts. In farce and comedy they did well enough, and soon collected funds enough to pay for the building and incidental expenses. At length, finding themselves sufficiently in funds to send over to New Orleans for costumes, they concluded to try tragedy. The choosing of players became more difficult when it came to a question of the 'Moor of Venice.' Lieutenant Theodoric Porter was selected to be the *Moor;* and Lieutenant Grant, because of his small stature, handsome face, and soft voice, was chosen to play the daughter of *Brabantio.* He looked very well indeed dressed up, but Porter insisted that there was hardly sentiment enough in having a man play the part; so the managers sent over to New Orleans for Mrs.

Hart, who was very popular with the garrisons of Florida. She came, and all went well." Grant played in several farces, notably in "The Irish Lion." Longstreet was in the cast also, and furnishes an account of it.

Lieutenant Grant welcomed any relief from the wearisome life there on the hot sand, and when the opportunity offered he joined the paymaster's outfit on its regular trip to San Antonio and Austin. He saw the prairie, in all its majesty, on that trip. Deer, antelope, and turkeys abounded. It was a lonely land, with no settlement in all the long way between Corpus Christi and San Antonio, which was already famous for its tragic Alamo and its capture by Santa Aña some years before. Grant met with no hairbreadth adventures during his outing, yet it was decidedly a memorable thing to ride by day over this mighty primeval spread of sod, sighting the unhaltered herds of cattle, and sleeping at night in the grass, with not so much as a tent-cloth between him and the stars.

"One evening, while they were camped in the wilderness, there rose a multitudinous howling and yelping of wolves. Grant, not used to the ways of these animals, was seriously alarmed. His companion smiled, and said: 'How many do you think there are?'

"'Oh, about a dozen,' he replied.

"'Let 's go and see,' suggested the other.

"They charged upon the fearsome pack, and lo! one wolf had made all the noise!"

Grant laid this by in his mind, and when some enemy made loud clamor he thought of the solitary wolf's manifold yelping.

CHAPTER XI

GRANT'S FIRST BATTLE

MEANWHILE President Polk was in a quandary. He wished the army to advance in hostile guise, but he did not like to take the responsibility of command. He sent broad hints to General Taylor that it was desirable to provoke an engagement; but Taylor refused to move without official orders. He was too shrewd not to understand the Executive's predicament. He insisted on having definite and unequivocal instructions, through proper military channels.

At length Polk ordered the army to proceed to the Rio Grande.

The story of the campaign which followed was well set forth by Lieutenant Grant in a letter written at Matamoros on June 26, 1846. Barring some comically misspelled words, it is a clear and well-ordered account of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

I have just received your letter of the 6th of June, the first I have had from you since my Regt took the field in anticipation of the Annexation of Texas. Since that time the 4th Infantry has experienced nut little of that ease and luxury of which the Hon. Mr Black speaks so much. Besides hard marching a great part of the time we have not even been blessed with a good tent as a protection against wind and weather.

At Corpus Christs our troops were much exposed last winter which the citizens say was the severest season they have had for many years. From Corpus Christi to this place (a distance of about 180 miles) they had to march through a long sandy desert covered with salt ponds and in one or two instances ponds of

drinkable water were separated by a whole days March. The troops suffered much but stood it like men who were able to fight many such battles as those of the 8th & 9th of May, that is without a murmur.

On our arrival at Rio Grande we found Matamoras occupied by a force superior to ours (in numbers) who might have made our March very uncomfortable if they had have had the spirit and courage to attempt it. But they confined their hostilities (except their paper ones) to small detached parties and single individuals as in the cases you mention in your letter, until they had their force augmented to thrible or quadruple ours and then they made the bold efforts of which the papers are full. About the last of April we got word of the enemy crossing the river no doubt with the intention of cutting us off from our supplies at Point Isabel. On the 1st of April at three o'clock General Taylor started with about 2000 men to go after and escort the waggon train from Point Isabel, and with the determination to cut his way, no matter how superior their numbers.

Our March on this occation was as severe as could be made. Until three o'clock at night we scarsely halted, then we laid down in the grass and took a little sleep and marched the ballance of the way the next morning. Our March was mostly through grass up to the waist with a wet and uneven bottom yet we made 30 miles in much less than a day. I consider my March on that occation equal to a walk of sixty miles in one day on good roads and unencumbered with troops. The next morning after our arrival at Point Isabel we heard the enemies Artillery playing upon the little Field work which we had left Garrisoned by the 7th Infy and two Companies of Artillery. This bombardment was kept up for seven days with a loss of but two killed and four or five wounded on our side. The loss of the enemy was much greater though not serious.

On the 7th of May General Taylor started from P. I. with his little force encombered with a train of about 250 waggons loaded with proviosions and ammunition. Although we knew the enemy was between us and Matamoras and in large numbers too, yet I did not believe I was not able to appreciate the possibility of an attack from them. We had heard so much bombast and so many threats from the Mexicans that I began to believe that they were good for paper wars alone, but they stood up to their work manfully.

On the 8th when within about 14 miles of Matamoras we found the enemy drawn up in line of battle on the edge of the Priarie next a piece of woods called Palo Alto (which is the

Spanish for tall Trees) Even then I did not believe they were going to give battle. Our troops were halted out of range of Artillery and the waggons parked and the men allowed to fill their canteens with water. All preparations being made we marched forward in line of battle until we received a few shots from the enemy and then we halted and then our Artillery commenced.

The first shot was fired about three o'clock P. M. and was kept up pretty equally on both sides until sun down or after; we then encamped on our own ground and the enemy on theirs.

We supposed that the loss of the enemy had not been much greater than our own and expected of course that the fight would be renewed in the morning. During that night I believe all slept as soundly on the ground at Palo Alto as if they had been in a palace. For my part I dont think I even dreamed of battles.

During the days fight I scarsely thought of the probability or possibility of being touched myself (although 9 lb. shots were whistling all round) until near the close of the evening a shot struck the ranks a little ways in front of me and nocked one man's head off, nocked the under jaw of Capt. Page entirely away and brought several others to the ground. Although Capt. Page received so terrible a wound he is recovering from it. The under jaw is gone to the wind pipe and the tongue hangs down upon the throat. He will never be able to speak or to eat.

The next morning we found to our surprise that the last rear guard of the enemy was just leaving their ground, the main body having left during the night. From Palo Alto to Matamoras there is for a great part of the way a dense forest of under growth, here called Chapparel. The Mexicans after having marched a few miles through this were reenforced by a conciderable body of troops. They chose a place on the opposite side from us of a long but narrow pond (called Resaca de la Palma) which gave them greatly the advantage of position. Here they made a stand. The fight was a pel Mel affair evry body for himself. The Capparel is so dense that you may be within five feet of a person and not know it. Our troops rushed forward with shouts of victory and would kill and drive away the Mexicans from evry piece of Artillery they could get their eyes upon. The Mexicans stood this hot work for over two hours but with a great loss. When they did retreat there was such a panic among them that they only thought of safty in flight. They made the best of their way for the river and where

ever they struck it they would rush in. Many of them no doubt were drowned.

Our loss in the two days were 182 killed & wounded. What the loss of the enemy was cannot be certainly ascertained but I know acres of ground was strewed with the bodies of the dead and wounded. I think it would not be an over estimate to say that their loss from killed, wounded, take prisoners and missing was over 2000 and of the remainder nothing now scarsely remains. So precipitate was their flight when they found that we were going to cross the river and take the town, that sickness broke out among them and as we have understood, they have but little effective force left. News has been received that Parades is about taking the field with a very large force. Daily, volunteers are arriving to reenforce us and soon we will be able to meet them in what ever force they choose to come. What will be our course has not been announced in orders, but no doubt we will carry the war into the interior.

Monteray, distance about 300 miles from here, will no doubt be the first place where difficulties with an enemy await us. You want to know what my feelings were on the field of battle! I do not know that I felt any peculiar sensation. War seems much less terrible to persons engaged in it than to those who read of the battles.

I forgot to tell you in the proper place the amount of property taken. We took on the 9th eight piece of Artillery with all their ammunition something like 2000 stand of Arms, Muskets, pistols, Swords, Sabres, Lances &c., 500 mules with their packs, Camp equipage & provisions and in fact evry thing they had. When we got into the Camp of the enemy evrything showed the great confidence they had of success. They were actually cooking their meal during the fight, and as we have since learned, the women of Matamoras were making prepartions for a great festival upon the return of their victorious Army.—The people of Mexico are a very different race of people from ours.

The better class are very proud and tirinize over the lower and much more numerous class as much as hard master does over his negroes and they submit to it quite as humbly. The great majority inhabitants are either pure or more than half blooded Indians, and show but little more signs of neatness or comfort in their miserable dwellings than the uncivilized Indian: —Matamoras contains probably about 7000 inhabitants, a great majority of the lower order. It is not a place of as much business importance as our little towns of 1000. But no doubt I will have an opportunity of knowing more of Mexico and the

Mexicans before I leave the country and I will take another occation of telling you more of them.

So far our troops have had their health remarkably well.

In these battles Taylor's men were armed with flint-lock muskets, and his artillery was drawn by oxen! The enemy considerately looked on while he gee-hawed his iron cannon into decent array, and filled them up with powder and such shells as the time afforded. The whole action had a touch of the comic in the midst of its tragedy.

The poor Mexicans had even worse muskets; bell-mouthed Spanish blunderbusses and spears made up their most dangerous infantry weapons. They had in addition, however, a few brass cannon, throwing feebly and hesitatingly some solid shot, which the Americans mainly were able to dodge. There were some casualties in these skirmishes, but, on the whole, the two armies managed it very well. It was the first encounter of the American arms with a civilized enemy for thirty years, and seemed a most momentous battle. This day was made the more memorable to Lieutenant Grant because he took his first command in the field. The captain of his company being selected for special duty, Lieutenant Grant was left in command of the company—"an honor and responsibility I thought very great."

The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were hardly more than skirmishes in the light of the more important operations soon begun against Monterey. Matamoros was a town of quite unimportant size, while Monterey was a city of great renown, the most important of all northern Mexico at that time. Toward this formidable outpost General Taylor now set face.

CHAPTER XII

QUARTERMASTER'S DUTIES FALL TO GRANT

IN August the army began to move up to the Rio Grande, which runs for hundreds of miles through a semi-arid land of mesquit and cactus, and is only navigable (in any sense of the word) to Camargo. At this latitude and altitude February is warm as May, and the heat of mid-summer is terrific; therefore the forces were compelled to march at night. The cavalry and artillery took their way up the south side of the river,—that is to say, on Mexican soil,—while the rest of the command went by means of small steamers. These steamers were of the kind Lincoln described: when they moved they could n't whistle, and when they whistled they could n't move. As only part of the command could ride, the officers played cards to decide who should walk.

At Camargo, Grant, now full second lieutenant, was made regimental quartermaster, which is a position requiring activity, resource, and regularity of habit. It is an important position, and one which cannot be well filled by sleepy or dull-witted men. An army must be fed; its supplies must not go astray nor fall behind; its ammunition must be ready and its ambulances on hand. And to always have these necessaries of an army in readiness is no small duty; it means early rising, methodical habits, and careful scrutiny of details.

This appointment seems to show the approval of his superiors at this time. A picture taken on this campaign shows him to have been a slight, boyish figure, with rather long, square-cut hair depending from a gig-top cap. In

spite of his youth, he must have been considered a trusty, energetic man of good administrative ability. His duties he himself has outlined: "Each day, after the troops had started, the tents and cooking-utensils had to be made into packages, so that they could be lashed to the backs of the mules. Sheet-iron kettles and mess-chests were inconvenient articles to transport in that way. It took several hours to get ready to start each morning, and by the time we were ready some of the mules first loaded would be tired of standing so long with their loads on their backs. Sometimes one would start to run, bowing his back and kicking up until he scattered his load; others would lie down and try to disarrange their loads by rolling on them. . . . I am not aware of ever having used a profane expletive in my life, but I would have the charity to excuse those who may have done so, if they were in charge of a train of Mexican pack-mules of the time."

Nothing shows Grant's equable temper, his command over himself, like serving as quartermaster in this land of burning sun and scant grass.

He could tug and sweat and wrestle with a camp outfit each day, and not lose his temper. His men found him kind and patient; his commanders found him always resourceful and prompt. He was learning many lessons of practical warfare during these laborious marches.

The ground from Camargo rises by broad slopes covered with mesquit and other low-growing trees; but grass is scanty and water precious, especially in September. It was so hot that many of the men marched in their underclothes. Each day the columns began to move before three o'clock, and the entire march for the day was made without pause. However, as they rose the heat lessened somewhat, and as they neared the mountains the water and forage grew more abundant. In spite of heat, drought, and scant forage, Grant brought his command through in good order.

Monterey was the principal town in northern Mexico at that time. In 1846 it possessed fifteen or twenty thousand people; it has possibly sixty thousand to-day. In that day it could not be called a city in the usual sense

of the word. It was, in fact, a fortified town of Mexican Indians, governed by a few Mexican-Spanish priests and soldiers. It had not four houses which were two stories high, except the church and the "bishop's palace." Its plaza was merely an open, unpaved square, surrounded by low adobe or soft stone buildings, with a church on the southern side, and a small fountain in the center. It was built of a soft rock which abounds in the hills near by, a deposit but little harder than clay, which the builders cut out in huge blocks and laid in thick, low walls.

The people were a mixture of several tribes of Indians with Spanish pioneers, and were a small, dark, and peaceable people, not given to war with men, brave to war against the elements. They wore heavy conical hats of fur or palm, and carried with singular charm and grace their gay serapes. The men were small, round-limbed, and unimposing, but capable of great endurance. The women were short and stout, and those of the peon class resembled the Comanche women. They were devoted to the Catholic faith as they understood it, and had in this religion their strongest emotion. Patriotism was not yet possible to them.

They had founded their town many years before, there in the valley of the San Juan de Monterey. It is a magnificent spot, a wide, flat valley, with noble mountains from three to seven thousand feet in altitude walling it in. To the west is the main range, a sierra-edged, spectacular wall, which rises, sharp-cut as cardboard, seven thousand feet into the sky. To the southeast a fine peak called La Silla ("the saddle") rises five thousand feet in height. On every side of Monterey, dark, arid, inaccessible mountains stand, except on the northeast. Taylor approached from the east, and camped about three miles from the city at a fine group of springs, shaded by noble pecan- and walnut-trees.

The plain before the city was quite level, and covered with mesquit and other forms of chaparral. Apparently nothing hindered marching directly upon the town. Taylor soon discovered, however, that the citizens had made

careful preparations for receiving him. Directly to the north of the city a most formidable fortress, built of a dark stone,—not adobe,—was planted. It had been intended for a church, but was finally made a fortress of great strength, with massive walls, circled by a ditch. It was heavily manned, and to attack it meant loss of life.

To the west, and guarding the Saltillo road, which is the main highway of northern Mexico and connects the city of Monterey with Saltillo and San Luis Potosí, stood an imposing structure called the bishop's palace. This building, begun many years before in times of danger, had heavy walls and a secret underground channel of escape. Behind it, and commanding both the Saltillo road and the town, were planted nearly a score of cannon.

Across the highway, on a hill of lesser height, was another battery to defend a branch of the Saltillo road, while to the south and east were other cannon. General Ampudia, with ten or eleven thousand men, was in command. To judge from his picture, he was a fine, soldierly figure, and a man of high intelligence. The defenses as planned were admirable, and the American army seemed little enough for such a siege in an enemy's country, entirely cut off from aid. The whole campaign would have been criminal in its audacity had not the Texas troops convinced General Taylor of the unmilitary character of the people.

Quartermaster Grant now waited to see what General Taylor, who had already become his hero, would do. Here was a town with complete defenses. It had no weak spot, apparently. How would Taylor attack?

He resorted to the familiar and primitive method: he prepared to flank the enemy. He sent his engineers to the west to see if there were not a way to dislodge the enemy at the bishop's palace. They reported that the hill upon which the palace stood was detached, and that it could be stormed from the southwest. To carry the bishop's palace meant complete command of the main artery of the republic, through which the supplies of the city had mainly to come. Also, the guns of the fort could be turned upon other forts, and upon the town itself.

On the morning of the 20th General Taylor said to General Worth: "General, take your division and make the attempt to dislodge the enemy to the north and east. I shall consider your attack the main movement."

Lieutenant Grant remained with the eastern division of the army, and all day he watched with eager eyes to see the inexorable advance of the Northern army. Guns were run forward to a ravine before the "Black Fort," and planted where they could shell the enemy, while reconnoitering parties were out to the east. This was indeed war, grand and terrible, to the boy. Taylor seemed possessed of some supernatural power as he coolly gave orders to shell the town, and sent men to the right and left, and pushed his columns closer and closer to the town's walls.

As regimental quartermaster Lieutenant Grant had no business to leave camp; but the excitement grew too great for his young blood,* and when the cannonading thickened, he mounted a horse and rode to the front. He reached the line just in time to hear the order, "*Charge!*" which meant death to many brave fellows. The men pushed forward, and came under fire of the town. As they drew nearer the musketry from the house-tops joined the din.

The little quartermaster was with the charge, and was the only man mounted, and therefore a special target for bullets; but he escaped unhurt. Colonel Garland, leading the charge on the Black Fort, exceeded his general's intentions, and the Americans suffered great loss. At length Colonel Garland, seeing the folly of a direct charge, "retreated sidewise" to the east, and joined the division under Taylor's immediate command, which was vigorously assaulting the lower end of the city.

Partly encircling the town on the west and east there is a deep ravine, with a small stream flowing during certain seasons of the year. Over this stream there were

* In a letter to his folks he said: "I do not mean that you shall ever hear of my shirking my duty in battle. My new post of quartermaster is considered to afford an officer an opportunity to be relieved from fighting, but I do not and cannot see it in that light. You have always taught me that the post of danger is the post of duty."

built several low bridges. A few houses stood outside these bridges, and two fortifications. The people naturally retreated across the stream, but their soldiers made a stern stand there. On one of the bridges stood a statue of the Virgin, and there the Mexicans fought with true battle frenzy.

An Irish captain rushed up to General Taylor.

"General, we 'll never clear that bridge while the saint stands there. They are fighting for the saint. Shall I smash her down, general?"

"If you think best," Taylor replied.

The captain, who well knew the power of the saint, battered down the pedestal, and tumbled the gilded figure into the water below. When the Mexicans saw their saint fall, they raised a hoarse cry of rage, and made one last desperate rush, fighting with clubs, spears, and stones; then retired in despair, leaving the bridge in the hands of the Northern army. Grant was in the thick of the charge, still on his horse. The city was not yet won, however.

Every housetop was manned by gunners lying behind low parapets of sand-bags or blocks of adobe; and the Northern men paused, after crossing the bridge, and scattered out into the side streets. Every street leading west was swept by guns on the plaza, or by the muskets of the citizens on the housetops. Nevertheless, ten companies, under command of Colonel Garland, forced their way by successive rushes from street to street up to the very last barricade of the plaza. Quartermaster Grant was there on his horse, in the thick of the punishment; but his head was clear, his faculties at their best.

The command could neither go forward nor back, and the battle hung poised till Colonel Garland at last discovered his ammunition to be running low. It then became necessary to get word to General Twiggs, his division commander, calling for ammunition or reinforcements. The colonel called for volunteers.

"Men, I 've got to send some one back to General Twiggs. It 's a dangerous job, and I don't like to order any man to do it. Who 'll volunteer?"

"I will," said Quartermaster Grant, promptly. "I 've got a horse."

"You 're just the man to do it. Keep on the side streets, and ride hard."

Grant needed no direction, for he was among the best horsemen in the entire command, and had been instructed by the Comanches. He swung himself over his saddle, and, with one heel behind the cantle, and one hand wound in his horse's mane, dashed at full gallop down a side street leading to the north, a street which looked like a dry canal. At every crossing he was exposed to view, and the enemy, getting his range, sent a slash of bullets after him as he flashed past. Hanging thus, he forced his horse to leap a four-foot wall. He rode to the north till safely out of fire; then, regaining his seat, he turned to the east, and in a few moments' time drew rein before General Twiggs, and breathlessly uttered his message.

Twiggs gave the order to collect the ammunition, but before it could be done the troops came pouring back.

That night ended the fighting; for while the "demonstrations" at the east ended thus unsuccessfully, General Worth, with his Texas troops, was making way inexorably toward the plaza from the west.

The houses of Monterey are all built on the street, with the yards behind, and these yards are separated from each other by walls of adobe. Worth's men, accustomed to these Mexican towns, battered down the doors, and with picks and axes cut through these soft walls, and, thus under cover, advanced steadily from house to house. The army ate its way, like some huge worm, rod by rod, until General Ampudia felt the prolongation of the struggle to be useless, and on the morning of September 24, 1846, the garrison surrendered.

The people of Monterey loved their city, and fought for it well, even desperately; but they had no adequate armament. Many were armed with slings and spears. Their guns were nearly as destructive to the friend behind as to the enemy in front. And yet they held at bay one of the most daring bands of fighters ever called

together. The honors were not all on the side of the invading army. Grant was deeply moved at the sight of the Mexican garrison marching out of town. It took away the last vestige of joy over the victory.

During the day of rest which followed he ran across several old West Point classmates, and two old Georgetown schoolmates, Carr B. White and Chilton A. White, who had volunteered a few months before, and who were very glad to meet him. He had little time to talk, for he was very busy with his quartermaster duties. He was up bright and early, and almost always on the go.

His ride for ammunition was much talked of among the men, and everybody praised him. He was a young fellow of good habits and good company. It was all wonderful business to the young men, and they thought it a very rare outing—now that the city was captured.

"Though behaving with such gallantry," said his friend Longstreet, "Grant's name did not appear in the reports. In those days it was hard for a young officer to get mention unless he did something of very conspicuous bravery. After a man got to be captain or colonel a brevet was more easily obtained. They were sometimes obtained for merely *looking* at a battle."

CHAPTER XIII

GRANT JOINS GENERAL SCOTT

AFTER the taking of Monterey there was a pause of half a year in order that the Democratic administration might take thought concerning itself and the future. It was a sad dilemma for President Polk. He must go to war, and yet war advanced the fame of opposition men. The added slave territory must be had, and yet the taking of it was likely to put a Whig in the Presidential chair.

The victories of old "Rough and Ready" Taylor were already resounding through the North. The taking of "the city of Monterey," in popular conception, was a splendid achievement. In the imagination of the Americans at home, it was a city of castles, with turrets and carved battlements and shining domes, instead of an adobe Indian town with only three or four houses above ten feet in height. "The victor of Monterey and of Matamoros" was rapidly being advanced to the position of popular hero and Presidential candidate, and the administration determined to cripple him, if possible. It was decided at length to discredit his line of attack, and to put General Winfield Scott, the general-in-chief of the army, into the field in person.

This also had its dangers; for Scott, like all well-furnished Americans, believed himself capable of being President, and had a troublesome "knack of success" in a campaign. However, there was no help for it; there were no Democratic generals handy. In such way are

the affairs of a great nation run; yet it ambles forward, awkward, undecided, irresistible.

General Winfield Scott was an old man of huge physical proportions and prodigious vanity, but a good soldier and a just man. He was called "Old Fuss and Feathers," and was very widely different in all ways from General Taylor, except in the soldierly quality; both were excellent commanders.

To Lieutenant Grant General Scott was a very wonderful person, and occupied one of the most exalted positions on earth, and might be forgiven for being conscious of his glory. Not only was he the chief commander of the army of the United States, but he was already a storied hero. He had led the army to victory at Chippewa and at Lundy's Lane in 1812. He was the author of "A System of General Military Regulations for the Army." He had been a great figure in the Black Hawk War, and the commander-in-chief in the Seminole War. He had been a personage present, at least in name, at every Fourth of July celebration in every Northern village, and he had been a resplendent figure at reviews at West Point. No wonder the boy lieutenant looked forward with keenest interest to the arrival of General Scott in Mexico.

Scott's plan of campaign was necessarily at variance with Taylor's. He had all along insisted that Mexico City should be attacked directly from the East, with Vera Cruz as a landing-point; and thitherward he promptly pushed his way, with reinforcements. He also called from General Taylor nearly all of his regular troops, leaving him only the volunteers, for which the old West-Pointer had a very carelessly concealed contempt. Lieutenant Grant was transferred, with his regiment, from General David Twiggs, under Taylor's command, to the division of General William Worth, under Scott. He therefore retraced the severe journey to Camargo and to Matamoros, thence by uncomfortable, much overloaded transports to Vera Cruz, where Scott was assembling his little army of invasion, like Cortez of the sixteenth century.

The seaport of Vera Cruz, lying nearly due east of the city of Mexico, was an old town, built then, as now, of stone and adobe, in the one-storied, Spanish fashion, and, excepting its several superb churches, it was made up of flat-roofed, unimposing buildings. It is a place of tropical heat and of extreme humidity. Set as it is almost under the burning sun, on the shore of a tepid sea, with bad drainage and inefficient government, it is not a desirable place for a Northern man to land in during the month of May or June. The heat is like that of a steaming blanket. Night brings little relief. In the humid air everything ferments, rots, sends up poisonous gases, whereas in the dry climate of the interior refuse soon becomes dust, and is odorless. The very soil was full of germs of disease. Yet it was, and is, the main port of entry for Mexico City.

Some three miles to the south of the city is a small, low-lying island called Sacrificios Island, because, so tradition runs, the people in olden times were annually accustomed thereon to sacrifice their young men and maidens to appease the gods. On this island Scott made landing in all military pomp, with bands playing "Yankee Doodle," and the French, Spanish, and English looking on from their vessels. The site of Vera Cruz is a sand beach, but back of it, in a half-circle, runs a series of low hills. On these hills Scott encamped and planted his siege-guns. Quartermaster Grant is said to have personally supervised this siege, in pursuance of his policy to see all that went on.

It was all a battle of cannons, and the infantry had little to do but swelter on the sand and fight flies and fleas. The city soon capitulated, and Scott, aware of the danger to his men of longer stay in this land of yellow fever, marched, in imposing review, in at the south gate and out at the north gate, and started for Jalapa, the next considerable town on the main highway to Mexico City.

There was a certain sublimity of audacity in the unhesitating march of that little army of ten thousand into an unknown country, against a nation of seven millions of people, and over gigantic mountain-ranges. Cortez

marched, moved by dreams of gold, of splendor, of conquest. Scott's army trudged mountainward, moved by a sort of national bravado, or, like Grant, because, being soldiers, their duty was to follow where their superiors led. In a letter to a friend Grant said: "I am heartily tired of the whole war." Its essential injustice oppressed him.

For the first few days the heat was excessive; the woods were full of poisonous plants and noxious insects; and Grant, again regimental quartermaster, had plenty to occupy himself with. He was a keen observer of all that went on. He had an eye to the beauty of the palms. He counted nearly two hundred kinds of birds. Several of his comrades speak of his habit of looking at things. His letters home are filled with details.

The soil is at first covered with prickly-pear cactus and sparse grass. A little farther on the road enters low foot-hills covered with a wild tangle of strange plants and trees. Half-naked charcoal-burners and herders inhabit this level. A little higher are upland plains, with better grass—a land quite like the prairie of Texas. These in turn are left behind, and low hills appear. The vegetation thickens. Palms of various sorts rise against the sky like vast plumes. The people live in thatched huts, with walls of cane or stakes set close together. The trees are overloaded with parasites, and all sorts of strange and beautiful flowers blaze like crimson and yellow stars in the deep green foliage. The giant mountains to the west are completely hidden by the forest of the foot-hills.

Just on the edge of the first considerable heights the leading division encountered the enemy in force. Upon a sugar-loaf hill which rose beside the road Santa Aña had erected fortifications, and was present in person with about fifteen thousand men. The story of his march to Cerro Gordo is incredible. A courier some weeks before had fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, bearing upon his person the valuable information that Scott had weakened Taylor on the north to make an attack by way of Vera Cruz, and that Taylor had only a small force of volunteers.

With this knowledge General Santa Aña conceived the tremendous plan of beating the two invading armies in detail. This involved a march of at least a thousand miles (four hundred and six leagues, the Mexicans say) in a land of ever-burning sunlight and scanty vegetation, and over almost waterless wastes. The line of march led from Mexico City to Saltillo over the inland plateau, which is like the plains of Arizona, thence back to Cerro Gordo. No American army could have made that journey in the same time. No one who has not passed over this burning waste, where the dust columns weirdly waltz, and the shadowless heavens blaze with heat, can realize it. To ride it on horseback is courageous; to double-quick it as these poor peon soldiers did was heroic. Santa Aña rode in a carriage, his officers on horses. The peons trotted, parched and burning by day, chilled to the heart at night, thirsty, hungry, and with bleeding feet. They met Taylor at Buena Vista on an open plain cut with arroyos, or deep ditch-like ravines, with high cactus-covered hills on either hand. Santa Aña, with superb confidence, gave Taylor an hour in which to surrender. The stern old soldier replied, in effect, that all eternity was long enough for them to surrender in, and the fight began. The Mexicans were defeated crushingly. But Santa Aña turned and hastened south at such pace Taylor could not follow; for these dark little men, with their limber, slender legs, are marvelous of foot; they can trot all day in a sun whose heat would melt a Northern man's brains to jelly.

As he went the desperate commander relentlessly impressed new troops, drilling them at night and before daybreak, and so arrived at Cerro Gordo with an army of fifteen thousand fairly well-disciplined men. It was a marvelous achievement, and let the whole honor be to the tireless little Mexicans, who knew not what they were fighting for, and had small stake even in victory.

Santa Aña, therefore, with batteries on either side of the road where it enters the foot-hills, was waiting for Scott. His troops were worn, ragged, dusty, but they were an army capable of fight.

Scott, who had remained at Cerro Gordo to see the last arrangements made, hastened up, and with his engineering corps (which included George B. McClellan and Robert E. Lee) began his reconnoitering. It did not take them long to arrange a flank movement. On the night of the 17th, through roads cut round the mountains, the men dragged howitzers by hand, hilariously as if on a frolic, but so silently that Santa Aña's men slept undisturbed. Santa Aña afterward said he did n't think a goat could have approached from that quarter. The ground was rough, and in some places so steep the guns were hoisted by means of ropes; but in early morning the invading army fell upon the Mexican reserve forces in the rear of the forts.

In a letter dated "Tiping Ahualco, Mexico, May 3, 1847," Lieutenant Grant graphically and clearly sets forth the battle. His spelling could not conceal the clearness of his story.

On the night of the 15th Gen. Worth arrived at Plana del Rio three miles from the Battle ground. Gen. Twiggs with his Division had been there several days preparing for an attack. By the morning of the 17th the way was completed to go around the Pass, Cierra Gorda, and make the attach in the rear as well as in the front. The difficulties to surmount made the undertaking almost equal to Bonaparte's Crossing the Alps. Cierra Gorda is a long Narrow Pass, the Mountains towering far above the road on either side. Some five of the peaks were fortified and armed with Artillery and Infantry.

At the outlett of the Mountain Gorge a strong Breastwork was thrown up and 5 pieces placed in embrasure sweaping the road so that it would have been impossible for any force in the world to have advanced. Immediately behind this is a peak of the Mountains several hundred feet higher than any of the others and commanding them. It was on this hight that Gen. Twiggs made his attack. As soon as the Mexicans saw this hight taken they knew the day was up with them. Santa Anna Vamoused with a small part of his force leaving about 6000 to be taken prisoners with all their arms supplies &c. Santa Anna's loss could not have been less than 8000 killed, wounded, taken prisoners and misen. The pursuit was so close upon the retreating few that Santa Anna's Carriage and Mules were taken and

with them his wooden leg and some 20 or 30 thousand dollars in money.

Between the thrashing the Mexicans have got at Vuene Vista, Vera Cruz and Ceirra Gorda they are so completely broken up that if we only had transportation we could go to the City of Mexica and where ever else we liked without resistance. Garrisons could be established in all the important towns and the Mexicans prevented from ever raising another Army. Santa Anna is said to be at Orazaba at the foot of a mountain always covered with snow and of the same name. He has but a small force.

Orazaba looks from here as if you could almost throw a stone to it but it looked the same from Ialapa some fifty miles back and was even visable from Vera Cruz. Since we left the Sea Coast the improvement in the appearance of the people and the stile of building has been very visable over anything I had seen in Mexico before. The road is one of the best in the world. The scenery is beautiful and a great deal of magnificent table land spreads out above you and below you. Ialapa is the most beautiful place that I ever saw. It is about 4000 feet above Sea and being in the Torrid Zone, they have the everlasting Spring Fruit and vegitables the year around. I saw there a great many handsome ladies and more well dressed men than I had ever seen before in the Republic. From Ialapa we marched to Perote and walked quietly into the Strong Castle that you no doubt have read about. It is a great work. One Brigade, the one I belong to is now 20 miles in advance of Perote. Soon no doubt we will advance upon Pueblo.

Grant was instructed in other ways by the battle of Cerro Gordo. The prisoners were paroled at once, and their arms thrown into piles and burned, a proceeding not lost on Quartermaster Grant. Santa Aña escaped with about seven thousand men, and retreated rapidly to Mexico City, where he hastily prepared to make his last stand. The Northern army pushed directly toward the heart of the nation, halting next at Jalapa for rest and food. The battle of Cerro Gordo, like the battle of Bueno Vista on the north, opened the way to the capital. The army of victory moved on some twelve or fifteen miles to Jalapa, one of the most beautiful towns in all Mexico.

Here the troops lay for some weeks, getting much needed rest and food. Jalapa is some forty-five hundred feet above the sea, and has abundant water, pure air, and an equable climate. The surroundings of hill and pasture and stone wall are curiously like the New England hill-country, with greater vegetation and higher mountains in vista. The people of Jalapa are red-brown of color, and a fine, well-formed race. They were decidedly friendly in a few days—as soon, in fact, as they perceived the good discipline of the army.

General Scott carried wise government with him. He abolished the labor tax which was levied by the city of Jalapa on farmers bringing goods to sell in the streets, and in other matters ruled like a wise and humane man. His was a large and liberal mind, and while he loved to impress people with his importance and position, he was a dispassionate and just conqueror. He aimed to make the conquered people his friends; and unquestionably his good discipline and his wise regulations of traffic did much to keep down insurrection in the cities he was forced to garrison lightly and leave behind. The small lieutenant had his keen eyes open to all this also. The soldiers of the American army were not exactly Christian gentlemen, if the tales of their lust and greed which the natives of Mexico still tell are true. Taylor's volunteers were so notorious as outragers of women that Scott issued a special order to stop murder and rapine.

While the army needed rest, it was also desirable to follow the retreating Mexican forces as soon as possible, to prevent reinforcements and fortifications on the great highway from Jalapa to the Central Valley. General Worth was sent forward to Perote, where a strong castle was said to be situated, with orders to siege and hold it till the main army came up.

The road from Jalapa climbs, within a few miles, two thousand feet, and comes at last upon a high, wide valley plain, semi-arid, yet highly cultivated. Just at the point where the plateau ends and the descent to the "warm country" begins was a little flat, mud-walled town, with

a low, strong-walled, four-square building of stone standing near, with watch-towers at the corners, and a building occupying the inclosed yard. This was El Castillo de Perote. It was capable of great resistance; but the heart of battle was gone out of these naturally peaceful people, and they surrendered at once, leaving the road open to the city of Puebla.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WONDERFUL INLAND MARCH

ACROSS the level, dusty plain covered with hedges of the pulque plant, and sown to grain and planted with sugar-cane, the army marched, with eyes on mysterious mountains, and tongues tasting strange fruits and foods. It was a re-reading of the history of Cortez, to men like Grant. This land was old—old, almost, as Egypt. Its soil was mellow with a thousand plowings and soaked with a million suns. On every side the quick-moving small men and brown women, in cool garments, trod behind patient mules, or in files, carrying on their backs crates of fowls, bags of grain, or bottles of water. Grant saw it all—the birds, the cattle, the flowers. In a letter written to his parents in May he alludes to his duties and to his pleasures:

My dear parents: We are progressing steadily toward the Mexican capital. Since I last wrote you my position has been rendered more responsible and laborious. . . . But I must not talk to you all the time about the War. I shall try to give you a few descriptions of what I see in this country. It has in it many wonderful things. . . . It is very mountainous. Its hillsides are covered with tall palms whose waving leaves present a splendid appearance. They toss to and fro in the wind like plumes in a helmet, their deep green glistening in the sunshine or glittering in the moon beams in the most beautiful way. I have been much delighted with the Mexican birds. . . . Many have a plumage that is superlatively splendid but the display of their music does not equal that of their colors. . . . They beat ours in show but do not equal them in harmony.

But I hear the "taps" as I write and must be on the move.

I have written this letter with my sword fastened on my side and my pistol within reach, not knowing but that the next moment I may be called into battle again.

It was all unreal as a picture of Mesopotamia. What lay beyond? This was but the portal of the storied nation; the great and famous city of Mexico was still in the distance. When they thought of what they had risked in venturing thus into a populous unknown land, the men of the small army wished themselves at home.

The American general was apparently in desperate straits. The Whigs and Democrats were struggling to seize and hold all the advantages of the victories he had won. About four thousand of his men were nearing the end of their enlistment. In order to allow them to return through Vera Cruz before the worst of the season set in, Scott very generously discharged them at once and sent them home. This reduced his force in the field to about five thousand men. He was not only unable to maintain a suitable garrison, but unable to hold to his depot of supplies. Thus with five thousand men he cut loose from his base of munitions, and marched against a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants in a nation of several million people. Certainly this was bravery, if not foolhardiness. He felt, as did all his men, no doubt, the manifest destiny of the American States behind him. Certainly he knew that the President was his enemy.

Nothing was lost upon the small lieutenant wrestling with the mules in the wagon-train. He understood Scott's bravery. He mused deeply upon this cutting loose from all supplies. He aided in living off the enemy, and he came to believe also in the manifest destiny of the American republic. A very inconsiderable but valuable man was this lieutenant busily bringing the wagon-train forward, and growing a red beard meanwhile to appear less youthful. He was also acquiring the use of whisky and tobacco. Elsewise his habits were of the best, and his tongue was still unused to foul and profane words. He was being educated in the rough school of war, and educated in the way which is lasting and deep-laid.

Puebla fell into the invaders' hands without resistance. It was a fine city—the finest in the nation, excepting only the capital. It had superb cathedrals and convents with magnificent gardens. It had irrigating-ditches, and was surrounded by well-tilled fields of grain and maguey plants. In the really splendid plaza the invaders stacked arms, and looked about them with astonishment that such a city should so easily yield to assault. Directly before it, and separating it from the valley and city of Mexico, is the mightiest range of mountains on the American continent. Popocatepetl is 17,800 feet in height, and Iztaccihuatl, slightly lower, lifts a snowy turban into the sky a little farther to the north. These peaks are covered with perennial snow. Over this chain of mountains the direct road to Mexico ran, and thence Scott directed his engineers.

At this point two most grateful events occurred: reinforcements sent by a reluctant Congress came in (on the 1st of August), and the army was swelled to an attacking force of ten thousand men; and, of almost equal importance, two men, long residents of the city of Mexico, came in and offered their services as guides. Their names were James Wright and Jonathan Fitzwaters. They had been hid away in the city, but as the American army approached they escaped and succeeded in reaching Puebla unhurt.

An army without guides is like an animal without eyes. These men supplied the advancing columns with information of vital value. The plans of Santa Aña, his forts, his forces, were now known, and Scott and his engineers set to work upon the attack like men playing a game of chess.

The Mexicans have a proverb, "Puebla is the first heaven, Mexico is the second." The city of Mexico lies in a wide, flat valley, at an altitude of seven thousand feet above the sea. It is semi-arid and semi-tropic in character, with a rainy season which begins in July or August, and lasts for several weeks. During this time water is abundant, and the somber brown fields and hot slopes of withered grass awake to a vivid and gracious green. Vegetation of all kinds grows with magical swiftness. Water pours down from the mountains to the west,

among whose tops the clouds gather and burst almost every midday. Every reservoir fills up, and the city is threatened with inundation. At such times the three lake-beds Tezcuco, Chalco, and Zochmilcho become shining expanses in the vivid green of the valley floor.

On the shores of these lakes, and set in the fields of maguey and wheat and cane, are small Indian villages of low adobe walls, each village having one beautiful structure, its church, with chime of bells, tiled dome, and graceful tower. In the city of Mexico itself there are scores of noble churches.

It was in August during the rainy season when Scott's army looked down upon the beautiful valley, with its lakes shining like pools of melted silver, and its green everywhere meshed with streams of mountain water. It was a beautiful sight, and the men raised a cheer as they topped the divide. It was all that imagination or poetry had pictured it, and some of the more thoughtful experienced a feeling of awe as they fell into line down that western slope to capture this great city of such age and power and wealth.

On the shore of Lake Chalco, at a little Indian village called Ayotla, Scott collected his army, and began to reconnoiter. His guides explained to him that there were eight gates to the city. The city was surrounded by dikes and ditches to turn aside the mountain water during the rainy season. At certain points in these dikes were bridges and gates defended by fortifications. Directly in front was the ancient thoroughfare between Lake Chalco and Lake Zochmilcho. To the right was a road passing between Chalco and Tezcuco, defended by a high, abrupt mound called El Peñon. The other gates were to the west and north, and Scott, after the report of his engineers and guides, decided to move round the lakes Chalco and Zochmilcho, and attack the city in the rear. A bad roadway circled the lake close to the mountains on the southeast, and along this causeway the army filed, and on the 18th of August entered Tlalpan, a little Indian town situated on the edge of the rising ground, about ten miles south of the city of Mexico.

To the west of Tlalpan lies a vast overflow of lava called El Pedregale. It evidently came from a crater some miles southwest of Tlalpan, and ran in a prodigious slow stream to the north. As it cooled it cracked and broke into orderless and savage masses of sharp rock, black and porous. In this desolate mass, and adding to its ferocious appearance, cactus plants had fastened, in company with other gaunt, stunted forms of vegetation unfamiliar to a Northern man. It was popularly believed by the Mexicans to be impassable.

This mass of rock, heaped and seamed and blasted, runs irregularly northward, separating the village of Contreras from Tlalpan, and the haciendas (estates) called San Antonio and Coapa from San Angel and Tacubaya. A roadway skirts this rock from Tlalpan to Churubusco, and on this road, at San Antonio and Churubusco, were garrisons and cannon.

Scott again determined to flank these positions. His engineers found a way, without great difficulty, across El Pedregale, and the Americans fell upon Contreras on the morning of the 20th of August. The assault made in the early light had all the appalling elements of a surprise in battle. It was a matter of not more than ten or fifteen minutes, but it took the fighting heart out of the Mexican army.

Men and officers alike were amazed and terrified by the power and the ferocity of these Northern men. Valencia's army broke into flight, and streamed back into the city, bellowing as they ran: "Here come the Yankees! Here come the Yankees!"

Lieutenant Grant was with Colonel Garland's division, which was meanwhile confronting the hacienda San Antonio; but when Contreras was taken, San Antonio was evacuated, and the two armies advanced on the two parallel roads which skirt El Pedregale and lead directly toward Mexico. The next stronghold which presented a most formidable point was the church and convent in the little village of Churubusco, which stands on the level plain surrounded by tilled fields marked out by ditches.

In this land every cabin has the wall of a fortress, and

every church is a castle. Churubusco was a low church with a noticeably high wall, having but two entrances, a side gate to the south, with the main entrance to the west. Before it all huts had been leveled and breastworks constructed at a few rods from the wall. It looked unassailable; but at the word, the Northern soldiers started across the open field, impetuous, unwavering as so many bulldogs. They went over the earthworks, silenced the cannon, raised ladders against the wall, and in an incredibly short time sent the stars and stripes, like a crimson flower, soaring up the flagpole. So great was the demoralization in the ranks of the Mexicans, the troops could have entered the city upon the heels of the fugitives. Scott's motives were noble, and his aim was to prevent further bloodshed, but unquestionably he made a mistake at this point which prolonged the war.

All the Mexicans expected his entry, as a batch of intercepted letters of the time show. The city was in terror. The streets were filled with Valencia's fleeing soldiers, and Santa Aña's troops streamed about the city distractedly, worn, and covered with mud. The whole city shuddered as if menaced by flood or by fire, and in despair awaited Scott's invading hosts.

CHAPTER XV

GRANT AT MOLINO DEL REY

WILD charges arose against Santa Aña and other officers. They were accused of letting jealousy of each other destroy their patriotism. Santa Aña was accused openly of having left Valencia to be swallowed up at Contreras. The commander of the cavalry was accused of cowardice, while Santa Aña himself was nearly crazed with chagrin; for at Churubusco the editor of the "American Star" (a paper started a little later in Mexico City) found blowing about in the mud scores of copies of a grandiose address published by Santa Aña among his troops.

"I count and rely," he ended, "upon the courage of the brave men who have sworn to conquer or to perish with me. Shall ten or twelve thousand men, let loose among a population which detests them, have it in their power to make us cower? No; we will chastise them; and God, who protects the justice of nations, will visit them with condign punishment. Let our motto be, 'Independence or death.'"

This was the proper spirit, and there is no question but Santa Aña meant it. Incompetency on the part of the officers does not alone explain their defeat. As a matter of fact, the trouble lay deeper than even the personnel of the army. The nation was organically weak. It was not ready for such a war. Its rulers were hopelessly divided. It was an Indian nation governed by Spaniards or Spanish descendants, and the army was largely composed of peons forcibly impressed into service, and therefore the entire army lacked the patriotism which includes

both the past and the future. They would defend with frantic bravery their own city or province, but they could not fight for the whole nation, because they had not yet conceived an emotion so deep and broad.

A man who has always toiled like an ox, carrying grain and dirt in baskets on his head, who has been driven into the army with his arms tied behind him, is not likely to stand erect in review, nor to fight heartily and with intelligence when the charge comes. Not all the men were of this class, but many of them indisputably were. When the Americans, yelling like wild-cats, with their teeth clenched in jocular curses, leaped over their breastwork, the peon soldiers fled. They could not comprehend such intrepidity.

Again, Scott's army moved as a unit. Every man knew that only victory could save him. He was in the enemy's country. Each column had the unwavering directness of a cannon-ball. It moved like a battering-ram in a charge. It did not scatter, nor work blindly; every blow reached the heart. Its column pierced the defenses of the Mexicans as the steel projectile of the rifled siege-gun enters a wall of lath and plaster. It was not the fault of general commanders that Matamoros and Monterey and Buena Vista and Vera Cruz and Contreras capitulated: it was because the nation was not in fact an organism. Its people were not yet of national sympathies. The states were not loyal. Some were ready to secede. The army was too new, too untried yet, to afford power proportionate to the population. There were seven millions of people, it is true; but out of these to get an army together required strenuous effort and the use of the manacle.

Then, too, the wealthy citizens were afraid of a military dictator, and each general's hand was believed to be reaching for a despot's scepter. The church was alarmed, and warring against the *Puros*, who were threatening their revenues. As a matter of fact, a revolution had been put down in the previous February only by the return of Santa Aña from the north. The whole republic was torn with religious and political jealousy and suspicion.

In view of these facts, the entire campaign by Scott loses in honor while retaining its elements of almost criminal bravery and high generalship. The plan had the audacity of youth and the sober restraint of a really great general. The actual fighting, in the light of the Civil War, was inconsiderable. It would have been the highest mercy for Scott to have entered Mexico at once; but he did not, and two bloody battles came on a month later.

There now intervened a truce, during which neither army was to strengthen its position or secure reinforcements, though Scott was allowed to procure supplies for his army. Mr. Trist, on the part of the United States, worked zealously to secure a treaty of peace. He demanded all of Texas unequivocally, and also California and New Mexico, for which a certain sum of money was to be paid.

While this was going on, Scott, with Worth's division, was occupying Tacubaya, a little Indian town on the edge of the high ground, and about four miles from Mexico. From near Tacubaya a low cape of rocky wooded land extended irregularly into the flat land, and ended abruptly in a high rocky knob. This knob formed a magnificent natural fortress, and the castle of Chapultepec had been built upon it and carefully fortified. The castle, a long, low, thick-walled structure, covered almost the entire top. On the sides and at the base were other fortifications, and to the west and north a fine stone aqueduct made a formidable wall, for its arches had been filled in with blocks of adobe.

Back of this fortress, and also inclosed by the aqueduct, was an old mill, which was reported to Scott to be Santa Aña's cannon foundry. It was a plain square structure, with a wide wall inclosing it. In the wall were sheds and houses. It was heavily garrisoned, and seemed to be highly valued by the enemy. It was the strongest fortress yet held by the Mexicans, and to Quartermaster Grant it seemed impregnable.

The truce was broken by the Mexicans, who were driving in poor peons, with arms tied behind them, to

reinforce the army; and church bells were reported to be on the way to Molino del Rey to be made into cannon. Other preparations were also being made to strengthen position, and Scott, on the 4th of September, declared the armistice at an end, and marched upon Molino del Rey from Tacubaya. During the night of the 7th the army moved up within striking distance of the enemy, and at daylight another impetuous charge was made, and the enemy routed in a short time.

The mill was taken and lost and retaken several times in a few minutes before Chapultepec seemed aware of it. The Americans attacked it in squads, each squad intent and clear-sighted. Commanders were hardly necessary to these men; each sergeant, each lieutenant, was a leader; and it was this superior judgment and decision on the part of the private soldiers and subordinate officers which won in the fight.

In this battle Quartermaster Grant was, as usual, in the forefront. "You could not keep Grant out of battle," said Longstreet. The duties of quartermaster could not shut him out of his command. He was in the first rush, and had an exciting time of it. His friend Dent was shot, and escaped being killed by Grant's intervention.

"While pursuing the Mexicans, who were crowding into the mill for safety," the same witness reported, "he stumbled over his friend, who was lying on the floor with a wound in the thigh. Just as he was stooping to examine Dent's wound, Grant came face to face with a Mexican with musket raised to fire. The Mexican wheeled to escape, and, seeing Lieutenant Thorne standing between him and the door, was about to fire when Grant shouted a warning. The Mexican was killed by Thorne; then all the squad rushed through into the inclosure of the mill, hot on the track of the fleeing Mexicans. The charge had been so impetuous that those who were behind the parapets on the roof of the wall could not escape. They were treed like wild-cats on the walls. Grant was everywhere on the field. He was always cool, swift, and unhurried in battle. He was as unconcerned, apparently, as if it were a hail-storm instead of a storm of bullets.

CALIFORNIA

GRANT AT CHAPULTEPEC.

The battle of Chapultepec, showing Grant's regiment, the Fourth Infantry, in the foreground on the right.

I had occasion to observe his superb courage under fire. So remarkable was his bravery that mention was made of it in the official reports, and I heard his colonel say: 'There goes a man of fire.'"

It was not long before the cannon on Chapultepec began to get the range, and the captors of Molino del Rey were forced to evacuate the position. At that time Grant believed that, had the fleeing Mexicans been closely pursued, the Northern army could have entered Chapultepec behind them without loss of life. As it was, four days later volunteers were called for to make an attack upon Chapultepec. It seemed a desperate undertaking, for, in the hands of a few determined men, the castle would have held an army of ten thousand men at rifle-range. It loomed high up over the walls at its base, with cannon peering grimly from its parapets, with other pieces half-way up its sides; and yet so confident were the men of taking it that two volunteer columns of two hundred and fifty men each were made up instantly. They were led by Captain Silas Casey and Captain Samuel McKenzie.

One division dug through the filled-up arches of the aqueduct on the north, and assaulted that way. The other went up the south side, over defenses, earthworks, and ditches, and scaled the walls in the very shadow of the thunderous cannon; and the citizens of Mexico, now completely disheartened, saw the gay flag of the Americans flame over their last fortress. Pell-mell down the aqueduct leading to the Balen gates, and along the aqueduct Veronica leading toward Tlaxpanna, the Mexicans retreated. General Quitman commanded the column moving toward Balen, and General Worth directed the advance toward Tlaxpanna and San Cosme. Grant was in the latter command, and from arch to arch of the aqueduct he scudded with his companions, meeting with little serious resistance till they came within gunshot of Tlaxpanna, where the aqueduct turns at right angles toward the city through the San Cosme gates. Grant's impetuous but cool and determined advance kept him with the hardiest of the private soldiers, and there was

but a squad of privates and one or two commissioned officers with him when the cannon of Tlaxpanna were reached.

As usual, the flat roofs of the houses were manned and fortified. While waiting for reinforcements Grant did a little reconnoitering on his own account, and finding a way to the San Cosme road in the rear of the men serving the cannon, he led a small force there, and drove the enemy from their position to a second defense about half-way to the San Cosme gates. They were too few in numbers to hold this advanced position, and, together with Captain Horace Brooks, who led the assault, Grant retired to Tlaxpanna to wait reinforcements.

At a later hour in the day he reconnoitered on the south side of the San Cosme road, and came to the conclusion that he could use a small howitzer to good effect from the steeple of the Church of San Cosme, which stood about three hundred yards outside the San Cosme gates.

This church had at its eastern end and front a bell-tower of moderate proportions, with a very narrow flight of steps leading to it. Up these steps the impetuous lieutenant and his squad tugged a small mountain howitzer, and, putting it together beneath the bells, began to shell the houses back of the gates, to the amazement and scandal of the Mexicans, who seemed not to understand that they might easily sally out and capture this audacious Yankee. This bold and ingenious exploit was seen by General Worth, who sent Lieutenant Pemberton to bring the quartermaster to him.

"This is mighty fine work, sir. Every shot tells. I 'll send you another gun."

Grant saluted,—"Thank you, general,"—and took the extra gun, knowing well he could not use reinforcements in the narrow space of the belfry. He was aware, also, that a lieutenant could n't by any chance know more than a general.

That night ended the Mexican War. General Santa Aña fled to Querétaro, leaving the city of Mexico to its fate. The City Council, in the absence of the national government, entered upon a discussion of peace measures.

In fact, they met Scott that night, and attempted to get him to sign articles of peace outside the city. But Scott, who loved parade, but was also a loyal soldier, replied:

"Gentlemen, I will sign anything in the city that I will out of it, and I intend to march into your city in triumph, unrestricted by any articles of capitulation."

This he did, and it was a bitter day to the Mexicans when they saw the big gray old Yankee general, arrayed in his best uniform, and bestriding his biggest charger, entering their city and taking possession of their palaces. They were invaders. No excuses can be made to cover that. The war was questionable, and it is probable Scott felt its essential injustices; but he was a soldier, and had the pride of conquest which the soldier must have as an incentive. He moved to the storied "halls of the Montezumas," and took command of the city. His rule was wise and just. No one remembers anything against him. He secured property against pillage, and allowed few reprisals, even upon those who made a fortress of their homes. He abolished the alcabala, or labor tax, and granted all reasonable requests on the part of peaceful citizens.

It was soon after their entry that, in passing a church, a squad of soldiers were assailed from the roof. They rushed into a shop near by, and asked for chisels and axes to hew down the door. The owner of the store, a sturdy Englishman, Peter Green, said: "I am a resident here. I can't *give* you the tools, but I can't help your *taking* them." They got the tools, and captured the unconquered citizens. Peter Green and his wife became the friends of Quartermaster Grant, and during the following months he was a constant visitor at their house. They lived on San Francisco Street, and Grant was for a time quartered in the San Francisco church and convent opposite.

At the Greens' he met a fine, wholesome family, somewhat like his own people in Ohio, and it was a keen delight to take tea with them, and feel again the influence of a family. The daughter Sarah remembers him well, though she was but a child. "We thought the world of

him," she said. "He was so good-natured, and full of his jokes. He wore a long beard then, which seemed out of place on such a boy. I suppose he wanted to look old. He was a daily visitor at our house, and my people talked of him a great deal. John C. Hill used to come to see us, too—him that was educated by Santa Aña."

Dr. John C. Hill remembers him well as a boyish fellow, fond of jokes and frolic, but one who laughed little himself. "He was of most excellent habits, a good soldier, and a good man. He was an active, sturdy little fellow, much liked by all his companions. I saw him at the Greens', where we used to gather to have tea on Sunday. He was very sociable and jolly; that is all I remember about him. By sociable I don't mean talkative; he was always a man of few words; but he liked to be where company was and where talk was going on."

It was impossible for Grant to be idle. After he was quartered at Tacubaya he rented a bakery, and ran it for the benefit of the regiment. "In two months I made more money for the regimental fund than my pay amounted to during the entire war. While stationed at Monterey I had relieved the post in the very same way," he wrote at a later time.

In May, 1848, the evacuation of Mexico was ordered; Mexico had conceded all the demands of the Northern republic.

CHAPTER XVI

CLOSE OF THE WAR

GRANT was eager to return, for he felt free now to marry the faithful little woman in far-off Gravois. He had distinguished himself by brave deeds and sagacious plans well carried out. He had been twice promoted for gallantry, and was returning to his bride elect a brevet captain. Of course, this seemed little enough. Luck seemed all against him, for, as he said: "I had gone into the battle of Palo Alto a second lieutenant, in May, 1846, and entered the city of Mexico, sixteen months later, with the same rank, after having been in all the battles possible to one man, and in a regiment that lost more officers during the war than it ever had present at any one engagement. My regiment lost four commissioned officers (all senior to me) by steamboat explosions. The Mexicans were not so discriminating; they sometimes picked off my juniors."

The grim smile in that last line is appreciated fully only by the eagerly ambitious young officer in the regular army waiting the inexorable procession of officers in promotion.

Nevertheless, considering the large number of officers and the small number of men, he showed the metal of his inherited nature. For a lad who had no love for guns, or trainings, or Fourth of July anvils, to win mention and two brevets for gallant conduct was genuine achievement. He was not afraid of bullets, and no noise or hurly-burly could confuse him.

General Worth made his "acknowledgments to Lieutenant Grant for distinguished services." Captain Horace Brooks, in his report, says: "I succeeded in reaching the

fort with a few men. Here Lieutenant U. S. Grant and a few others of the Fourth Infantry found me. By a joint movement, after an obstinate resistance, the strong field-work was carried and the enemy's right completely turned."

Major Francis Lee, commander of the Fourth Infantry at Chapultepec, makes the following report: "At the first barrier the enemy was a strong force, which rendered it necessary to advance with caution. This was done, and when the head of the battalion was within short musket-range, Lieutenant Grant and Captain Brooks's Second Artillery, with a few men of their respective regiments, by a handsome movement to the left turned the right flank of the enemy. . . . Lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry on the 13th and 14th."

Colonel Garland said: "I must not omit to call attention to Lieutenant Grant, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my observation." He speaks also of "a howitzer which, under the direction of Lieutenant Grant, quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, and Lieutenant Lendrum of the Third Artillery, annoyed the enemy considerably."

Of his bravery, his activity, and his discretion there can be no dispute. He "went in anywhere" along the line. He was ambitious then. Love influenced him, perhaps. He had the natural desire to return to his bride bearing all possible honors. It was with a peculiar chagrin that he woke, one morning, to find a thousand dollars of regimental money stolen from a friend with whom he had placed it for safe-keeping. Major J. H. Gore had a trunk with a lock to it, and in this trunk he placed Lieutenant Grant's regimental funds. During the night a hole was cut in the tent and through the leather trunk, and the money taken. A report covering these facts was made out, and signed by Major Gore and one or two others, which Lieutenant Grant sent in to the War Department, and left matters in their hands. This gave rise to various exaggerated rumors of embezzlement, etc. Ultimately the facts were laid before Congress, and he was completely cleared of all blame.

From a military point of view, these years of active service were of incalculable value. They formed his postgraduate course. They made theories of his instruction at West Point realities. He saw two really great commanders work out military manœuvers of unquestioned brilliancy. He saw Scott cut loose from his base of supplies, and subsist on the country. He saw him parole prisoners as the cheapest and best way to be rid of them. He saw Taylor flank the enemy at Monterey, and watched him under fire, cool, unhurried. He observed Scott coöperating with gunboats, and directing artillery. Being quartermaster, he had great freedom of action in battle, and was able to range freely along the lines, to inspect siege-guns, and to see all that went on.

From Taylor he learned the lesson of simplicity in army regulation, from Scott rigorous discipline. As quartermaster he acquired ideas upon feeding and clothing an army. He wrestled with difficulties. He met them hand to hand. He perceived the difference between disciplined troops moving under one man's direction, and many troops operating on lines not converging to a common purpose. All these things he saw, and they sank deep into his impressionable mind. He was not conscious of them at the time, but, as one of his fellow-officers said of him, "All along he was massing facts in the storehouse of his great memory." He forgot nothing which could be of use to him. He had a comprehensive view of the whole war, and was fitted to write a clear account of all the manœuvers.

He came in contact, also, with most of the young officers of the army—Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, Thomas Holmes, Paul O. Herbert, John C. Pemberton, James Longstreet, Simon B. Buckner, and many others. He knew these officers very well. He understood their mental habits and their personal ideas of warfare, and such things he never forgot. The wolves in the chaparral could instruct him as well as the voice of his revered general.

That Taylor confirmed Grant in his dislike of uniform is probable. His soldierly attitude toward the adminis-

tration, his sturdy refusal to be made use of, his serene waiting for orders, and, finally, his swift and unhesitating execution of plans, profoundly instructed the young lieutenant. He came out of the army as well prepared to command as any man of his age in the two armies.

This campaign formed, also, the boy's epic. For years to come he was to talk of it and to dream of it. He had gone, a beardless youth, from the quiet routine of West Point and the pleasant life at Jefferson Barracks into service in Texas, to become a part of an army. Then came wonderful marches into the unknown, with strange plants, flowers, fruits, on every side, and at last enormous mountains lifting into the burning sky. He entered Indian towns, primitive in habit and machinery as the land of the Kafir. Monterey was stormed and carried. Then on to wider and more marvelous campaigns, over the ground made storied by Cortez and his conquerors. Vera Cruz, dozing under the terrible sun, and Cerro Gordo, the sugar-loaf, became a fact, and Jalapa the beautiful a realized poem, set among the mountains, a city of cool water, wholesome fruits, and kindly people. Thence to Perote, seated in dust and ruins, like Egypt; and thence to Puebla to confront the mightiest peaks of our continent; and at last Mexico!

That he loved to dwell upon these marvelous scenes all his friends know. It came at an age when the most poetic side of his nature was uppermost. An accepted lover, he was a part of the most daring, the most romantic, and the most unjust war in which the United States ever took part. That it broadened his thought and developed his power is without doubt. He had grown in resource, energy, and in military technique. He knew the actualities of war. In his impressionable period he came in contact with two admittedly great generals, and faced both volunteer and regular troops. He had been in every battle of the army of which he was a part.

From this activity, this romanceful, exciting warfare, he was loath to drop back into the dull routine of barrack life. He was but twenty-five years of age when the war closed.

CHAPTER XVII

GRANT'S MARRIAGE

THE Fourth Infantry returned to the beautiful barracks of New Orleans for a short stay, and then embarked for New York. But Grant, procuring another leave of absence, took steamer up the Mississippi River on the most important business of his life, which was to marry Miss Julia Dent. "The small lieutenant with the big epaulets" was returning a bronzed veteran of many battles and with merited promotions. He was now brevet captain, and felt in a position to take a wife.

An excessively modest marriage notice appeared in the newspapers of St. Louis of August 22, 1848, and that was the only public recognition of this mighty event. Privately tales circulated describing the shy young soldier who found his long sword in the way of his leg, and who trembled more than at Monterey or Cerro Gordo. However, he did not think at the time to be ever again called to make a speech or get married.

Immediately after the marriage, which took place at the bride's home, the young people visited the Grants at Bethel, the Simpsons at Bantam, and old friends of the young lieutenant at Georgetown. Their friends recall the very fair-skinned, petite, and vivacious little lady who accompanied "Ulyss," as they still continued to call the rising soldier. Jesse Grant beamed with pride of his son. "He would stop any time in the rain to talk about Ulysses."

Samuel Simpson of Bantam worried through a visit from Lieutenant Grant and a young Mexican named Gregory, who accompanied him. They spent a great

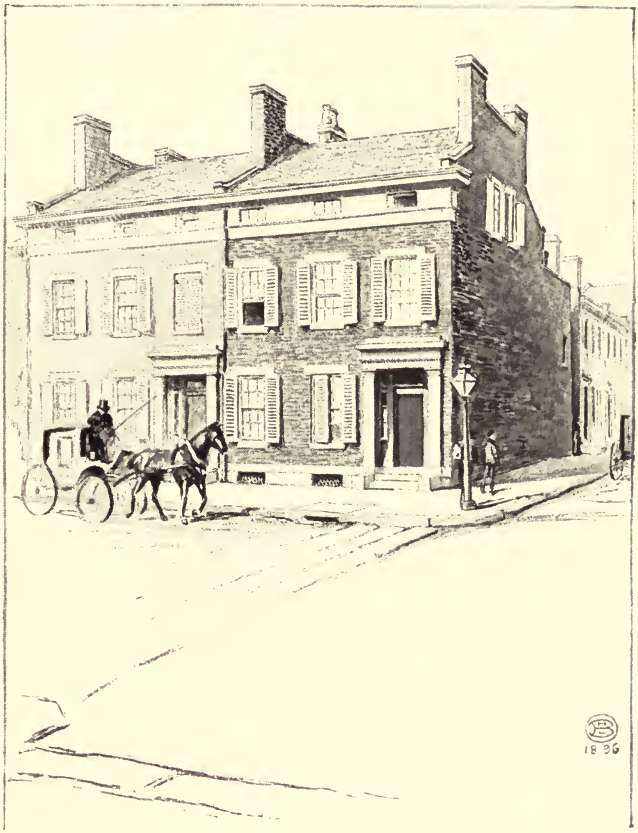
deal of time throwing the lariat, and Ulysses became quite expert with it. He tried it on the pigs, calves, and cows; nothing was exempt. This love of sport showed a wholesome boyishness still in the heart of the soldier. Gregory could not speak English, and Ulysses talked to him in Spanish, to the wonder of the natives. At evening, on the street before the stores, the young soldier submitted to questions concerning the war and Mexico, and often kept the crowd late into the night with the interest of his narrative. He talked with enthusiasm, and with precision, too, of all the campaigns in which he had been a part. The neighbors were done with sneering at him now; he was recognized as a veteran and a man of honorable deeds; and in Bethel the young men who had ridiculed him by caricaturing his new uniform now treated him with distinguished consideration, for the uniform was dignified by powder-stains and by the grime of months of hard life in camp and field.

After a few care-free weeks spent among old friends, the young soldier took his bride to join his regiment at Detroit, where he arrived November 17, 1848, according to the "Free Press" of that day; and on November 21 he was sent to Sacket's Harbor, in northern New York, on the shores of Lake Ontario.

He was still quartermaster of his regiment, and was entitled to remain at Detroit; but his superior, Colonel Whistler, for some surly reasons, had Grant ordered to the bleak and undesirable post of Sacket's Harbor. Grant protested that his proper place as quartermaster was at Detroit with the regimental headquarters, but obeyed the order. He laid his grievances before Brevet Colonel Francis Lee, commander of the regiment, and it was forwarded to General Scott. Scott decided in Grant's favor, but as navigation on the lakes had closed, Grant postponed returning to Detroit till spring.

There are not many people in Sacket's Harbor who remember Lieutenant Grant's first visit, but it happens that one or two credible witnesses remain to give some account of the young soldier.

He settled quietly to his work, and made friends at



House in which General Grant was married, St. Louis, Missouri.

From a recent photograph taken expressly for this work.

once by his modest demeanor and gentle habit of command. One of his musicians remembers him with great clearness, for Grant did him many favors:

"Lieutenant Grant was a favorite among the enlisted men. He was a mild-spoken man, and always asked his men to do their duty; he never ordered them in an offensive way. He was very sociable—always talked to a man freely and without putting on the airs of a superior officer. At that time he wore his hair rather long, but had shaved off his beard, and his face was serious of expression in repose. He used to ride and drive a great deal, and was known as a strong, active little man, and could take care of himself, if necessary. He and Mrs. Grant used to go to little dancing-parties, but I don't think he ever danced.

"He lived very modestly,—he could n't afford to do anything else, on his pay,—but his wife made his humble quarters cozy and homelike. His only dissipation was in owning a fast horse. He still had a passion for horses, and was willing to pay a high price to get a fine one."

Few knew him, for he lived very close to his duties and his home. He attended church in exemplary fashion, and was an earnest advocate of temperance at the time. He helped organize a lodge of the Sons of Temperance at the barracks, and gave hearty encouragement to the order in the village by his presence. It is claimed that he marched once in the procession, wearing the regalia of the lodge.

One of his acquaintances heard him refuse to join in a drinking-party once, and spoke to him about it afterward. He explained his action by saying: "I heard John B. Gough lecture a short time ago, and I have become convinced that there is no safety from ruin by liquor except by abstaining from it altogether."

It took courage in those days to wear the white apron of the Sons of Temperance, but Lieutenant Grant was not one to dodge in battle. The life at the barracks was slow and uneventful, and in playing to pass away time Lieutenant Grant became a good checker-player, and worsted everybody at the barracks. There is a story in

the Harbor wherein it is related that he rode over to Watertown occasionally to meet a redoubtable expert. It was ten miles over there, and generally he rode it in forty-five minutes; he could n't abide a slow horse. The champion was a shoemaker, and after some trials the two players settled upon a series of games and the wager. It was further agreed that if the series ended in a draw the supremacy should be determined by a foot-race. It turned out an even contest, amid some considerable interest. The rivals went out into the street and laid out the course. Grant was a small young fellow, and lively on foot, and led the sedentary shoemaker from the start. He was so confident of victory that he did not take off his linen duster. He won the race, and, mounting his horse, rode home in triumph.

There was a strong military feeling about the forts during those days, and old army forms were rigidly maintained; but Grant never insisted on his rank. He was always simple and kindly in his manner, and performed his duties without fuss or flurry, and was considered a good officer. As soon as spring opened he returned to Detroit. He was very glad to do this, for Sacket's Harbor at that time was far separated from the outside world even in summer; in fact, it was a cold, bleak, and inhospitable port at the edge of a vast wind-swept lake of ice and snow. Youth and love had made it a habitable spot, but nevertheless the world counts for something even in the honeymoon, and Detroit seemed a much more hospitable place to them both.

The plain little frame cottage in which they made their home in Detroit is still standing, and is about such as a well-to-do carpenter might build for his own use. It was, indeed, all that the pay of a lieutenant at that time warranted. It stood on the outskirts of the town, and had some vines clinging about it, and some fruit-trees grew in the yard. The neighbors were ordinary citizens of the working-man's condition. The officers who were unmarried lived at the hotel in town, and walked to and fro to their meals, passing near Grant's house.

He took up his quartermaster duties at once, steady

as clockwork; but it was not long before he had another driving horse. A French Canadian of the town, named David Cicotte, owned a small and speedy mare, which Grant's keen eyes had observed and coveted, and which he bought as soon as his means allowed. This mare, under Grant's training, became so speedy that he was soon "able to show the back of his buggy to almost anything in the town."

His swift driving caused him to be observed and remembered by the citizens of Detroit far beyond any other deed or characteristic. Everybody knew Lieutenant Grant (and his Cicotte mare) by sight. Otherwise his life was very methodical.

"Lieutenant Grant, except for his fast driving, lived inconspicuously." He was considered an amiable and inoffensive little fellow by the merchants of the town. One went so far, one day, as to say that it was very queer business putting quartermaster's work into the hands of such a man, and one of his fellow-officers said: "He may be no good with papers, but he 's hell with a regiment."

"He was boyish, said little, and always kept in the background except when drawing the lines over the back of his horse; then he led the procession. He loved horses; no doubt of that. He used to race Saturdays 'way out on Fifth Avenue, which was then a foremost racing-ground for the citizens. On bright midwinter days every driving team in Detroit would be there. Every man who had a horse took part, and Grant was always there with his little pony which he bought of Dave Cicotte."

He was thoroughly social, but showed it in being where people were, rather than by entertaining them. Mrs. Grant, however, loved company, and was often a lively figure at parties and dances. Grant, who never danced, used to bring his wife and afterward stand around looking on. Sometimes he made a hand at a game of cards with others who did not dance. An old friend said:

"I knew him as well as any one here at that time, probably. I met him socially and officially and in business. He was a gentleman in his habits and instincts, quiet and unobtrusive. He took his glass of liquor with

the rest of us, but he was noticeable for his domestic habits. He was considered one of the best officers in his regiment."

He had a rather amusing set-to with a young merchant of the town named Zack Chandler. The incident brought his resolute character to the notice of the citizens. The young officers, on their way to and from the barracks, were obliged to walk past Chandler's lot, and they often found the snow and ice lying thick across the path. They grumbled a good deal; but Chandler was a big, burly fellow, rather proud of his physical hardihood, and no one was eager to make complaint against him. At last Grant, who knew no fear, volunteered to "bell the cat," and with no sign of fear he entered complaint against Chandler.

Chandler brought the matter to trial with voluble ferocity, and accused the officers of being drunk and disorderly. Grant held to his cause, however, and Chandler was fined for obstructing the walk. Everybody expected Chandler to whip Grant, but he did not. Something in the quiet little man's glance informed him he could not safely do so. No one has ever said that Grant knew fear, or that he ever acknowledged himself whipped. He was not a fighting man, but he had a way of keeping a rowdy at arm's length.

His only time of trepidation seemed to be when called upon to make a speech. At a dinner given to Colonel Grayson, Grant was called on for a toast. In noticeable tremor, the young officer rose and said, "I can face the music, but I can't make a speech," and gave this sentiment: "The Grayson Guards! should their services be required, may they be rendered in proportion to the confidence placed in them and their worthy commander." This was neat, admirable in reserve, and covered the ground. As for his ability to "face the music," every man of the Fourth knew he spoke the truth. No young officer had a higher record as a brave man. He never went further than that phrase in praise of himself. In June, 1851, he left his comfortable quarters at Detroit, and returned to Sacket's Harbor.

West front of fortification and barracks, Fort Wayne, Detroit.

From a photograph loaned by Captain E. D. Smith of the Fifteenth Infantry. The building shown was erected in 1848, the year Grant first went to Detroit, and is the only one now standing at Fort Wayne that could have been in existence when Grant was stationed there.

Officers' barracks, Sacket's Harbor, New York.

From a photograph owned by Colonel Walter B. Camp.

It was a dull life there on the edge of Ontario, after the little round of possible gaieties had been traversed a dozen times. The change of barracks did not greatly change his duties. Grant transacted his duties promptly and well each day, and formed a silent member of all meetings of the officers. In the mess-room he was considered a good fellow, but a little slow as a companion. He talked a good deal of the Mexican War, however, and at such times grew very earnest and graphic, and impressed others with his power to present in an orderly way his conception of the campaigns. His companions often said he gave the clearest account of the Mexican War they had ever heard.

He went out socially very little, though the officers often dropped in to enjoy the cozy home Mrs. Grant had conjured out of very plain barrack rooms. As a considerate husband, a good citizen, and a faithful officer he spent some six months in the post. He was comfortable and happy, but he had scarcely resigned himself to the life of a soldier. He was getting nowhere; he was merely dozing in a snug corner. Beneath his quiet manner his companions, the more discerning of them, saw in him a "restless, energetic man."

But a change came into his quiet life. An order arrived transferring him to the Pacific coast, which was almost as far away as Africa is to-day. He faced here the question of a soldier's life in a new fashion. He had developed no special love for the army, though he had ceased actively to plan getting out of it. This order brought up again the impulse to resign and go into something else. He had those moments of profound thought which marked him at West Point, and in his face the care of a man and a father had begun to write its lines. He seriously meditated resigning at that time.

It was out of the question to think of taking his wife with him on the long and dangerous trip across the Isthmus. His oldest child, named Frederick Dent Grant, was nearly two years of age. And so with great reluctance and in deep depression he left Sacket's Harbor for

the coast, while Mrs. Grant returned to the home of Jesse Grant in Bethel, where her second child was born. Under the circumstances, it was impossible for Mrs. Grant to go with her husband, and the bitter sorrow of parting from his little son and his wife (soon to be a mother a second time) brought the stern realities of a soldier's life very close to Lieutenant Grant.

CHAPTER XVIII

LIEUTENANT GRANT IS ORDERED TO THE COAST

THE Fourth Infantry assembled at Governor's Island, New York Bay, and thence took ship for the Isthmus. The steamer *Ohio* was in command of Captain Schenck, who was able afterward to recall the young man.

"Major Bonnevelle was in command, and Grant was quartermaster. For the first week I did not have much to say to him. He was then a quiet, undemonstrative man, and took matters just as they came without comment, though when called upon he never seemed to be at a loss for an opinion and a good reason to back it. Bonnevelle was hasty and uncertain in his action, and gave cause for disagreements, and it was a customary practice to refer these disputes to Grant as arbitrator. His rulings were distinguished by particular good sense.

"He was accustomed to walk the deck late at night, and so we came at last to walk up and down the deck, discussing such matters as came up from time to time. He seemed to me to be a man of an uncommon order of intelligence. He had a good education, and what his mind took hold of it grasped strongly and thoroughly digested."

Nothing which the young soldier had ever done surpassed the energy, resource, coolness, and daring of crossing the Isthmus. It was equal to a campaign against a foreign foe. It was a fight against fever, cholera, poisonous plants, bad water, inefficient labor, and insubordinate soldiery. As quartermaster he was forced to take the

brunt of all shortcomings in transportation and all complaints concerning supplies.

It was a perilous time of year to attempt such a passage, but that made little difference to the authorities in Washington. Quartermaster Grant, luckily, was experienced in the care of men in tropical climates, and was prepared for the worst. The *Ohio* delivered its freight at Aspinwall, and let loose a swarm of gold-seekers as well as soldiers. The heat was appalling, and Grant was sleeplessly active in getting his charges out of the low-lying port at once. All was confusion. The town of Aspinwall had sprung up since the beginning of the gold excitement, and had scarcely acquired law, and certainly was without order.

The railway was completed only to the Chagres River, eighteen miles away. The steamship company had contracted with the government to take the troops across the Isthmus, but when they arrived at Chagres, Quartermaster Grant found that no mules had been provided by the agent of the company, and that in the rush it was really impossible to secure any. The agent was supine and lifeless in the business, and Grant was forced to take charge of the whole movement.

The regiment marched directly toward Panama, while the band and the officers' wives, accompanied by Quartermaster Grant, went down the river toward Cruces. Upon arriving at Cruces, he found the agent of the transportation company unable to comply with his engagement.

This threw upon the young quartermaster the entire responsibility of transporting his passengers and the regimental baggage, and tested his energy and his practical experience as severely as any campaign in which he had been engaged. He grappled with the problem with undaunted courage.

At last he got his heterogeneous cavalcade in motion. The wives of the officers he started at once toward the western port, for the cholera was in Cruces. The others he put under way a few days later. He himself stayed behind to attend to the stores. He took care of the health of the soldiers and of everybody in the company.

His position was very hard, and at one time everything seemed to depend upon his personal energy. One disaster followed another. No sooner were the passengers brought safely across the Isthmus than the cholera broke out on shipboard. More than one hundred and fifty men died of it, thirty-seven in one day, among them Major J. H. Gore, with whom Grant had been most intimately associated in Mexico and in Detroit. The passengers were panic-stricken, and the men, appalled at their new foe, muttered alarm and wrath. In the midst of all the confusion and fear, which amounted to frenzy, Quartermaster Grant remained cool, resolute, watchful, and sympathetic. Nothing could flurry him or anger him or make him afraid.

He had heavy responsibility on his hands. It was his duty to provide hospital facilities and medicinal supplies, and also to see to the disposal of the dead; but he did these things with as much system as though he had been quartered at Detroit. There were from fifty to sixty dangerously sick people on board all the time, with twelve or fifteen of them dying daily, and with only a ship's deck to take care of them on. "Grant seemed to be a man of iron, so far as endurance went, seldom sleeping, and then only two or three hours at a time. Nevertheless, his work was always done, and his supplies always ample and at hand. He seemed to take a personal interest in each sick man; and when one considers the situation, the hospital accommodations he provided were wonderful. He was like a ministering angel to us all," said one who passed through this terrifying trip.

The captain of the *Golden Gate* was also a man of decision and character, and an officer of wide experience in the treatment of Asiatic cholera. He refused to sail until all the passengers had been landed and all clothing fumigated and the ship thoroughly overhauled. These vigorous measures put an end to the plague, and the *Golden Gate* passed on her way to San Francisco without further mishap.

Upon arrival in San Francisco Bay, a camp was established at Benicia, which was but a short distance out of

San Francisco, and the regiment stayed several weeks in this camp, waiting for a steamer to take it to Oregon. In the early autumn it reached permanent quarters at Columbia Barracks, a post on the Columbia River not far from the site of the present city of Portland, which was at that time a small settlement of woodsmen. The buildings of the post had been erected by Grant's friend and roommate, Rufus Ingalls. It consisted of a number of rudely and hastily constructed log houses. The houses, furniture, and fixtureware were all made out of green wood with the ax. The surrounding country was a wilderness, peopled, where it was settled at all, by Indians or whites of the rough-and-ready frontier type. The few manufactured articles in use were brought around the Horn in sailing-vessels, or across the plains and mountains in wagons.

The records of the post show that Grant, in spite of all discouragements, performed his duties as quartermaster faithfully and well. He built houses, repaired wagons, and fitted out expeditions. Under this last head it is recorded that in July, 1853, he supplied Captain George B. McClellan with transportation and all things needful for the first survey of the Northern Pacific Railway.

He was kind and quiet, but could not be imposed upon. He was quick and resolute of action, when necessary. Once when a drunken purser of a steamboat was disturbing the audience at the little theater at the post, Grant made his way to the ruffian, seized him by the collar, and put him out with deftness and despatch. No man presumed to dispute his orders, small as he seemed. He was a good soldier, and loved order and good discipline.

CHAPTER XIX

GRANT IS PROMOTED, BUT RESIGNS

LIEUTENANT GRANT served just one year at Fort Vancouver. During this time he lived and messed with his West Point room-mate, Rufus Ingalls, who was stationed there as depot quartermaster. Horseback-riding was the chief diversion of both Grant and Ingalls. They kept a pair of horses on the south bank of the Columbia, opposite the post, and when life grew insupportable at the fort "they sometimes crossed the river, and rode on horseback to Oregon City, twenty miles up the Willamette. Portland was then too unimportant to attract their attention."

It was a dull and dreary year to the young soldier. The routine of an army post is the same everywhere, no matter how its surroundings may vary. Oregon at that time was a wilderness, and a gloomy wilderness in wintertime. For six months of the year it is a land of rain, of moss, of dripping trees. The mists rise from the warm sea, float inward, break against the Cascade Range of mountains, and fall in unending torrents over the steaming earth. There are weeks when the sun is scarcely felt, when the glorious mountains are hidden, and the world is of the color of gray moss and falling rain.

Grant did his duties and carried himself with his usual quiet dignity, but he was unusually silent and grave. He had not the careless nature which makes light of such a situation, although he was never a man to complain. He had few intimate friends, and no enemies.

How deeply he felt this separation from his wife and

his two little sons will never be known, but the memory of an old artillery sergeant holds one revealing incident.

He had procured for the sergeant a position as agent of the United States Ordnance Department, and on the morning after the mail which brought the commission, Grant "happened by" the sergeant's little cottage to witness and enjoy his delight. When about to leave, he said: "Oh, I, too, had a letter last night"; thereupon he drew from his pocket a letter, and opened it out. He did not read it to the sergeant, but showed him the last page, whereon his wife had laid his baby's hand and traced the outlines with a pencil to show its size. He folded the letter quickly, and left without speaking a word; but his form shook, and his eyes were wet.

He received few letters. There was a period of several months, after leaving New York, during which he was cut off from all news of his wife, and this at a time when his anxiety was peculiarly intense; and yet he uttered no complaint, and was always mindful of others. He secured an appointment for Sergeant Eckerson, and helped Drum-Major Elderkin and his wife to make a home in the post. Beneath his impassive exterior he was known to be tenderly sympathetic to all need and suffering in others. Those who saw him daily while he was stationed at Vancouver state that he carried himself with dignity, and was highly respected by the garrison.

"He used to ride up to Drum-Major Elderkin's house almost every morning, and say, 'Good morning,' and gallop off into the woods. He took great interest in the little family of the drum-major, and helped them in any way possible. His habits were very regular. He was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew. He seemed to be always sad; that is, he never seemed jovial and hearty, like most of the officers. I thought him a very active man, and a thorough soldier; that is the impression he made on me. I loved him, for he was always kind to me, and always just."

He felt the separation from his family the more for being naturally domestic of habit. His wife and children occupied much of his thoughts when off duty. Coarse

The house in which Grant lived at Fort Vancouver in 1852 and 1853.

Redrawn from a photograph loaned by Colonel Thomas M. Anderson, present commandant of Fort Vancouver.

Fort Vancouver.

Redrawn from a painting by Dr. Covington, now owned by Captain James A. Buchanan of the Eleventh Infantry.

stories, profanity, roistering—all those things, which some of his brother officers found entertaining, were distasteful to him.

The winter dragged slowly on, and he began to plan a summer campaign. He felt the necessity of doing something, not merely because he knew he would be the better for it himself, but also because he hoped to make money enough to enable him to send for his family. He looked about for something which he could engage in without interfering with his duties at the post. There was nothing to do but go back to the employment of his boyhood; he determined to farm.

The opportunities were ample and the prospect alluring. "Potatoes were worth eight or nine dollars a bushel; and Grant, taking Lieutenant Wallen into partnership, determined to go into a potato speculation. Together they rented a piece of ground from the Hudson Bay Company, and bought a team from an emigrant, and set to work to plow and plant the ground. They planted a large patch, and raised a famous crop of fine potatoes; but every one else seemed to have raised potatoes also, and the crop could not be sold at any price. The perplexed farmers had finally to pay some of their neighbors to haul the potatoes away out of a magazine that was borrowed from the commandant of the post!" The crop was ultimately a nuisance.

Grant says, in addition, that the gray old Columbia swept over the field in the autumn, and carried a large part of the crop out to sea. However, it saved the trouble of digging them.

He also went into a partnership with Rufus Ingalls to cut and ship ice to San Francisco. This, it is related, came to nothing. Adverse winds held the brig back till some ships from Sitka unloaded their cargoes on the market, and ice was of no great value. He next became interested in buying cattle and hogs and shipping them to San Francisco.

"We continued this business," said his partner, "until both of us lost all the money we had. He was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed every one as

artless as himself. I never knew a stronger or better man."

In August, 1853, he was promoted to a full captaincy, and ordered to Fort Humboldt to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Captain Bliss, famous as General Taylor's adjutant in the Mexican War. "Early in October Captain Grant started for Fort Humboldt, California, to take command of his company. . . . The post was two hundred and forty miles north of San Francisco, and the buildings stood on a plateau affording a splendid view of Humboldt Bay. The only town in the vicinity was Eureka, which contained but a sawmill and twenty houses.

"Communication with San Francisco was solely by water, and mails were very irregular. The officers looked out anxiously every morning for a sail, and, when one appeared, galloped down to Eureka for their letters or a stray newspaper.

"The line captain's duties were less onerous than the quartermaster's had been, and the discipline was far more rigid and irksome. No greater misfortune could have happened to Captain Grant than this enforced idleness."

He had little work to occupy his time, he was far separated—hopelessly separated—from his family, and had an uncongenial commander in Colonel Buchanan. He took little interest in the dancing, hunting, fishing, and other diversions of the officers, and, above all, the futility of the whole life weighed upon him.

"The result was a common one: he took to drink."

He had learned the use of liquor in the Mexican War, along with smoking and chewing tobacco, but up to this time there is little reliable evidence of excess in its use.

Even now, at Fort Humboldt, "he drank much less than other officers whose reputation for temperance was unsullied; but with his peculiar organization a little did the fatal work of a great deal." A single glass of liquor visibly affected him. "He was guilty of no gross indecorum or misdeed, but he fell so far under the influence of his insidious love for it that he was told to place his resignation in the hands of the commandant, to be for-

warded to Washington at the first repetition of the offense. It was a notice to 'reform or resign.' He said, 'I will resign and reform.' He sent in his resignation, to take effect July 31, 1854."*

According to the records of the adjutant-general's office, Captain Grant accepted his commission and sent in his resignation on the same day. This would seem to

* GRANT'S RESIGNATION.

The following papers are every line on file in the adjutant-general's office at Washington, concerning the resignation of U. S. Grant from the army in 1854. These papers were copied in the immediate presence of General Ruggles, the adjutant-general, in February, 1897.

Grant acknowledges his commission April 11, 1854:

"COLONEL S. COOPER: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of my commission as captain in the 4th Infantry, and my acceptance of the same. I am, Colonel,

"Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,
"U. S. GRANT,
"Capt. 4th Infantry."

On the same day he wrote the following letter:

"FT. HUMBOLDT, HUMBOLDT BARRACKS,
"April 11, 1854.

"COLONEL: I very respectfully tender my resignation of my commission as an officer of the army and request that it may take effect from the 31st July next. I am, Colonel,

"Very respectfully, your obt. servt.,
"U. S. GRANT,
"Capt. 4th Infantry.

"TO ROBERT C. BUCHANAN."

On the back of this is the following indorsement in Grant's own handwriting:

"FT. HUMBOLDT, April 11, 1854.

"Capt. U. S. GRANT,
"4th Infantry.
"Respectfully forwarded with the recommendation that it be accepted.
"ROBERT C. BUCHANAN,
"Brevet Lt. Col.
"Capt. 4th Infantry, Commanding Headquarters Detachment.

"FT. HUMBOLDT, CAL., Apl. 11, 1854.
"Received Headquarters May 20, 1854.

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC,
"SAN FRANCISCO, Apl. 22, 1854.
"Approved and respectfully forwarded.
"JOHN E. WOOL,
"Major-General.

give color to the story that Colonel Buchanan forced his resignation. Other than the mere coincidence in the date, there is not one line on file in the War Department to indicate why he resigned or what his motives were. His father wrote at once, upon the official announcement, to inquire of Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, if it were true that his son had resigned, and asking why he had resigned.* To this the department replied, inclosing

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
"NEW YORK, 26th May, 1854.
"Respectfully forwarded by command of Major-General Scott.
"(Signed) IRWIN MCDOWELL.

"It is respectfully recommended that Captain Grant's resignation be accepted to take effect as tendered July 31, 1854. The enclosed paper dated May 29, shows the state of Capt. Grant's accounts with the Treasury.
"ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, May 30, 1854.
"S. COOPER, Adjutant-General."

And the final indorsement has a peculiar historical interest:

"Accepted as tendered.
"JEFFERSON DAVIS,
"Secretary of War.
"June 2, 1854."

The paper mentioned stated that Captain Grant's accounts were entirely in order, and that he owed the government nothing, and there was no fault to find with his management of affairs as quartermaster.

It will thus be seen that Captain Grant not only went out of the service with his accounts in order, but that no hint of his reasons for leaving the service appears in the adjutant-general's office. Nothing stands against his good name in the office of the adjutant-general of the United States army.

* "BETHEL, CLAREMONT COUNTY, June 1, 1854.
"HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS, SECRETARY OF WAR.
"DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 7th instant enclosing acceptance of the resignation of my son Captain U. S. Grant, was received a few days ago through Thomas A. Ellyson. That was the first intimation I had of his intention to resign.
"If it is consistent with your powers and the good of the servis I will be much gratified if you would reconsider and withdraw the acceptance of his resignation and grant him a six months leave that he may come home and see his family.
"I never wished him to leave the servis. I think after spending so much time to qualify himself for the army and spending so many years in the servis he will be poorly qualified for the pursuits of private life.
"He has been eleven years an officer, was in all the battles of Generals Taylors and Scotts except Buena Vista, never absent from his posts during the Mexican War and has never had a leave of six months, would it then be asking too much for him to have such leave that he may come home and make arrangements for taking his family with him to his post.

Grant's acceptance, saying that the department was not informed of Captain Grant's motives.

According to another account, furnished by Colonel Thomas Anderson, the present commandant at Fort Vancouver, Rufus Ingalls, Captain Grant's most intimate friend, said: "Captain Grant, finding himself in dreary surroundings, without his family, and with but little to occupy his attention, fell into dissipated habits, and was found, one day, too much under the influence of liquor to properly perform his duties. For this offense Colonel Buchanan demanded that he should resign, or stand trial. Grant's friends at the time urged him to stand trial, and were confident of his acquittal; but, actuated by a noble spirit, he said he would not for all the world have his wife know that he had been tried on such a charge. He therefore resigned his commission, and returned to civil life."

Steadily, silently, there had crept into his brain a craving for stimulants which had mastered him. It was an appetite, and not a dissipation. According to reliable testimony, he remained the same clean-spoken, considerate, and honorable gentleman through it all. His habit of drink did not touch upon the inner sweetness and purity of the man's nature, but it occasionally mastered

"I will remark that he has not seen his family for over two years and has a son nearly two years' old he has never seen. I suppose in his great anxiety to see his family he has been ordered to quit the servis.

"Please write me and let me know the results of this request and,

"Respectfully, your obt. servt.,

"J. R. GRANT."

On the back of this appears the following indorsements:

"Capt. Grant's tender of resignation assigns no reason for his wish to leave the service and the motives which influenced him to take the step are not known; he merely desired that the resignation should take effect July 31, 1854, and it was accepted accordingly by the Secretary of War, June 2, and the notification sent out to the army same day.

"Respectfully submitted,

"W. G. FREEMAN,

"Acting Adjutant-General.

"June 27, 1854."

Below this appears, in the handwriting of Jefferson Davis, the final indorsement:

"Answer with endorsement. "J. D."

him, and suddenly he became aware that men considered him a drunkard. As far back as his first stay in Sacket's Harbor he had known his danger, and had fought against his enemy.

The resignation came when he was ill prepared for it. Unlucky speculations had left him with but little ready money, and the little he had saved was in the hands of elusive debtors. There were all the elements of tragedy in the life of the young soldier at this time, when, upon arrival in San Francisco, he found one debtor away and the other unable or unwilling to pay. He was left absolutely without a dollar.

This final disappointment plunged him into dejection which was almost despair. He had no money, and his name was the subject of ill remark. Not one of those he had helped seemed ready to help him, now that he needed aid worse than ever before in his life. In such condition he walked the streets of San Francisco.

Up to this moment his life had been without keen disappointment or sorrow. He had gone steadily and satisfactorily from cadet to lieutenant, and from lieutenant to captain. But now came days which set ineffaceable lines of gravity and care upon his face. His youth was past, and he was facing unsettled middle life with no trade or profession by which to earn a living for himself and those dependent upon him. At this time his friends pitied him and his acquaintances avoided him.

Robert Allen, chief quartermaster of the coast, heard some men talking of him, and in that way learned of his presence in San Francisco. He set forth to find him, for he liked him, as did every one who really knew him.

"He found him, at last, in a cheap little miners' hotel called the 'What Cheer House.' Grant was up in a little garret room which contained only a small cot, a pine table, and one chair.

"There he sat, a young man of thirty-two, in utter misery. His head was bowed, and as his friend entered he lifted a haggard and sorrowful face.

"'Why, Grant, what are you doing here?' asked Allen of the shattered, gloomy young man.

"'Nothing,' he replied. 'I 've resigned from the army. I 'm out of money, and I have no means of getting home.'

"'Well,' said Allen, at once, 'I can arrange for your transportation without trouble, and I guess we can raise some money for you.'

"He took hold of the matter vigorously, and through him Grant procured transportation to New York, and money enough to pay for his daily needs."

He reached New York forlorn and practically penniless. He had just money enough to carry him to Watertown, where he hired a horse and rode to Sacket's Harbor. One of his recreant debtors lived there, and from him Grant expected to extract some money. He failed to obtain even an interview, and returned to New York in worse condition than ever. Some days later he called upon his old classmate, Captain Simon B. Buckner, who was recruiting officer in New York City, and confided to him his distress. He had written for money, but had not heard a word, and his money was gone. Captain Buckner became security for his hotel bill during his stay in New York. He wrote again to the West for money, and at last received enough to enable him to reach his father's home. It is claimed that before he left New York several of his old comrades on Governor's Island made up a purse of fifty dollars to help him clear himself of all bills.

There was little joy in the home-coming. If reputable neighbors are to be believed, Jesse Grant received him grimly. He was deeply humiliated by this untoward return of his eldest son. It seemed to falsify all the omens and prophecies of which he had boasted in years gone by. At this moment he saw nothing further to hope for in honor of his son Ulysses, and he turned away to Simpson and Orvil. They were to uphold the honor and credit of the Grant house. "West Point spoiled one of my boys for business," he said, and Ulysses replied: "I guess that 's about so."

The gentle mother, on the contrary, was glad to see him out of the service. She seemed to understand the dangers and temptations of a soldier's life in barracks, and found deep relief in his return to civil life and to his family.

After a short time spent with his parents in regaining health and good cheer, the ex-captain took his way to St. Louis to his wife and children. This was in the late summer of 1854, and he was thirty-two years of age. In this one thing was hope: he had found out his worst enemy and his most marked weakness, and was prepared to do battle, and resolved to conquer this enemy within the gates, if it took a lifetime.

CHAPTER XX

CAPTAIN GRANT TURNS FARMER

GRANT found St. Louis and Georgetown much the same as when he had last visited Missouri. The city was a little larger, the clearings on the Gravois a little more numerous, and the fields a little wider; that was all. Colonel Dent still owned White Haven, and was living there at the time his son-in-law returned.

That autumn and winter Captain Grant (as the neighbors at once called him) lived at the Dent homestead, and took a hand in anything which needed to be done about the place. The welcome extended to him by Colonel Dent could not be expected to be warmer than that of his own father, but he at least gave Ulysses a place under his roof. Probably it was some time during this winter that Dent set aside some sixty or eighty acres of land for Mrs. Grant, and told Captain Grant to make such home upon it as he could. No deed is on record; it was merely a verbal transfer.

The task to which Captain Grant then set himself was not an easy one: it was to start from the stump at thirty-two years of age. Abraham Lincoln rose out of humbler conditions, but he had no trial more difficult than Grant's return to severe manual labor after having been fifteen years accustomed to the routine and security of army life. He began at the bottom, as a laborer, without money, tools, or horses. He was among strangers, and estranged from his father and brothers, who regarded him, at the best, as criminally improvident.

Jesse Grant, apparently, left Ulysses for a time to his

own resources. He had the reputation among his neighbors of being a hard man and a close man, though a just one. Again and again he had helped his son until his patience had at last given out, and Ulysses was forced to look elsewhere for aid in his hard task of hewing a home out of the forest.

However, these favorable coincidences are to be noticed: He was returning to his boyhood occupation in a land almost identical in character with that of Brown County, Ohio. Its climate, soil, and products were quite the same, and his experience as a farm-boy in Georgetown served him in good stead. It was, withal, a beautiful country, this Missouri upland, with ridges of splendid oaks and elms rolling like waves against the sky, interspersed with sunny slopes of fields, and lined with streams of fine clear water.

The people were, however, more markedly Southern in character than those of his native county, and many were slaveholders. Their houses were modifications of the woodsman's cabin, like those in the Ohio Valley, with the wide galleries of the South added. Some of them are standing to-day, picturesque and hospitable in appearance, consistent and dignified as types of farm architecture. They were, however, farm-houses, not mansions. Around most of them stood little shanties of hewn logs, in which the slaves lived in picturesque squalor. The abolition movement was in fervid heat at this time, and had affected some of the most advanced thinkers to the point of liberating their bondsmen; but Colonel Dent and most of his immediate neighbors remained slaveholders to the last.

Grant made a full hand about the farm during that first year. He bound wheat, in the good old fashion, behind stalwart, shining negro cradlers. He helped with the plowing and in gathering the corn. The farmers' sons of the neighborhood quite generally worked with the negroes in the field, and they respected Captain Grant for his manly resolution. The ex-soldier earned his bread in the sweat of his brow during those long, sultry weeks, but uttered no word of complaint. He began to reach

Mrs. U. S. Grant and her two eldest children,
Frederick D. and Ulysses S., Jr., about 1854.

From a daguerreotype taken at St. Louis, now owned by Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr.,
and reproduced here with his permission.

out and lay hold of means to begin farming on his own account.

In the early fall of 1855 he set forth to build a cabin for his family upon the land which the colonel had set aside for his use, and to that purpose he began to fell trees and to hew logs. Day after day he toiled among the oaks. Hour by hour the ringing stroke of his ax uttered his resolution. He was a powerful man with the ax, and the deft swing and sharp impact of the shining blade left a clean, smooth cut. Around him the squirrels watched the ripening nuts and scampered through the falling leaves; and when his wife sat near to watch him, and the children played with the white and amber chips, the scene was far-reaching in its significance. Over and over again had this drama been enacted in the long march of his ancestors from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River, with their toil softened and made light in this wise by the brooding tenderness of women and the laughter of children. Nothing that he had done in all his campaigns, up to that time, touched such heights of resolution and manly independence as this single-handed assault on the ranked oaks and elms.

At last the logs were ready to be put into place, and invitations were sent out for the "raising." The calls were readily answered, for Captain Grant had made a favorable impression upon the neighbors by his hard work and his unassuming manners. The Sappingtons, the Longs, and the Wrights sent in hands, both white and black. Fenton Long took a corner, Captain Grant another, and at a third was stationed a powerful negro from White Haven; for the notching and fitting at the corners required men who were quick on their feet and strong and true with the ax. Two half-days put the logs in place, and then Grant was able to go on with the inside work. He laid the floor, put in the window-panes, and helped to shingle the roof. Everything within his power he did with his own hands, to save expense.

At last it was finished, and having in mind the rather grandiose title of Colonel Dent's house, and foreseeing toil and close economy, Grant, with quizzical humor,

called his new home "Hardscrabble." It was a large cabin of four rooms, rather more ambitious than the cabin homes of many young married people of the neighborhood. The furniture was scanty and plain, but fireplaces were wide and wood plenty, and a sort of rude comfort was, after all, possible within its walls.

Charles Ford, the manager of the United States Express in St. Louis, was an old-time acquaintance from Sacket's Harbor, and through his aid Captain Grant secured on easy terms a very fine span of express horses.

The acquirement of a team set him up in business. He began at once hauling wood into St. Louis and props to the coal-mines near by, and was able also to do some teaming for his father-in-law. His horses not merely helped him to earn money—they were a pleasure to him. He treated them as pets, and they appreciated it; they would do anything for him. He taught many a man how to use a horse.

The exploits of this famous team provoked banter. One Sunday morning, as Grant sat upon the veranda of the elder Sappington's house, the old man said: "Captain, I hear you hauled sixty bushels of wheat to the city some days ago."

"I did," replied Grant, concisely.

"I can't believe it; it don't seem reasonable."

"I tell you what I 'll do, Mr. Sappington," replied Grant, quietly. "I will put on sixty bushels of wheat, and you do the same. If I get to St. Louis without outside help, and you don't, I am to have both loads. If you succeed, and I don't, *you* 're to have both loads."

The older man smiled, but shook his head. "Well," he said, "I don't see how you do it."

Henry C. Wright at that time owned a grist-mill not far from the Dent farm, and recalls many interesting scenes of Grant's life in Gravois.

"Captain Grant used to come almost every week to my mill to get corn and wheat ground. The first time I ever saw him was at a sale. He was a small, thin man then, with a close-cropped brown beard. He had no overcoat, I remember, and he wore tall boots, quite

Early home of General Grant's mother, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.

The wooden part of this house, with a farm of one hundred and sixty-four acres, was purchased by John Simpson, General Grant's great-grandfather, in 1763. It was then a bare structure of logs, the clapboard coating not being added until later. The stone part was built by John Simpson about 1765. In 1804, at John Simpson's death, his son, John Simpson, General Grant's grandfather, bought the property. General Grant's mother, Hannah Simpson, was at this time five or six years old, having been born November 23, 1798, at White Marsh, Pennsylvania. The picture shows the house as it stands to-day. It is from a photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin, a granddaughter of the second John Simpson and a cousin of General Grant

"Hardscrabble," the farm-house built by Captain U. S. Grant in 1855, near St. Louis, Missouri.

unlike any others in the neighborhood. He was living with old man Dent at that time, and his cabin had not been built. I think he was at the sale to buy some hogs."

This second winter was spent in teaming, and in the spring he began to clear the land for a crop. There was little money to be had by the wealthiest farmers, and none at all by Captain Grant, except by way of prop-hauling and wood-selling. As a matter of fact, he hauled more props than wood. His neighbors all spent a good deal of time clearing land, and burned a great deal of it. But Grant burned no timber; he made everything count. He worked very hard, the next spring, planting wheat, corn, and garden-stuff. His methods were orderly and his tools and stock well cared for. He had no bad habits except a liking for whisky. Drink was said to be his weakness, but his neighbors saw little of it at the time. He was always a gentleman, and a kind, indulgent father. He loved horses and cattle, and every animal about his farm was a pet. He had not an enemy that any one ever knew of, and he never had any trouble with his neighbors.

Captain Grant soon won the respect of the better class of his neighbors. All who met him socially liked him. They perceived him to be a gentleman and a man of education, as well as a veteran of the Mexican War, and few presumed to be familiar with him. He had a quiet way of keeping people at arm's length. Once or twice, by prompt and vigorous action, he showed himself capable of protecting himself physically. "A fellow came to a dance, one night, in his shirt sleeves, and set about being noisy and vulgar. Grant asked him what he meant by it. He started to make back talk. Grant told him to be quiet, and when he refused, Grant kicked him out of the door and clear out to the gate. He was a little giant physically, and a man of no words—all action.

"Another time he was going to Big River, in company with a man by the name of Bowman, with a load of props and one of hoop-poles. They met a string of Big River teams, whose drivers crowded Bowman and Grant into

the ditch. Grant grabbed a hoop-pole, and said to Bowman: 'Come on!' He was captain of that fight, and the Big River fellows did n't repeat the trick."

Grant was the last man in the world to take offense, but there were limits to his good nature. He took part in all the neighborhood social affairs—at least, to the point of accompanying Mrs. Grant and looking on. He himself did not dance, but he enjoyed a game of cards, and was an excellent player. Occasionally he took Mrs. Grant to a quilting. As they had no light carriage, they went on horseback, each with a child behind. He often made calls on the neighbors, and was sometimes present at the shooting-matches in the early fall, when the young men met to shoot for the quarters of a bullock. "He was a fairly good shot at a mark, and sometimes carried off a quarter of beef."

At that time whisky-drinking was well-nigh universal, and Captain Grant was exposed to constant temptation. His wife and children helped him in his fight against his appetite. His safety lay in absolutely abstaining from its use, and for the most part he kept clear of blame. His time of greatest trial came when he met old army friends in St. Louis. Whatever share he took in the drinking habits of the time, he retained the respect of the best people of the neighborhood. No reputable man in all the country round will say he ever heard an oath or an unclean suggestion from Captain Grant's lips.

His neighbors considered him a strange man. "To some of them he seemed unpractical, a dreamer, with no turn at all for business, but one of the kindest men in the world. Everybody could impose on his generosity."

His neighbors never became intimate with him, for all he was so companionable and unassuming and lived the life of a farmer as absolutely as any of them. He cut props, hauled wood, plowed, sowed, reaped, raised hogs, grubbed out stumps, and built fences. It was a hard life, but had, after all, its peculiar pleasures. It had its sunny days as well as its cold, gray, hopeless ones.

His affairs improved little each year. Mrs. Grant was obliged to think twice before buying, but neither she nor

the children ever went hungry or cold. Living was cheap, wood as abundant as air, corn was easy to raise, and bacon not impossible to honestly acquire; therefore the children throve apace.

At its best life in these days was a hard struggle, and the soldierly figure began to stoop at the shoulders, and the hands grew hard and heavy. "He was always busy. He did his best, and most of his neighbors felt sorry for him. Others patronized him because of his lack of success, and would not have swapped places with him. In general the best people of the town considered him one of themselves."

In 1857 Mrs. Dent died, and Colonel Dent returned to St. Louis to live. Captain Grant took charge of White Haven, and assumed control of the slaves, tools, and teams, such as they were. He was a poor slave-driver, however; the negroes did pretty much as they pleased. He seldom talked politics, but his neighbors all considered him a Northern man in feeling and education. They suspected an opposition to slavery. Whatever his real wish in the matter, he acquiesced to the extent of making use of the negroes left in his charge.

His teaming to St. Louis and to the barracks, where he sold fire-wood, still continued, and "he unloaded many a cord of wood in the back yards of St. Louis aristocrats of that time." Fellow-officers, meeting him on the street during this period, pitied him as "a man with an all-pervading air of hard luck and vain regrets," dressed in farmer fashion, with his trousers tucked into his old military boots. "He talked very little about himself, even to those old friends—merely answered questions; but seemed to enjoy references to old times in the Mexican War." One of his chiefest pleasures was a meeting with comrades like Longstreet and Ingalls.

By reason of his full beard and his gravity of demeanor, he seemed a middle-aged man to the young men of Gravois. He was never sour or sullen, but also he was never gay. He wore the somber look of a man who endures and waits.

General Beale was sitting outside of the Planters' Hotel,

one day, and Grant came along with a teamster's whip in his hand. Beale recognized him. "Why, how do you do, captain? What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I am farming on a piece of land belonging to Mrs. Grant, some ten miles out in the country."

While they were talking the bell rang, and Grant started to go on; but Beale said: "Come in and have dinner with me."

"Well, I don't know; I am not dressed for company," said Grant, hesitatingly.

"Oh, that does not matter; come in."

Grant never forgot this kindness. Any favor, no matter how small, which arose from a man's frank and unselfish generosity made a profound impression upon him, though he gave little visible sign of it at the time.

After all is said in palliation of this period, it was a sorrowful situation for Ulysses Grant. He was a Northern man of natural refinement, and an educated soldier, married into a slave-owning family, and surrounded by slave-owning neighbors upon whom he was, in a sense, dependent. Each year his position grew more difficult because of the growing heat of discussion. He never talked politics outside his most intimate circle of friends. What he thought is but obscurely hinted at by his action.

He voted for Buchanan in 1858, and expressed to a friend at the time a foreboding of trouble. He hoped to see Buchanan elected, for the reason that he believed it would put the struggle four years further off. H. C. Wright, a near neighbor, was running for the legislature on the Whig ticket that year, and was at the polling-place. Grant approached him, and said: "Mr. Wright, I have voted for you to-day; not on the ground of politics, for I am a Democrat, but because I think you are the best man for the place."

In calling these "years of failure," it must be remembered that the whole nation was in unstable equilibrium. The West had passed through a panic, and the impending struggle between North and South made all business uncertain and fitful. Then, too, Grant began at the bottom, as a farmer on a piece of timbered land. And yet, in

spite of all this, he steadily though slowly acquired stock and tools; for when, in 1858, he determined to leave the farm, he had some little property to sell at public sale.

It is not strictly true to say he was inapt in business. At times he showed remarkable efficiency. His performance of regimental quartermaster duties was without criticism, and his successful bakery for the regiments at Puebla, Monterey, and Tacubaya, and also his ready resource developed in crossing the Isthmus, show him to have been capable and orderly. It seems that when a thing was worth while he did it well. But he saw nothing ahead for himself or his children. He could not go on thus to the end of his days. All the time he was grubbing out stumps and hauling wood he was pondering. A neighbor said: "He was like a man thinking on an abstract subject all the time." He was not really a part of the life around him; he remained a looker-on through it all, meeting everybody in the same reserved, courteous way. There are scores of people to say they knew him,—people who saw him on his load of wheat or wood, men who met him in his cabin or saw him working about his stable,—but they remember little that is instructive, beyond his reticence and his generosity. They saw the rough clothing, the grave, impassive face, the common every-day action of the man, and knew him to be of Northern blood; that was all.

But in the midst of his own trouble and poverty he never forgot others. He was improvidently generous. He gave when he needed every cent in his pocket. He was kind, quick to aid by physical labor, and hospitable to the last loaf. There was not one word uttered against him at that time, even in relation to his intemperance. Whisky was known by a few to be his bane, but, except at rare intervals, he did not indulge himself in its use. "No one considered him a drinking man, and there were no stories abroad then concerning his immoderate use of whisky," said his neighbor Wright.

It was a time of inner struggle. He fought a silent battle with the liquor habit, and won; and to his faithful wife the highest honor is due. The first two years of his

life in Gravois have their dark spots, but gradually he put behind him the habits of army life, and lived without reproach.

In the autumn of 1858 he abandoned the idea of farming. There may have been family reasons for his removal to St. Louis, but the reason he gave at the time suffices. His health had broken down. Working in the forest and around the lowlands had fastened fever and ague upon him, a common affliction in that day, when decaying vegetation abounded, and the lands were much swampier than at present.

This also is certain: the eager, erect, hopeful, and ambitious youth of the Mexican War had become a prematurely bent, care-worn, and somber man of thirty-five.

CHAPTER XXI

GRANT TRIES TO MAKE A LIVING IN ST. LOUIS

AS Grant's health began to fail he determined to get into some business in St. Louis, and to that end directed his energies. Mrs. Grant was very much in favor of this plan, and urged her father to aid in finding something for the discouraged farmer to do. Colonel Dent very soon secured a partnership for his son-in-law with Mr. Harry Boggs, a family connection. Mr. Boggs was conducting a small real-estate business, and was in need of somebody to assist him, and Captain Grant went into the firm practically as a clerk, for he had no money to invest.

For a few months he lived with Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, who gave him an unfurnished back room in their house and told him to fit it up as he pleased. It contained very little during the time he lived there. He had a bed, and a bowl and pitcher on a chair, and no stove at all. On cold nights he sat beside the Boggs's family fire. On Saturdays he went home. He lived in this way all winter.

In the early spring he rented a little home on Lynch Street, sold his stock and tools at the farm, and moved his family into town. "He had no exalted opinion of himself at any time, but in those days he seemed almost in despair. He was not fitted for civilian life. His friends thought him a man of ability, but in the wrong place. His mind was not on business matters. His intentions were good, but he had n't the faculty to solicit, nor to keep small affairs in order."

To Mr. and Mrs. Boggs he seemed much depressed.

He seldom smiled, was never heard to laugh aloud. His habits were of the best while he was with them. Each day he went to his desk; at night he sat beside the fire and smoked his pipe. His friends loved him because he was so gentle and considerate, but they could not see anything for him to do in the world. He had resigned from the army, and had failed at farming, and it was soon apparent that he was not fitted to buy and sell real estate. What could his best friends think but that he was a man without a vocation? He did not blame them for thinking poorly of his powers; he thought poorly of himself. He saw no light ahead at this time, and yet his desires were of the humblest character. He had no ambition, apparently, other than to educate his children and take care of his family.

He impressed his friends as an abstracted man. He said very little unless some large topic arose. If any one mentioned Napoleon's battles, or the Mexican War, or the question of secession, he became alert, succinct, and fluent of speech. He began to talk politics a great deal with his intimate friends. His partner, Boggs, never doubted Grant's position, and politics had something to do with the final dissolution of partnership.

The firm of McClelland, Hilyer & Moody had the parlors of an old French mansion on Pine Street between Second and Third. Moody had the back room, and Hilyer and McClelland the front, and it was in this office that the firm of Boggs & Grant had desk-room. Mr. McClelland expressed a liking for Captain Grant. "He does n't seem to be just calculated for business, but an honester, more generous man never lived. I don't believe he knows what dishonesty is."

The new firm announced itself, by card, "prepared to buy and sell real estate, collect loans and rents, and also to buy and sell negotiable paper." This business demands a persuasive and tireless talker, and again Ulysses Grant found himself at a disadvantage. He could not "edge toward a thing." He had no power to banter or beguile or persuade. He was of not much advantage, and Mr. Boggs at length concluded he was better off

without him. The partnership was dissolved, and Grant went out on the streets again, looking for work. He haunted the places where any kindly face could be seen or any work seemed remotely obtainable. The office of county engineer was to be vacant, and he wrote a letter in mid-August to the county court, which had the power of appointing this office, asking for the place.*

He presented warm indorsements from Professor J. J. Reynolds and D. M. Frost, and a petition signed by nearly two score of very well-known citizens, which seems to show the respect and esteem in which he was held, and correspondingly discredits the stories of the malicious.

He was defeated, for two reasons: because the other applicant was better known in his capacity as an engineer,

* "I beg leave to submit myself as an applicant for county engineer, should the office be rendered vacant, and at the same time to submit the names of a few citizens who have been kind enough to recommend me for the office. I have made no effort to get a large number of names, nor the names of persons with whom I am not personally acquainted.

"I inclose herewith also a statement from Professor Reynolds, who was a classmate of mine at West Point, as to qualifications.

"Should your honorable body see proper to give me the appointment, I pledge myself to give the office my entire attention and shall hope to give general satisfaction.

"Very respectfully,
"Your Ob't. Svt.,
"U. S. GRANT."

Appended to this manly and modest application were several indorsements which show his standing at the time.

"ST. LOUIS, August 1, 1859.

"Captain U. S. Grant was a member of the class at the Military Academy at West Point which graduated in 1843. He always maintained a high standing, and graduated with great credit, especially in mathematics and engineering. From my personal knowledge of his capacity and acquirements, as well as of his strict integrity and unremitting industry, I consider him in an eminent degree qualified for the office of county engineer.

"J. J. REYNOLDS,
"Professor Mechanics and Engineering,
"Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri."

Below this, and on the same sheet, appears this note:

"I was for three years in the corps of cadets at West Point with Captain Grant, and afterward served with him for some eight or nine years in the army, and can fully indorse the foregoing statement of Professor Reynolds.

"D. M. FROST."

and also because Grant was a Democrat, and three of the five judges were Republican. The defeat was a bitter disappointment to him, for the work promised to be congenial. It would have taken him into the open air, and had to do with mathematical problems, in which he was proficient, and required no manner of soliciting, which was practically impossible for him.

He next secured a clerkship in the custom-house; but within a month the collector died, and Grant was thrown out of employment again. He tried everything, but knew not where to set his foot. It seemed as if nothing existed in the world for him to do, or that the high powers had decreed that he should not thrive in the South.

Meanwhile he had been a year or more in St. Louis without earning anything considerable, and his small store of savings was gone. Besides this, the man with whom he had traded had given him a bad title in his house and lot, and at last he was forced to leave it and take a still humbler one, though the Lynch Street house seemed humble enough. He was in arrears with his landlord, and forced also to borrow money of his friends, and by the following spring his affairs were in a deplorable condition.

He thought at one time of going to Colorado with a friend. At another time he had a chance to go into the hardware business, and wrote his father requesting aid. He waited nearly a month before getting any reply, and when the letter finally came, its refusal to assist him threw a damper on his plans. "His father-in-law contributed little or nothing to the support of the family, and in his conversation reflected with bitterness and ridicule upon his unpromising son-in-law." "The hardship of this period of his life can never be adequately told."

When his discouragements were greatest he went often to see his friend Fishback, to talk over old times in Ohio, and the many friends they held in common. Political discussion was running high in St. Louis at that time, and to be seen in the office of the "Democrat" argued abolition principles, and made of the visitor a marked man. This Captain Grant soon felt. Each month the fire of

sectional hate burned hotter; each month his position grew more difficult; and at last he ceased to call at the office of the "Democrat." His father-in-law was a slave-owner, and all of Mrs. Grant's family and friends were hotly Southern in sentiment, and St. Louis society in those days had little toleration for a "Yankee abolitionist" or "black Republican Northerner." There was but one thing for Captain Grant to do: that was, to keep his thoughts to himself. These years constituted a training in reticence and self-control. He had been reticent; he now became silent.

One day in the spring of 1860 he met his friend Fishback on the street, and stopped him. His appearance made a vivid and lasting impression on Fishback's mind. He was shabbily dressed, his beard was unshorn, and his whole manner denoted profound discouragement.

"Fishback, I would like to sell or hire one of my wife's house-servants. She is an excellent woman, and has been in the family for many years; but she is a slave, and I can't take her North."

"So you are going North?"

"Yes," he replied, with a sigh; "I can't make a success of it here, and I am going to Galena. My father has offered me a place in the leather business with my brothers, and I have accepted."

Fishback declined to hire the slave woman, and the two men shook hands and parted, Fishback to resume his fight against slavery, Grant to go North to earn a scanty living. At this moment he touched the lowest depth of dejection since his resignation from the army. He had made a brave fight, but it had been against too great odds. As the heat of discussion waxed it became more difficult to maintain friendly relations with his neighbors.

His father-in-law was a grievance, with his invectives against the "Yankees"; and the time came when his friends Mr. and Mrs. Boggs shared so deeply in the growing sectionalism that they refused to take his hand.

It was a period of being despised of men and of lesser men—a time of uncertainty and futility. He was cut off from his own people, and little regarded by his brothers.

He was a disappointment to them, for they knew very little of him personally, and had not sufficient insight to perceive that his education, and his adventurous and dramatic life in Mexico, on the Isthmus, and in California, had unfitted him for a stern, patient grapple with bread-winning by office-work in a time of business uncertainty and social unrest. It seemed as though the future promised only hunger and cold for him and his.

He acknowledged his inability to make a living in St. Louis, and went to his father an apparently defeated man. Regard for the wishes of his wife had led him to remain in the South longer than he otherwise would have done. She was Southern; naturally she did not care to go North. Now he told her that he must leave St. Louis, and, with a loyal resolution to share his fortunes to the end, Mrs. Grant consented.

These were hard days, too, for Jesse Grant, who had long talked of "my Ulysses" and the great deeds he was to do. It seemed all a mistake now, in face of this grave, shabbily dressed, middle-aged man. Perhaps it was the quiet mother who softened the father's heart; at any rate, he "referred" Ulysses to his younger sons, Simpson and Orvil, who were in charge of a leather store, a branch of his business, in Galena, Illinois. Through them Ulysses was to receive fifty dollars per month during the first year, and if he was found to be a valuable man at the end of the year he was to acquire an interest in the business.

Putting the best face on the matter does not make six hundred dollars per annum for a man with a family of six to feed a very long start toward a competency; but Captain Grant gratefully accepted the offer. There had never been any vaingloriousness in the youth of the man, and now he bowed his head to subordination without complaint. His wife and children must be fed.

Those dark days were days of preparation, of growth. In this six-year struggle great powers of thought, of reserve, of concentration, were developed. His conspicuous weakness in certain directions made him watchful and kept him sympathetic. His poverty made him understand men. His life with slaves and slaveholders

gave him the key to their motives and to their conception of the great slavery question. Thus far his life had been led midway between the South and the North. Geographically he was fitted to understand both sides of any sectional controversy. The black man he knew by personal contact. The slave-owner he had known as neighbor. The enormous power of the "peculiar institution" had been a palpable presence all his life in Georgetown, in Louisiana, and in Missouri. Southern Ohio was only a little less pro-slavery than Gravois, Missouri.

He was now to come in contact with the conscience of the North. In the spring of 1860 he moved to Galena, Illinois.

CHAPTER XXII

CAPTAIN GRANT GOES NORTH

THERE are men yet living who stood, one April day in 1860, watching the steamer *Itasca* while she nosed her way up the tortuous current of the Galena River. As she swung up to the wharf, attention was attracted to a passenger on deck wearing a blue cape-overcoat. As the boat struck the wharf this man rose and gathered a number of chairs together, evidently part of his household furniture.

"Who is that?" asked one man of a friend.

"That 's Captain Grant, Jesse Grant's eldest son. He was in the Mexican War. He 's moving here," was the reply.

No one thereafter gave particular attention to the stranger, except some boys, who were attracted by his soldier overcoat, the like of which they had never before seen.

Captain Grant took a couple of chairs in each hand, and walked ashore with them. His wife, a small, alert woman, followed him with her little flock. There were four children, three boys and a girl, all plainly but carefully dressed, the hand of the mother showing in all things. The carrying of the chairs ashore signified that Ulysses Grant had become a resident of Galena.

The elder Grant had prospered. He had removed from Bethel to Covington, Kentucky, where his tannery was then located. He had also established in Galena, as a branch of his business, a wholesale leather store, one of the largest in the Northwest at that time. Originally the

firm was "Grant & Collins"; but Collins had withdrawn, and the firm in 1860 was "Jesse R. Grant," with his son Simpson as nominal manager, and with Orvil Grant (the youngest brother) and M. T. Burke as clerks.

Captain Grant established his family in a small brick house which stood high on the bluff to the north of the main street. The rent was low, not merely because the house stood on the edge of the town, but because to reach it required a climb up several hundred wooden steps. The price was one hundred dollars, one sixth of his yearly wages.

Simpson went to live with Ulysses in the new house on the hill, and this, no doubt, helped out expenses.

"Nominally," says Burke, "we all were to get six hundred dollars per year, but as a matter of fact we were all working for a common fund, and we had what we needed. We were not really upon salaries, in the ordinary sense, at all. Captain Grant came into the firm on the same terms. There was no bossing by Simpson or Orvil. I had as much to do about managing as anybody, and no more. There was no feeling against Ulysses coming in, and no looking down on him as a failure. We all looked up to him as an older man and a soldier. He knew much more than we in matters of the world, and we recognized it."

Grant at once turned his hand to everything needful to be done. He was nominally bill-clerk and collection agent, but in fact he sold stock, bought hides, and made out bills for goods, all in the same day. Sometimes, it is true, he sold Russian bristles worth twelve dollars per pound for ten cents an ounce; but such mistakes are rememberable, while the many times he sold awls or shoe-pegs or leather, and did it right, are forgotten.

In those days exchange was high, and to save eight or ten per cent. the firm bought dressed pork on the streets, and shipped it to Cincinnati, to be turned into money there. Captain Grant often climbed upon farmers' sleighs, as they came into town, and bid upon the stiff and stark yellow carcasses. Richard Barrett, another buyer at the time, found him "a mighty shrewd buyer, too."

One day the clerk of the court sent word that a desk needed covering, and Captain Grant took a breadth of leather, and went to the court-house, where, with the aid of young Will Rowley, he cut and tacked it on. Rowley was a man of brains and pluck, which Captain Grant quickly apprehended, and the two men became friends at once.

On all days when an overcoat was necessary this stranger wore his blue coat; and Lewis Rowley, Clerk Rowley's little son, was much impressed by it. "It made him seem about eight feet tall to the boys, and they stood in awe of him because he had been a soldier and because he wore that wonderful coat. His son Fred was about my age, and I was in and out of the house almost every day. I used to see Captain Grant come home, climbing up the hill, and then in the evenings he used to sit and read to Mrs. Grant, or read by himself and smoke a clay pipe. He was seldom away."

There is more to tell about this blue coat. Andrew Haines met him, one Sunday morning, on one of the stairways which crumple over the ridges and descend the bluffs to Main Street. He stopped Haines, and said abruptly:

"I suppose people think it strange that I should wear this old army coat, but the fact is, I *had* this coat, it 's made of good material, and so I thought I 'd better wear it out." Undoubtedly he clung to it for its associations as well as for economical reasons, though such sentiment his training would not allow him to acknowledge.

At the bottom of the steep stairway of several hundred steps stood a little Methodist church of brick, and there Captain Grant, his wife, and their flock of small children were to be seen almost as regularly as the deacons themselves. He was not a church-member, but Mrs. Grant was, and he readily accompanied her. In such plain, simple fashion he lived during that year.

The Grants knew few people outside their immediate neighbors, the Felts, the Burkes, the Haineses, and his brother Orvil's family. The Soulardes, whom Mrs. Grant knew in the South, came occasionally to see them; and sometimes young Upson the jeweler, and Burke, and

Orvil Grant used to meet at the captain's for an evening at euchre; but "the captain was not much of a hand for games." He read a great deal to Mrs. Grant, whose eyes were not strong, and his evenings were almost invariably spent at home.

During the eleven months of his stay in Galena he lived so quietly, so inconspicuously, that no one outside his customers and the little group on the hill met him. He had few acquaintances and no intimates. Every day he went to the store, came home to dinner at noon, and returned to his family at night. He was absolutely abstemious, diligent as a clock, and freely turned his hand to whatever his brothers required of him, patient of their impatience, in all ways their fellow-worker. His work was not unpleasant, being in no way connected with a tannery. In fact, there was no tannery in Galena, and never had been. The nearest approach to it was a currier shop, where green hides were stripped of hair in order to be shipped to the tannery in the East. Grant was not a tanner, never had been, and had nothing to do with this work. It was a repulsive task, and required strong nerves and powerful muscles. It was a work which he had refused to take up when a boy of seventeen, and no one asked it of him in Galena. That he may have weighed hides is probable, but mainly his work was clerical, and bill-books are extant showing many pages of his hand-writing.

The quiet routine of his life was broken but once, when he made a business trip of a week or ten days up among the small towns of Wisconsin and over into Iowa. This trip was important in that it brought him still closer into touch with the mind of the North. He had been surrounded by officers of Southern extraction for many years, and it was a good thing for him to come in contact once more with the plain people whom Lincoln knew so well and trusted so completely. It was a time of discussion. At night, in the hotels and stores, he is said to have mingled with the crowds, listening quietly to all that was worth hearing, and occasionally uttering an apt sentence notable for its succinct good sense. He loved still to

discuss Mexico and the Mexican War, and was considered a most excellent talker.

It was close figuring during those days, with stout youngsters wearing out clothes and eating at least three times each day. Mrs. Grant heroically battled with conditions. She took care of her own house and the children, and found time to put on her prettiest dress and meet the captain at the edge of the bluff. All superfluities were stripped away. They lived comfortably, but very plainly. She wore her black alpaca dress, and he his army overcoat, in order that the children might present good though plain clothing at the Sunday-school classes. Grant felt himself to be on the up grade. He had reached a certain security: for the first time since leaving the army he felt perfectly sure of a home. Simpson was in poor health, however, and more and more of the responsibility fell upon the captain. Both brothers had come to respect him, even to admit his ability to buy and sell goods. In December he wrote to a friend:

"In my new employment I have become pretty conversant, and am much pleased with it. I hope to be a partner pretty soon. . . . How do you feel on the subject of secession in St. Louis? . . .

"It is hard to realize that a State or States should commit so suicidal an act as to secede from the Union, though, from all reports, I have no doubt but five of them will do it. And then, with the present granny of an Executive, some foolish policy will doubtless be pursued which will give the seceding States the support and sympathy of the Southern States that don't go out."

It will be seen he had acquired ideas about political events which he could express as clearly and forcibly as he reported Mexican campaigns. Indeed, he is remembered in Galena as a specially good talker; but he generally spoke of what he had seen rather than of things he had read, except in the case of newspaper-reading. He did not discuss books or religion or art.

Some time in February his friend Rowley said to him:

"There 's a great deal of bluster about these Southerners, but I don't think there 's much fight in them."

"Rowley, you are mistaken," Grant replied impressively. "There *is* a good deal of bluster; that 's the result of their education; but if they ever get at it, they will make a strong fight. You are a good deal like them in one respect: each side underestimates the other and overestimates itself." *

He never argued or persuaded. He stated his view clearly, forcibly, without exaggeration, then quit. There was something inevitable about his manner of speech. Men observed it, but seeing his seedy coat, his rough hat, and knowing his subordinate position, they passed over his remarkable qualities without comprehending their full purport, yet feeling vaguely that a man who did not drink, did not swear, who argued not concerning God nor science nor politics, who used no slang or vulgarity, and who spoke only when he had something to say, was (to speak within the power of retreat) a "peculiar man." There are those who remember to have said, "That Captain Grant 's a peculiar chap." Others thought him a "pretty smart man in some things, but no push in business." In general he was overlooked by those who were the local rulers.

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FIRST WAR MEETINGS IN GALENA

FIVE days after the attack on Fort Sumter there was gathered into the court-house of Galena an excited throng of men and boys. Every bench was packed, every chair taken, every foot of floor was occupied.

Some one rapped the meeting into order. It was citizen Hempstead. He gave way to Robert Brand, the mayor, who took the chair with obvious misgivings. He mentally stammered, coughed, and repeated himself. He was a vacillating, temporizing man of Southern birth before a decided and radical audience. Amid painful silences he said, with candor:*

"Fellow-citizens, I acknowledge the honor you confer upon me, but it will be well to state briefly and frankly the ground on which I stand in this present crisis. I am in favor of any honorable compromise."

That slimy word, slipping from the mouth of the mayor, produced a painful shock. The men before him were not assembled to suggest compromise. The mayor went on haltingly, perceiving that his words were out of harmony:

"I am in favor of sustaining the President" (the heavy feet began to rumble on the floor) "so long as his efforts are for the peace and harmony of the whole country."

The throng of battle-decided men had small sympathy for such indecision; they grew tumultuous in opposition.

"I am in favor of a convention of the people, that an

* This account is based on the accounts which appeared in the daily papers of the city.

adjustment may be made sustaining alike the honor, interest, and safety of both sections of our country."

The grumble of voices warned the mayor that he was on the wrong track. He pulled himself together.

"I am in favor of sustaining our flag, our Constitution, and our laws, right or wrong."

Nobody felt sure as to just what that meant, but it grew clearer as he ended:

"Yet I am opposed to warring on any portion of our beloved country, if a compromise can be effected."

Then the tumult broke forth. Men quivering with excitement leaped to their feet, but gave way to the local great man, Elihu B. Washburne, a thin-lipped, transplanted New-Englander. His big, rugged, smooth-shaven face was tense with emotion.

"I do not approve of the spirit of the remarks of our chairman, and I never will submit to the idea that in this crisis, when war is upon us, and when our flag is assailed by traitors and by conspirators, the government should be thus dealt with. We should have a chairman who more fully represents the patriotic feeling of this meeting; I therefore nominate George W. Campbell to preside over this meeting."

This precipitated the struggle, and Washburne's motion was put, and defeated in belligerent tumult.

Mr. Washburne then said:

"I withdraw the motion. I did not come here with the intention or desire to introduce any political questions whatsoever. I think, however, the chairman has gone out of his way to drag in such matters. In this crisis any man who would introduce party politics, be he Republican, Democrat, or American, such a man is a traitor." Applause at this point instructed the chairman. "But to test the sense of the meeting, I will offer some resolutions." He then read a series of resolutions declaring the will of the citizens to "support the government of the United States in the performance of all its constitutional duties in the great crisis," and recommending the immediate formation of two military companies in the city of Galena.

Mr. Washburne, being loudly called for, again addressed the meeting, hastily reviewing the situation of affairs in the country, and calling upon all good citizens to rally to the support of the government.

The resolutions seemed to express the sentiment of the majority of the men present, but talk was demanded. Captain Howard, a Mexican War veteran, made a short speech. Then arose a young Democratic lawyer of the town, a swarthy fellow with rough-hewn, passionate face, with big eyes and wide lips—the face of an orator, the form of a farm-laborer.

Many knew him, for he had been a laborer, a farmer, and a charcoal-burner in the country near. He had educated himself, had been admitted to the bar, and had achieved the distinction of being candidate for elector on the Democratic list. He could swear in polysyllabic words and in iambic pentameter verse. In times of need his flow of oaths was satisfying to the most avid ear. Every head now leaned to listen, and for nearly an hour, with voice like a lion, and with big work-widened hands reaching and threatening, John Rawlins pleaded and damned and argued, amid wild shouts of applause and the rumble of boot-heels, which seemed at times to predict the sullen, rhythmic sound of marching feet.

"The time of compromise is past," he said in closing, amid the wildest cheering, "and we must appeal to the God of battles."

As he sat down it seemed as if every man there was ready to enlist, and yet the chairman made no use of this splendid appeal, this quick response. The meeting fizzled to a dreary anticlimax of second-rate talk.

As the crowd was pouring out young Rowley said to Grant:

"Well, Captain Grant, it was a fine meeting, after all."

"Yes; we 're about to *do* something now," was the quiet answer.

This was the feeling of the patriots, and next day notice was given that a meeting to raise a company of volunteers would be held, and a few nights following the court-room held another dense crowd. It was a meeting held for action this time, and some citizen again assumed temporary

chairmanship. "This meeting will come to order. I nominate Captain U. S. Grant for chairman."

The men were surprised, but in a mood to go ahead under any leadership. The motion was carried. Grant was sitting in grave silence on one of the hard benches outside the railings. Though he had been in Galena for a year, few had ever seen him with his hat off; and many of those who knew him had noticed him simply because he wore the only soldier overcoat in the town. He hesitated. Shouts arose: "Grant! Captain Grant!"

He left the pine bench upon which he had been sitting, and with much embarrassment went through the crowd toward the desk. He was perceived to be a shortish man, slightly stooping in the neck. He carried his head a little on one side also, and had the look of a serious, capable, sympathetic country doctor.

As he approached the platform where stood the judge's chair, he turned aside and stood at the clerk's table below the judge's desk.

"Go up, captain!" "Platform! Platform!" shouted the crowd.

He smiled and shook his head, and stood for a moment with both hands resting on the desk. He was not without a certain impressiveness, seen thus. His head was large, and his face thoughtful and resolute. He wore a full beard, light-brown in color, trimmed rather closely, and the firm line of his lips could be seen. In manner he was almost timid as he turned and said, in substance:

"Fellow-citizens, this meeting is called to organize a company of volunteers to serve the State of Illinois. Who will you have for secretary?"

The bustle of electing a secretary seemed to give Captain Grant time to recover himself a little, and he continued:

"Before calling upon you to become volunteers, I wish to state just what will be required of you. First of all, unquestioning obedience to your superior officers. The army is not a picnicking party, nor is it an excursion. You will have hard fare. You may be obliged to sleep on the ground after long marches in the rain and snow. Many of the orders of your superiors will seem to you unjust,

and yet they must be borne. If an injustice is really done you, however, there are courts martial, where your wrongs can be investigated and offenders punished. If you put your name down here, it should be in full understanding of what the act means. In conclusion, let me say that so far as I can I will aid the company, and I intend to reënlist in the service myself."

The audience cheered at this, though a little dashed by the quiet, serious, almost fateful talk of the chairman. Someway he took the bombast out of the evening's meeting, yet left it vital with resolute patriotism. In answer to questions concerning military organization, he replied in masterly brevity. He seemed to know every detail. Every word fitted to its place like hewn stones in an arch, not one unnecessary.

Washburne made a strong speech, and then the crowd called again for Rawlins.

Rawlins refused to speak, and when some of his friends went over and took him by the arm to lead him forward, he said:

"No, boys; I can't do it. My wife is dying of consumption. If she were the rosy-cheeked girl she was when I married her, I would n't say, 'Go, boys'; I 'd say, '*Come, boys.*' But I can't leave her."

The fateful eyes of the chairman were on his neighbor Rawlins, and the sincerity of the young husband's utterance sank deep.

Nearly two score names were enrolled that night, and Ulysses Grant never again returned to his clerkship in the leather store of J. R. Grant; he had other business on hand which he knew more about.

The next day he wrote to his father-in-law, putting into writing more of his actual fervency of feeling than he ever allowed himself in speech. It showed how deeply he had pondered on vital themes, and how clear-sighted his perceptions were.

MR. F. DENT.

DEAR SIR: I have but little time to write. . . . The times are indeed startling; but now is the time, particularly in the border Slave States, to show their love of country. . . . All party distinction should be lost sight of, and every true patriot

be for maintaining the glorious old stars and stripes, the constitution and the Union. The North is responding to the president's call in such a manner that the confederates may truly quake. I tell you there is no mistaking the feelings of the people. The government can call into the field 75,000 troops and ten and twenty times 75,000 if it should be necessary, and find the means of maintaining them too. It is all a mistake about the northern pocket being so sensitive. In times like the present no people are more ready to give of their time or of their abundant means.

No impartial man can conceal from himself the fact, that in all these troubles the southerners have been the aggressors, and the administration has stood purely on the defensive, more on the defensive than she would have dared to have done, but for her consciousness of right and the certainty of right prevailing in the end.

The news to-day is that Virginia has gone out of the Union. But for the influence she will have on the border States, this is not much to be regretted. Her position or rather that of eastern Virginia has been more reprehensible from the beginning than that of South Carolina. She should be made to bear a heavy portion of the burden of the war for her guilt.

*In all this I can but see the doom of Slavery.**

This letter and one to his father and to his brother-in-law put an end to any stories concerning his lack of patriotism. He was awake and eager.

On Saturday of the same week he went with Rowley and Rawlins and Orvil Grant into Hanover, a neighboring village, and there he made his first set speech; "and it was a good one, too—short and to the point."

Meanwhile the company of Jo Daviess Guards had been organized, and the men, recalling Captain Grant's record and his knowledge of military affairs, offered him the captaincy of it. He thanked them, but refused. "I think I can serve the State better at Springfield," he said frankly.

He explained to his friends: "I can't afford to reënter service as a captain of volunteers. I have served nine years in the regular army, and I am fitted to command a regiment." He further said: "I will do anything that lies in my power to assist the company in getting into service. I will go down to Springfield, if necessary."

* Quoted by Burr in his "Life and Deeds of Grant."

Upon his withdrawal, A. L. Chetlain was made captain. He was a vigorous young man, and had been the first man to volunteer.

Captain Grant was in hourly demand thereafter. He selected the cloth and superintended the making of the uniforms; he drilled the company as a whole and in squads; he instructed the officers, Captain Chetlain and Lieutenants Campbell and Dixon; and in one week from the date of the second war meeting the company was organized, uniformed, and ready to move upon the enemy. In true provincial blare and bluster, it marched through the streets, preceded by the fire company, the Masonic Assembly, the Odd Fellows, the mayor, and other civic means of splendor, while Captain Grant, with carpet-bag in hand, stood modestly in the crowd on the walk and watched them pass. To avoid the crowd, he fell in behind the column, and quietly, with head pensively drooping, marched in their wake across the bridge, and entered the train for Springfield. No one remembers his walk to the depot, save one or two small boys who were in the rear of the rush. One was Henry Chetlain, brother to the captain of the Jo Daviess Guards. He recalls that the carpet-bag was limp and gaunt.

CHAPTER XXIV

CAPTAIN GRANT AND THE POLITICAL COLONELS

DURING the month of May, 1861, Springfield, the capital city of Illinois, seethed like a pot with orators and soldiers and place-seekers and glory-hunters. Lincoln's call for troops had been made, the volunteers were pouring in, the legislature was in extraordinary session, and nearly every public man in the State was at the seat of government to advise, instruct, or wheedle the governor and his staff. Nobody knew what to do or how to do it. The streets were filled with the tramp of squadrons, the snarl of the drum, and the wail of the fife. The whole State seemed marching.

Governor Richard Yates, a man of keen intelligence and good intentions, but of little military knowledge, was at his wit's end. What with political advisers, regiments appealing to be recognized, and the work of organizing and arming such as had already been accepted (keeping all the while on the safe side of persons supposed to hold the —th district in the hollow of their hands), he was as busy as any man in the North at that time. The great State of Illinois had but just ceased to be a border State, and had but very loose military organizations; it scarcely reached organization at all.

The governor's office was thronged twenty rows deep with people of importance (or fancied importance), and he had little time to give to the modest and unimpressive ex-soldier from Galena who came to tell him that the Jo Daviess Guards were ready to be mustered in, and also to say that he desired to aid the government in some

capacity. The governor curtly said: "I 'm sorry to say, captain, there is nothing for you to do. Call again."

Captain Grant turned away much chagrined. He had reached this interview after hours of waiting, and by aid of a letter from his local political leader, Mr. E. B. Washburne, and now saw his friend's letter go into the waste-basket, and heard the polite phrase, which meant nothing, "Call again."

However, the "Daily Register" uttered an unconscious word for him, for the next day after his arrival, under the caption, "Still They Come," the editor spoke in praise of the uniformed, well-drilled company from Galena, "one of the few ready to enter immediately on active service." The drilling and uniforming were the outcome of Grant's experience and activity, but of this the editor was unaware.

Grant had left Galena with a very slender purse as well as a very lank carpet-bag, and was in poor condition for a long waiting at the door of office. He knew no one save Captain Chetlain and a few of the private soldiers in the Jo Daviess Guards, and, worst of all, in the midst of the martial preparation he had no part. He saw their great need of him, but was absolutely powerless to put in a guiding hand.

In order to keep expenses as low as possible, he shared the rent of a room with Captain Chetlain, and took his meals at the Chenery House, near by.

He began to make acquaintances slowly. R. H. McClellan, newly elected member from Galena, came to him and talked with him, and became convinced of his value as a military leader in a small way. He had reached no acquaintance with Grant in Galena, but his connection with the Guards led to closer study, though he saw little of him. Captain Chetlain, however, still continued to profit by Captain Grant's instruction. Each night, as the two men returned to their room, some point of military organization was taken up and discussed; and Captain Chetlain spread the knowledge thus gained among his company officers.

At meal-time each day Grant met McClellan, J. E.

Galena, Ills.
May 24th 1861

Col. L. Thomas,
Adjt. Gen. U.S.A.
Washington Ills.

Sir:

Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services, until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a Regiment if the President, in his judgement, should see fit to entrust one to me.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield Ill. will reach me

I am very respectfully
Your Obt. Svt.
U. S. Grant

Grant's letter offering his services to the government.
In the original letter the last three lines and the signature are on a second page.

Smith, and other of his Galena neighbors, and was encouraged by them to remain a little longer. They knew the need of his services. All the talk was about the weakness of the State's military organization. The governor was overwhelmed with volunteers, but had no one to muster them in or make use of them effectively. Grant impressed every one he talked with as a man who knew military forms and regulations, but he had not secured the attention of any of the influential politicians of his county.

He came into Mr. McClellan's room, one night, saying abruptly: "I 'm going home. The politicians have got everything here; there 's no chance for me. I came down because I felt it my duty. The government educated me, and I felt I ought to offer my services again. I have applied, to no result. I can't afford to stay here longer, and I 'm going home."

He determined to leave on the evening train. Governor Yates took his meals at the same hotel, and had come to observe Captain Grant and to inquire about him a little more particularly. The evening Grant determined to quit the capital he left the supper-room before the governor rose, and was standing on the steps when he came out. "Captain Grant, I understand you are about leaving the city," said the governor.

"That is my intention," replied Grant.

"I wish you 'd remain overnight, and call at my office in the morning."

Grant remained, called on the governor, and was assigned to a desk in the adjutant-general's department. The office of adjutant-general of the State of Illinois at that time was about equivalent to a janitorship of the little arsenal, which was hardly more imposing than a corn-crib. Its incumbent was expected to sweep out the arsenal twice a year, and for this he drew a salary of five hundred dollars. The office was given to some political auxiliary to whom the honor of being called general made up for the lack of salary. The adjutant-general at that time was Mr. T. S. Mather, who is frankly described by old citizens as being "no good on earth as adjutant-general. He was an insurance agent, a big, showy, good-

natured fellow, and up to the breaking out of the war he had no special office for transacting the State's business."

The pressure of military responsibility which now fell upon Tom Mather was very great, and Governor Yates, though a college-bred man and of a bright mind, was quite as unmilitary. They needed Captain Grant's experience desperately, and yet they had not sense or courage enough to use him. Mather grudgingly set Grant to the most elementary of tasks. For several days he made out blanks, sitting at a three-legged table in the bare anteroom of the improvised adjutant's office. "Any boy could do my work," he said, in disgust, to Captain Chetlain. But the position was not barren of results. It enabled him to meet men and to answer questions, and it soon became noised abroad that he was a West Point graduate and a veteran of the Mexican War. Above all, it became known that any one could ask any military question of Captain Grant, and receive a clear, concise, and definite answer.

John M. Palmer, passing through the office one day, asked who he was, and was told, "He 's a dead-beat military man—a discharged officer of the regular army." Nevertheless the knowledge spread that the "dead-beat military man" knew things important to know. And yet, while the whole State was resounding with the clamor of drum and fife, while the confusion deepened, while the need of his skill increased, they kept him idle or set him at small clerical tasks. He ruled blanks, he wrote out military forms and orders, and decided questions of military regulations; he dug up old muskets in the arsenal, and made report thereon to the governor—doing uncomplainingly tasks almost menial in character, and yet making steady progress.

He became general military adviser of the whole office, but so quietly that no one realized it. Then he was made drill-master at Camps Yates and Butler, the one on the western outskirts of the town, the other on the east. During the temporary absence of General Pope he was made commander of Fort Yates. Reports of his efficiency there encouraged Governor Yates to appoint him "mustering officer and aide," at a salary of three dollars per day, and the complimentary rank of colonel.

This step evidently aroused some criticism, for a slurring article appeared in the Jacksonville "Journal," complaining of Governor Yates for appointing aides with rank as colonel; especially did the writer cry out against the pay, which was absurdly high! Nevertheless the governor sent Grant into the field to muster in certain regiments, and in the adjutant-general's office are some of his reports, signed, "U. S. Grant, mustering officer"; and some of the commanders of the regiments mustered in by him in their reports speak of him as "Colonel Grant." On the 14th of May he went to Mattoon to muster in the regiment of the Seventh Congressional District.

The history of this regiment is of great interest. It was made up of lusty young men from the farms, shops, and offices of the district, and at the time Grant went out to muster it in it was commanded by "Colonel" Simon S. Goode. He had led a company from Decatur into the encampment, and as he strode across the green he had so won the hearts of all the officers and men that his election had been almost unanimous. He seemed the ideal soldier, tall, straight, and resolute of glance. He wore a gray flannel shirt, a broad hat, and tall boots. At his belt-clasp was a huge bowie-knife, and on either side were three pepper-box revolvers. He looked to be quite capable of putting down the Rebellion alone. As a matter of fact he knew as little of military affairs as his corporals.

Grant spent two days with the regiment; and notwithstanding the personal splendor of Colonel Goode, and the glamour of his record as a Nicaraguan filibuster, the quiet mustering officer made so deep an impression upon the officers that they named their rendezvous Camp Grant. This arose partly from the influence of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander and First Lieutenant Joseph W. Vance. Alexander had been in the Mexican War, and young Vance had been two years at West Point.

Colonel Grant was an object of admiration to the young cadet. This was due in part to the fact that Grant was the first officer young Vance had seen clothed with authority from the State; and then Grant was a West-Pointer and a veteran, and knew his duties. Everything he did was done without hesitation. He was a vivid

contrast to Goode. He was a little bit stooped at that time, and wore a cheap suit of clothes; but the more discerning were not blinded by his modest appearance. On the night of his return to Springfield Lieutenant Vance went to the hotel to see him. He found him sitting alone, smoking abstractedly.

Vance introduced himself, and they had a long talk; at least, Vance talked, and Grant listened, with a peculiar sidewise glance. It was a rainy night, and a long time before train-time, and the young cadet felt sure that Colonel Grant was glad to have his company. The boy had not talked long before he began to disclose the real character of Goode: that he was a drunkard and a crank; that he was accustomed to go about at night with a long cloak wrapped around him, personating the great generals of the past; that he was constantly quoting Napoleon, and often said, "I never sleep"; that he made flamboyant speeches to the men, and did all kinds of unmilitary things.

While going on to say that the men were beginning to understand Goode's worthlessness, the boy became aware that he was talking out of school to a superior officer; and not only that, but there was something in this man's silence and in his strange glance which made the cold sweat break out all over the other. He saw that he had committed a gross breach of military discipline. However, Colonel Grant said nothing in reproof, and Lieutenant Vance retired rather abruptly. "A few days later he was made drill-master of the regiment, upon Colonel Grant's recommendation."

Grant now went to one or two other points to muster in regiments, and on the 20th of May, or thereabouts, returned to Springfield, and drew a voucher for his pay, amounting to one hundred and thirty dollars.* He did

* The voucher reads:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, May 22.

"This is to certify that Captain U. S. Grant, as aide to the governor and mustering officer, is entitled to the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars.

"T. S. MATHER,
"Adjutant-General Illinois Militia.

"Approved by Governor Yates,
"May 24, 1861."

not get the money till long after, though his need was great.

This ended his work for the State. Charles Lamphier, editor of the "Register," came upon him at the door of the Chenery House, a few days later, looking fagged out, lonesome, poor, and dejected.

"What are you doing here, captain?"

"Nothing—waiting," was his spiritless reply.

Captain John Pope was stationed at Springfield during this time as mustering officer for the United States. He was a fine-looking man, and entirely overshadowed the plain little man who was serving the governor. He patronized Grant a little. Through him, no doubt, Governor Yates and others were made aware of the conditions under which Grant had resigned from the army. There is no evidence of ill will in this, but when asked concerning Grant, Captain Pope could only state what he knew to be current gossip in army circles. Thus almost every public man in the capital became possessed of Captain Grant's saddest history. This militated sharply against him, though he was the most abstemious of men during all this period.

Shortly after this he returned to Galena. His visit is chronicled by the daily paper, and he achieved the first editorial notice of his life on the following day. Mr. Houghton, the editor, made a call upon him, and after a long interview returned to his office, and wrote a notable paragraph concerning him.

"We are now in want of just such soldiers as he is, and we hope the government will invite him to higher command. He is the very soul of honor, and no man breathes who has a more patriotic heart. We want among our young soldiers the influence of the rare leadership of men like Captain Grant."

Nevertheless, when Captain Grant wrote to the adjutant-general at Washington, proffering his services, his letter remained unanswered, and upon his return to Springfield he found himself no longer able even to serve as aide to the governor. He had been used when necessity compelled; but the regiments were all mustered in, the clerks

were beginning to get the run of military usages, and nothing remained for Mustering Officer Grant except enlistment as a private soldier, or command of a regiment.

Yates did not think of giving him command. "Grant was a carpet-bagger, scarcely a citizen of the State." He had no political influence, and stood no chance with the orators and wire-pullers who crowded for position. He was considered a "military dead-beat" by the politicians, and a sort of "decayed soldier" by the citizens. He was poorly dressed, decidedly unimposing in appearance, and army gossip put a blot against his name on the rolls of the old Fourth Infantry. Seeing nothing ahead in Illinois, he went to St. Louis to see General Fremont, but failed to do so; and on his way back stopped at Caseyville, where Colonel Chetlain was camped with his regiment. He again assisted Chetlain in military forms and regulations, and spent the night with him.

"It is strange," he said to Chetlain, in a sad and musing tone, "that a man of my experience and education cannot secure a command."

Under these conditions he saw the futility of staying longer in Illinois, and decided to go to Ohio, to Cincinnati, where George B. McClellan was already in command of a military district. He had a faint hope that McClellan, when he saw him, would offer him a position on his staff. He called on two successive days at his office, but failed to see him on either occasion. McClellan, like Fremont, did not care to be bothered by the "decayed soldier."

He was now fairly at the end of his resources. During this period of discouragement he visited his old comrade Carr B. White, in Georgetown, Ohio. To White he narrated his many attempts to get back into the service, but received very little aid. White suggested going to Columbus. The village of Georgetown was not an over-enthusiastic Union town, and Captain Grant's visit was not a very pleasant one.

Going back to Cincinnati, he met Chilton White, who was a member of the legislature. To him he told his story, and ended by saying: "I 've tried to reënter service in vain. I must live, and my family must live. Perhaps

I could serve the army by providing good bread for them. You remember my success at bread-baking in Mexico?"

White replied that there ought to be a command for him, and asked him to stay in Cincinnati. "I 'm going to Columbus, and I 'll see what can be done." In a few days he returned with a commission for Grant as colonel of the Twelfth Ohio, but found Grant much elated over a telegram which he had that day received. It was from Governor Yates. "Will you accept the command of the Seventh District Regiment?"

He had already telegraphed acceptance, and thanking White for his kindness, he returned to Springfield with a jubilant soul, but poor as ever; and Ohio lost the chance of sending Captain Grant back into service.

Meanwhile dramatic events were swiftly succeeding one another in the regiment commanded by Colonel Goode. A bread riot broke out at Mattoon early in June, and a little later the guard-house, becoming intolerably infested with vermin, was burned by the men. Goode was either powerless to prevent disturbance, or careless of it. Reckless spirits foraged upon the neighboring farms, stealing pigs and chickens, while others howled drunkenly through the streets of the town. "There was n't a chicken within four miles of us," said an old sergeant. There was much complaint of the rowdyism of a number of the soldiers, and at last the governor ordered the regiment to Springfield. On the 15th of June, in a letter to the adjutant-general, Goode reported the regiment in Camp Yates. However, the change did not quell the disturbance.

The men of the regiment had sized Goode up, and there was a great deal of talk about his inefficiency. Several of the officers determined never to enter service with Goode in command, and, with the self-confidence of youth, Lieutenant Vance determined to let the governor know how they felt about the matter. He knew Mr. Hatch, the Secretary of State, and, accompanied by Lieutenant Armstrong, went to call upon him. They stated the situation, and asked Hatch to bring the matter to the governor's attention, requesting him either to appoint a new colonel or let the officers elect one.

Hatch said: "You had better talk with Colonel Palmer about it. His advice will be better than mine."

Colonel Palmer advised them to see the governor, and at once took them in and introduced them.

"Governor, these young gentlemen want to talk with you about the condition of the Seventh District Regiment."

The young men then stated the case. The governor listened in silence. At the end he simply remarked: "The matter will be inquired into."

Shortly after this the governor invited all the commissioned officers of the regiment to come to his office to confer upon the condition of the regiment. He said he had heard that a new colonel was asked for, and he wished to get at the wishes of each man. He thought, however, that, in place of beginning with the highest officer in rank, he would reverse the order and begin with the lowest. This was a delicate way of recognizing that Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander was a possible candidate for the position. The result of the poll was a strong expression of opinion in favor of Grant. The governor listened thoughtfully.

Some ten or twelve citizens (political selections) had already been appointed colonels, and criticisms were not wanting. More than this, it began to look a great deal like war. The matter of leading a regiment of soldiers south looked less like a summer excursion, and candidates were not quite so numerous; and, last of all, the regiment of the Seventh District, under the singular command of Simon Goode, had won a hard reputation throughout the State, and political colonels eyed its disordered ranks with a certain apprehension. As a matter of fact, the governor had offered the colonelcy to several men, only to have it refused. At the end of the statement of the officers, he turned to old Jesse Dubois, the rugged Auditor of State, from whose district the regiment came, and said: "Dubois, here are the officers of your regiment asking for Captain Grant. Shall I appoint him?"

And Dubois, who had seen something of Grant, replied: "I 've no objection."

"Very well; telegraph Colonel Grant to come on."

The "Daily Register" of the following day contains the first mention of Grant's name: "Captain Grant of Jo Daviess County, formerly of the regular army, has been appointed by Governor Yates colonel of the Seventh District Regiment, now in camp in Camp Yates, in place of Colonel Goode."

Officers and men alike looked forward eagerly to the arrival of Colonel U. S. Grant. There was some ceremony attending his introduction to his new command. John A. McClernand and John A. Logan, members of Congress, were in the city, and were both invited to speak to the troops. Colonel Grant had never met either of these gentlemen, though he knew of them as prominent politicians. McClernand he believed to be a fervid Union man, but of Logan he was a little doubtful. It was Logan who accompanied Colonel Grant to the camp, and on the way out said:

"Colonel, the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," was the quiet reply.

In the amphitheater of the State fair-grounds, which formed Camp Yates, they found the troops assembled like an audience, ready to enjoy and applaud the speeches of the famous orators, and incidentally to greet their new colonel.

McClernand spoke first. After a vigorous and florid speech teeming with historical allusion, he concluded: "Having said this much, allow me, Illinoisans, to present to you my friend and colleague in Congress, the Hon. John A. Logan. He is gifted with eloquence, and will rouse you to feel as the Athenians felt under the eloquence of Demosthenes. They asked to be immediately led against Philip."

Mr. Logan was greeted with cheers, and in the course of his address spoke of the vile partizan assaults which had been made on him, and urged that it was the private duty of every man to rally to the flag; and the loyalty of his audience rolled back in thunderous applause. He urged the regiment, when the time came to exchange their short-time State service for enlistment in the national army, to move as one man.

"You can't fall out now," he said with a sudden change of tone. "If you go home now to Mary, she will say, 'Why, Tom, are you home from the war so soon?' 'Yes.' 'How far did you get?' 'Mattoon.'"

The sarcasm in his slurring utterance of the word "Mattoon" was answered by hearty laughter—laughter which turned many a holiday militiaman into a resolute soldier. With a final appeal to their patriotism and valor, he introduced and led forward the imperturbed colonel, who had remained in changeless attitude for nearly two hours at the back of the platform.

"Allow me to present to you your new commander, Colonel U. S. Grant."

Many of the soldiers observed him for the first time. They were astonished and disappointed. Logan towered majestically erect, powerful, handsome, with coal-black hair and flashing eyes; by his side Grant, in plain citizen's clothes, seemed poor and weak. He looked like a grave and thoughtful country doctor, who had been weather-beaten in storms and saddened by scenes of human suffering, and was entirely lacking in martial bearing. However, some enthusiast raised a cheer, and there were loud calls for a speech.

"Grant! Grant!"

"Grant! A speech."

He walked a step or two toward them, and the men became silent. They were accustomed to speeches, to bombastic appeals, and were eager to test his quality. At last he spoke, not loud, but clear and calm, and with a peculiar quality and inflection which surprised and impressed every officer, and gave the whole regiment a new sensation:

"MEN, GO TO YOUR QUARTERS."

The men sat dazed, astounded. It took time to grasp its entire significance. In the clip of this man's lips, in the clear-cut utterance of his command, and in the subtle inflection of his voice was made manifest the natural commander of men. The time for oratory was past. The period of action had come.

As for the veteran of Monterey and Churubusco, a thrill

of exultation ran through his blood. He was poor,—too poor to buy a uniform,—but he was in command again, and serving the United States. Everything now took on direction and certainty. He knew the essentially fine quality of his men, and felt confident of his power to bring them under control.

As he stepped to the center before the regiment that night, the men looked at one another in amusement, and some were so bold as to jest in low voices concerning him. He wore nothing military save a pair of gray trousers with a stripe running down the outside seams, and an old sword, which he had found at the arsenal, such as the officers wore in the Mexican War.

It had been the habit of Colonel Goode to seize upon the closing moment in daily parade to make a speech, and almost invariably to end by saying: "I know this regiment, men and officers alike, would march with me to the cannon's mouth; but to renew and verify that pledge, the regiment will move forward two paces."

The regiment now expected a speech from Colonel Grant. He returned the salute of the adjutant, and said to the aligned officers:

"A soldier's first duty is to learn to obey his commander. I shall expect my orders to be obeyed as exactly and instantly as if we were on the field of battle."

That was all, but again those who stood nearest him felt a little thrill of the blood. His voice had certainly precision and command in it.

As the men turned back to quarters, discussion broke forth. Rustic jokes were passed upon him, and one young fellow made insulting gestures behind his back. Another daredevil slipped up behind him, and flipped his hat from his head. Grant turned and said, "Young man, that 's not very polite," and walked on to his quarters.

"What do they mean by sending down a little man like that to command this regiment?" asked an indignant private. "He can't pound dry sand in a straight hole."

"He may be like a singed cat, more alive than he looks," said another.

"Nonsense! He can't make a speech. Look at him! Look at the clothes he wears! Who is he, anyhow?"

"Boys, let me tell you something," said a sergeant. "I stood close enough to him to see his eyes and the set of his jaw. I 'll tell you *who* he is: he 's the colonel of this regiment."

In less than twenty-four hours Colonel Grant was called a "monster," a "fiend." The picnic, the filibustering expedition, had become a military regiment under military discipline.

A man of action, of discipline, of war, of experience, had assumed command. His lightest word was to be considered. He did not threaten, nor wheedle, nor persuade; he commanded; and in the quiet glance of his blue-gray eyes, in the line of his lips, and in the quick downward inflections of his voice, there was something inexorable. He was never angry, never vindictive, but he was master.

He stopped all drinking. He made the picket-line a reality. He put an end to foraging, arresting every insubordinate and making him understand that lawlessness was past. Colonel Goode appeared that first night in the ranks, and there were camp rumors of insubordination brewing; but Grant arrested all that by ordering Goode from the regiment, and he slipped away into obscurity, to be seen no more.

A big, worthless cur resisted arrest and defied the officers. Grant appeared, serene as ever.

"What is the matter?"

"This man persists in bringing liquor into camp, and refuses to give it up."

"Put him in the guard-house."

"He resists arrest."

The man began to swagger. Grant bore down upon him. There was something in his unwavering eyes and in his unfaltering step which made the bully hesitate.

Grant seized him by the collar and gave him a quick jerk which made him spin like a top. Before he had gathered his faculties together he was hustled to the gate and kicked into the road.

"Get out of my regiment," said the colonel. "I don't

want you in it. You 're not worth disciplining. If you come back I 'll have you shot."

The second morning there were nearly a score of men tied up for leaving camp against orders, and for drunkenness and disorder, among them a dangerous man called "Mexico," who cursed his commander and said: "For every minute I stand here I 'll have an ounce of your blood."

"Gag that man," said Grant, quietly.

One by one, as the hours passed, the other offenders were released by the officers of the guard; but Grant released Mexico himself. He considered it well to let his men know that the bragger was harmless.

This ended all question of Grant's power to command both himself and his men. Recalcitrants still read books of military regulations, and denied his right to do this or that; but the great majority of the regiment, being excellent men and good soldiers, welcomed a colonel who knew his duties and the limits of his command.

But even with this first recognition of his place and his power Grant had not escaped further humiliation. He had neither horse nor sword nor uniform, and, what was worse, had no money to buy them. His claim on the State was still unpaid.

He obtained leave of absence, and returned to Galena to see his family and to secure necessary equipment. He was forced to borrow this money, and, for some reason, to borrow it outside his father's family. His old friend and valiant defender, A. A. Collins, once more assisted him. He was still in debt to people in St. Louis, and now assumed a further load of three hundred dollars with which to buy his necessary outfit. His father had either grown tired of lending money to his improvident eldest son, or Colonel Grant did not care to ask it. The fact remains that he borrowed the money through Mr. Collins.

On the 28th of June the Seventh District Regiment was mustered in and became the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers. Apparently little ceremony attended this event, for no mention of it appears in the daily papers;

but the editor of the "Register" speaks of visiting the camp and finding the men "buoyant under the command of Colonel Grant." They were ready to move, and when a call was made upon Governor Yates by General Fremont to send a regiment to the northern part of the State of Missouri, Grant said: "Send me."

"I have no transportation," replied the governor.

"I 'll find transportation," was the quick response. On the 2d of July he issued his first marching order, and on the 3d of July the men of the Twenty-first Illinois set their faces toward war, the first regiment to march soldier-fashion out of the State.

Every day of the march developed his soldierly qualities. He taught his men how to mess, how to take care of themselves on the march. He put them to hard drill, and stopped all straggling. His guard-line cut off all skylarking of nights. He allowed no whisky in the camp. And yet, with all this strict discipline, he was never angry nor vindictive. If he punished a man, he did it in a quiet way, and in a spirit which did not enrage the one punished. "He looked very fine on horseback in his new colonel's uniform, and the regiment became proud of him, well knowing they had the best commander and the best regiment in the State."

CHAPTER XXV

GRANT'S GROWING COMMAND

A FEW of the readers of the St. Louis, Springfield, Galena, and Chicago papers during the summer of 1861 followed Grant as he emerged step by step from the obscurity of the unnamed and little regarded into the light of editorial criticism.

He first appeared as "Colonel Grant," and was reported to be on his way to defend Missouri with a regiment of Illinois volunteers. While still a colonel he was put in command of several regiments at Mexico, Missouri, and there he perfected his organization and brought his soldiers under strict discipline. Here he achieved his first headline: "Colonel Grant Moves against Harris." And in this sudden blazoning forth of his name his old acquaintances in St. Louis were made aware of his identity.

During his absence, one day, a telegram arrived at his headquarters in Mexico, Missouri, addressed to "Brigadier-General Grant." This superscription gave his subordinates the clue, and when he returned his regiment drew up in line, and raised their first cheer for *General Grant.* It was peculiarly fitting that the Twenty-first Illinois should use these two words for the first time among American soldiers.

The message was from the Hon. Mr. Washburne, saying: "You have this day been appointed by the President brigadier-general of volunteers. Accept my congratulations." The Illinois representatives had sent in his name together with a batch of others, and Lincoln, who was

turning out brigadiers in squads, had made no exception of Grant. He was commissioned without further indorsement.

Immediately after his promotion General Grant was put in command of a district at Ironton, Missouri, where he entered upon preparations for a campaign against General Hardee, and dreamed over maps and planned great campaigns down the Mississippi Valley, which, it seemed, he had little chance of ever making realities; for he was still very obscure, and nobody believed in him specially, save Editor Houghton of Galena, Washburne in Washington, and the men of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment.

Shortly after his promotion he went up to St. Louis, and an old friend speaks of seeing him at this time: "I found him a very different person from the gloomy man I used to know in the streets of St. Louis a year before. He was in his element, and was calm, alert, and confident."

All through Missouri are men and women willing to testify to the justice and courtesy of Grant's command. He stopped all pillaging, and insisted that everything used by the army should be paid for. He was kind and approachable always, and all petitioners were sure to get a hearing. He had no wish to impress upon any one his importance as commander. Yet he showed himself capable of larger things, and men found this out for themselves. He never talked about himself, and never asked promotion.

Soon after the receipt of his commission, and just before he was to move against Hardee, General B. M. Prentiss appeared at Ironton, with general orders from Fremont which placed him in chief command of all the forces in that district.

Grant was deeply hurt and discouraged by this order, which made no mention of his name; it merely assigned Prentiss to the command. He could not understand the animus of this arbitrary proceeding, but submitted, merely entering a protest: "I am your senior in command, and I do not consider you are relieving me. I am not bound

by military etiquette to obey you." He then gave to Prentiss the situation of the troops, and went to St. Louis. He had great difficulty in seeing Fremont, who also considered him of little account. Grant reached him at last, and was immediately ordered to command at Jefferson City.

A few days later Fremont, in a letter to Prentiss, throws some light upon his previous action:

> When you were ordered to go to Ironton and take the place of General Grant, who was transferred to Jefferson City, it was under the impression that his appointment was of a later date than your own. By the official list published it appears, however, that he is your senior in rank.

This letter would seem to indicate that Grant laid his case before Fremont, and pending investigation had been placed in command at Jefferson City.

General Grant had organized his troops, and was once more ready to proceed to battle, this time against Sterling Price, when he was again relieved. Colonel Jeff C. Davis appeared, with an imperative order from General Fremont which required Grant to report at St. Louis for special orders. By these special orders General Grant was assigned the command of all the troops of southeastern Missouri and southern Illinois. It gave to him the command of the expedition against General Jeff Thompson, and brought him into the region of great campaigns. Grant was profoundly pleased at finding himself once more headed toward the Mississippi.

This change of front was the outcome (according to the testimony of Montgomery Blair) of the plan of a Mississippi campaign which Grant had sent to the President in early May, through the kindness of Governor Yates. At a cabinet meeting friends of General Grant asked that he be put in command at Cairo, and Lincoln, recalling Grant's name and plan, readily agreed to make the suggestion to Fremont.

Cairo, at the time Brigadier-General Grant assumed command of the district, was a small, low-lying town built

along the river. It was not a sightly town, and it was an extremely disloyal town, filled with rough river-men, gamblers, and roustabouts from the four great rivers which center in this region. The one tolerable hotel, the St. Charles, fronted the levee, and there General Grant took up his headquarters.

His office consisted of a suite of rooms in a business block a short distance up the street. Its windows fronted on the wide river, and there he spent his quiet hours, smoking his long pipe, and gazing abstractedly out upon the water, with a map upon his knees, planning battles to open the Mississippi. He was a great student of maps, and they formed a large part of his wall decorations. "He had not a single trained soldier or officer of the regular army under his command. Officers and men alike required instruction. He was busy from morning till night,—and frequently from night till morning,—writing orders, indorsing papers, and doing other work that fell to him." He had few leisure hours.

All accounts agree that the townspeople of Cairo were surprised at the unmilitary port and methods of the general. They were accustomed to the pomp and ceremony of militia colonels, and the excited charging to and fro of would-be Napoleons who were already on the ground. Colonel Oglesby, who was in command of the post, on being approached by Grant the first time, took him to be a "refugee who had blown into the place, in need of transportation to the North."

"I thought I was something of a Napoleon myself," said Oglesby, quaintly. "I had my troops spread out all over the country, and had aides coming and going, and things in military order, when in comes this small, rusty-coated man, and sits down at my table and begins to write orders. It did n't take me long to find out that I did not know much about war, after all."

But in general the citizens of Cairo knew very little about General Grant. He attended strictly to his military duties, and, though always approachable, was an abstracted, silent man, absorbed in his own affairs, and little mindful of social claims. In a few days his coming and

going attracted little notice. He wore no uniform, and used the least possible military ceremony consistent with good discipline.

He sent for John A. Rawlins (the fervid orator of the first war meeting in Galena) to become assistant adjutant-general on his staff. Rawlins proved a very capable man, and lifted from his chief's shoulders a great deal of the business routine of the office. Lieutenant J. D. Webster, an able soldier who had accompanied the first regiment from Chicago to Cairo, became adviser and chief of staff.

Brigadier-General Grant demonstrated at once his comprehension of the situation. The second day after taking command a scout came in and reported a force of Confederates moving northward to take Paducah, which was at the mouth of the Tennessee River, only a short distance above Cairo. It was the gate to a great waterway, and Grant perceived at once the importance of its capture. He telegraphed Fremont for permission to take it. He received no reply, but nevertheless began to arrange for the movement. He telegraphed later in the day, with all preparations made, saying: "Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall move on Paducah to-night."

Not hearing a word from Fremont, at about half-past ten at night he said to his staff: "I will take Paducah, if I lose my commission by it."

He took possession of the town early next morning, without firing a gun. A force of the enemy estimated at four thousand strong was actually on the way, and within three hours' march of the city, when the Northern troops entered. They turned back at the news of Grant's approach, and Paducah was saved to the Union. This was the first town he had ever entered in hostile manner, himself in sole command, and he felt it due to the citizens to explain his presence. On September 6 he issued an address to the citizens:

PROCLAMATION

To the Citizens of Paducah:

I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as your friend and fellow-citizen; not to injure or annoy you, but to respect the

rights and defend and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common government has taken possession of and planted its guns upon the soil of Kentucky and fired upon our flag. Hickman and Columbus are in his hands; he is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, and to assert and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your government and mine. I have nothing to do with opinions. I deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear or hindrance. The strong arm of the government is here to protect its friends and to punish only its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, to maintain the authority of your government and protect the rights of all its loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command from your city. U. S. GRANT.

This prompt action and noble proclamation turned the tide of the State's sentiment toward union.

Lincoln, reading this dignified address, said: "The man who can write like that is fitted to command in the West." It bore out the remarkable statement of Editor Houghton of the Galena "Gazette": "Just men like General Grant can put down this rebellion; vindictive men never can." And in the House of Representatives, Richardson of Illinois said, in relation to making Grant a major-general: "I wish that proclamation could be written in letters of gold on the sky, that everybody might read it." Thus Washburne was not alone in his indorsement of Grant.

Grant returned to Cairo, leaving only a garrison at Paducah. His troops were eager to fight. Some of the officers were afraid the war would be over before they could distinguish themselves sufficiently to go to Congress on the strength of their military career. They held in mind Jackson and Harrison and Taylor, and they desired to make war a short cut to political glory.

Grant also was quite ready to fight, and the chance came early in November. Up to that time Fremont had refused to allow him any independent movement; but upon taking the field against Price in Missouri, he felt it necessary to have Grant make a "diversion" to keep

General Polk, who was at Columbus, from sending reinforcements to Price. This diversion resulted in the battle of Belmont, which was successful, from Grant's point of view, as it prevented Polk's reinforcing Price.

The Confederates held Columbus, a small village some twenty miles below Cairo, and had intrenched on the opposite or western side of the river. Grant, with McClernand second in command (and, to the citizens of Cairo, equal in command), left headquarters at about dusk on the 6th of November, and swung into the current. No one knew what was to be done, but as the transports moved on down the river the men said exultantly: "We 're going to take Columbus."

Grant's boats lay on the river above Belmont till dawn. At early light he disembarked his troops and moved against the enemy, whose ranks fell back. The Union troops pressed on bravely, and after four hours' fighting carried the camp of the Confederates, and drove them to the river, where they cowered behind the steep banks, awaiting capture.

But now began a singular yet natural action. The Union men lost their heads in joy and self-glorification. The entire Confederacy had fallen! "This ends it," they cried exultantly to one another, and went about shaking hands and shouting with joy, while some of the officers seized the opportunity to make flamboyant political addresses to those who would listen. Others fell upon the camp and began to "appropriate" the spoils. All order disappeared. The men at this stage of the war were all generals, and they inferred Grant's plan to have been the capture and defense of this point—which was impossible with the force at his command.

Grant, however, was too old a soldier to be caught thus. The veteran of Cerro Gordo and Molino del Rey did not lose his head in a skirmish. He saw long lines of gray soldiers forming on the opposite side of the river; he saw transports swinging to, ready to disembark troops; and he knew the batteries across the river would open as soon as the true state of affairs became known to the Confederate commanders. Therefore he tried to rally the

men. He rode among his officers, saying: "Get your men into line. We must get out of this."

But the confusion and tumult prevented the men from hearing or heeding the commands of the officers. The situation called for decisive measures.

"*Fire the tents,*" said the general to an aide.

The tents were fired, and as the smoke rolled over the trees the batteries of Columbus opened, and began to heave "two-gallon jugs of grape-shot" into the mob of blue-coats. This brought the men to their senses. They dropped their spoils, and became as panic-stricken as they had been vainglorious a moment before. A rush toward the boats began.

But their delay had allowed the enemy to send troops across below and take position behind the Union forces and between them and the boats. A column of Confederates appeared at the right, marching to intercept them, and soon another was seen on the left.

"My God, we 're surrounded!" cried one of the officers in Grant's hearing.

"We cut our way in, and we can cut our way out," was the grim reply; and so, in passable order and under sharp firing, the troops fought their way back to the boats.

There, while the embarking of the wounded was taking place, Grant rode back alone to visit a rear-guard he had posted. He was amazed to find they had fled to the boats. This reconnoitering nearly led to his capture, for when he came back the boats were under brisk fire of the enemy's musketry, and were struggling to get out into the stream, each with the landward wheel spinning uselessly in the air, the far side being overcrowded with fleeing soldiery. The general's uniform was covered by a sort of rain-coat, and his boat's captain gave him no thought, and was steaming away when an officer cried out: "Put in your boat; that is General Grant."

There was no path down the steep bank, but Grant's marvelous command over horses came into use. At his word, the horse put his fore feet over the bank, slid down the sand on his haunches, and trotted aboard over a single gang-plank. This ended the battle of Belmont, which is

forever memorable to the South as "one victory, at least, over General Grant."

Returning to Cairo, Grant set himself to drilling, provisioning, and otherwise preparing his army for active service. He was eager to push on to the South. He wished to get possession of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers before the enemy had time to reinforce and fortify. But while General Fremont had been ill disposed to take suggestions, his successor, who had just assumed chief command in the West, General H. W. Halleck, was even more reluctant to allow Grant to move on his own motion.

Grant appealed to General Halleck at once to be allowed to advance on Forts Henry and Donelson, the fortifications which held the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. Halleck did not reply, and little was done during December but "prepare for war."

On the 6th of January Grant went to St. Louis to see General Halleck in person about this movement, and incidentally to visit his old homes in Gravois and St. Louis. This home-coming was not without a certain gratification. His command was growing; he now controlled an important military district, and his troops were ready for action. At the home of his friends he came in contact once more with those who had pitied and patronized him only a year before. He sat at the same fire with Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, no longer a penniless, despairing man, but the alert and masterful general of ten thousand men. Mrs. Boggs now felt her home to be all too humble for the use of General Grant and the distinguished friends who called to do him honor.

He found his neighbors in Gravois still largely secessional in sentiment, either openly or in secret; but he went about among them freely, without body-guard, and to his old-time courtesy and manliness when a farmer among them he owed his escape from capture by the "Knights of the Golden Circle." A few hotheads met to plan his kidnapping, but his old neighbors and friends arose against the plan and stopped it.

His trip was in a sense a failure. Halleck cut short his

explanation of plans to take Fort Henry, and turned contemptuously away. Grant felt this deeply, for, though an undemonstrative man, he had in fact a soul of keen sensibility, and felt discourtesy as poignantly as though it were a lash.

Meanwhile he was slowly gaining recognition in the West. Here and there a newspaper correspondent began to perceive something worth while in the "silent general." His command was an important one, and his family and friends were highly surprised and delighted at the distinction he had attained. His father came to see him, in a transport of returning pride in Ulysses. Nevertheless, he warned him: "Now, Ulysses, you have a good position, I hope you will let well enough alone." But Mrs. Grant, who had never lost faith in him, said: "Ulysses can fill any position he is called to." He was paying his debts in St. Louis and Galena, and his wife and children were thriving and happy. War has its human recompenses, after all.

CHAPTER XXVI

GRANT CAPTURES NATIONAL FAME

IN spite of Halleck's rebuff, Grant returned again to his plan to attack Fort Henry. He was not a man to allow pique to stand in the way of a great enterprise. He laid the matter before Commodore Foote, who was in command of the flotilla of newly finished gunboats then lying at Cairo; and the commodore, being much impressed both with Grant and his plans, joined him in the request to attack the fort.

At last Halleck consented. Immediately upon receiving the word Grant began to move. On the 5th of February he advanced against Fort Henry. It capitulated the next day, and he telegraphed Halleck the news, giving full credit to Commodore Foote: "Fort Henry is ours. The gunboats silenced the batteries before the investment was completed." And then, with a spirit which had not before appeared in the Northern army, he said: "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th, and return to Fort Henry." And this he would have done had not nature laid a strong restraining hand upon his plans.

In place of swift advance across the twelve miles of land which divided the two rivers and their forts, a period of annoying delay intervened, accompanied by much suffering on the part of the troops. Violent storms arose. Grant was in an agony of impatience, yet nothing could be done but wait. The roads were swimming in water; "the infantry could hardly march, and to move artillery was impossible." He had only about fifteen thousand men, and had orders from Halleck to hold Fort Henry

and to intrench, though he felt that "fifteen thousand men were worth more on the 12th than fifty thousand men a little later."

At last he moved out of Fort Henry, calm and resolute, although approaching a battle before which all his commands and all his Mexico campaigns were insignificant. Fort Henry had been a gunboat victory, but now his little army was marching against twenty-one thousand men strongly intrenched. The unavoidable delay had allowed the enemy to reinforce by boat from Nashville.

Halleck had conferred with Brigadier-General W. T. Sherman, who was at that time in St. Louis, and issued an order assigning Sherman to command of the District of Cairo, and making Grant commander of the District of West Tennessee. He was calling loudly for more troops to reinforce Grant, for he could not, on his own account, afford to see the attack of Donelson fail. He sent General W. T. Sherman to Paducah to act as forwarding officer there, and wired General D. C. Buell, who was commanding the Army of the Ohio in Kentucky: "Come and help me take Donelson."

When Grant invested the fort the first day he had only General McClernand and General C. F. Smith with him —about fifteen thousand men. Commodore Foote had not arrived, and General Lew Wallace was on the road. This showed the spirit of Grant's command. He did not hesitate to assume the responsibility of besieging twenty-one thousand Confederates, strongly intrenched. Here was soldierly promptness, dash, and grit. He was cut off from Halleck and the War Department, and master of everything in the field. Gideon J. Pillow, the senior in command of the Confederate forces, was a Mexican War veteran. Grant knew him, and had no fear of him.

Halleck telegraphed Grant to "strengthen the land side of Fort Henry, and transfer guns to resist a land attack," at the very time the army was closing relentlessly round Donelson, under Grant's leadership. On the 13th there was some fighting as the besieging army moved into new and stronger positions, but the night was more terrible than the battle upon the troops; they were ordered to

sleep upon their arms and without camp-fires. Sleet fell, and it grew bitterly cold toward morning. Grant quartered in a farm-house at the left. He slept little, being apprehensive of an early attack before reinforcements could arrive.

During the night Commodore Foote's fleet steamed up, and General Lew Wallace came marching in from Fort Henry, and took position between Smith and McClernand. Grant was now confident. He ordered an attack by the gunboats, while the army held the enemy within the lines, his plan being to bag the entire Confederate army. The gunboats failed to get above the batteries, however, and were forced to fall back disabled, leaving the river open to the Confederate boats.

That night Grant telegraphed the situation: "Our troops invest Donelson. . . . I feel confident of success." To General Cullum, Halleck's chief of staff, stationed at Cairo as forwarding officer, he wired: "Appearances indicate now that we will have a protracted siege." It was well the army did not read this telegram, for the storm continued, and they were not merely cold, but hungry as well. They bore it all with such cheer as a freezing and starving soldier can muster to his comfort. Grant went to bed thinking that he might be obliged to bring up tents and shovels, after all.

Before daylight on the 15th he received a note from Commodore Foote, in command of the flotilla, asking him to come to the flag-ship, as he was too much injured to leave the boats. The general at once mounted and rode away. The roads were very bad, and he could not move out of a walk. "He came on the boat wearing a battered old hat, the muddiest man in the army. He was chewing a cigar, and was perfectly cool and self-possessed." He found the commodore and his boats about equally disabled. After a conference with him, Grant gave him leave to retire, and started upon his return to the front.

On his way he met his aide, white with alarm and excitement. "The enemy has made a fierce attack on the forces of McClernand."

Grant set spur to his horse, and left the aide far behind.

He came upon the scene of action, his old clay-bank spattering the yellow mud in every direction, a most welcome figure. There was need of him. With cool brain and keen eyes, he rode rapidly along the lines. He saw no dismay in Smith's division; his command was intact and eager for battle. Wallace's lines were in order. But McClernand, on the right, had sustained a heavy attack, and was still threatened, and the brave but inexperienced commander was in consultation with General Wallace and asking for reinforcements. As Grant rode along he saw the men standing in knots, talking in a most excited manner. "The soldiers had their muskets, but no ammunition, while there were tons of it near at hand." They were disturbed and apprehensive, just at a point where retreat, even rout, was possible.

The general heard one discouraged man say: "Why, they have come out to fight all day; they have got their knapsacks full of grub." He turned quickly. "Is that true? Bring me one."

He opened two or three, and found three days' rations in each. His trained eyes read in all this a different story. In one minute he showed himself a great commander.

He turned to his staff, and said: "They are attempting to force their way out. The one who attacks first now will be victorious." Then, to McClernand and Wallace: "Gentlemen, the position of our right must be retaken. I shall order an immediate assault on the left. Be ready to advance at the sound of Smith's guns." As he rode down the line, his aide, at his direction, called out:

"Fill your cartridge-boxes, quick, and get into line! The enemy is trying to escape, and must not be permitted to do so."

At once the Union forces lined up, responsive to the power of unhesitating leadership. The commander rode rapidly to the left, arranging a grand assault. He found General Smith alert, with his troops in order ready to advance. "General, the enemy has tried to force his way out on our right. I think you had better attack soon. He has undoubtedly weakened the line before you."

"Very well, sir," replied Smith; "I am ready to move at any time." Grant turned and rode again toward the center. When all was arranged he sent an aide to tell General Smith that he was ready.

"General Smith," said the messenger, "you are ordered to assault immediately and in force."

"Very well, sir; I am ready," said the resolute old warrior; and drawing his sword, he turned to his troops, and said: "We are ordered to attack the works immediately in front. Are you all ready?"

"We are!" shouted the men, in reply.

"Very well. Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Double-quick! Forward, *march!*" And the left wing of Grant's army advanced. The assault became general all along the line, and the enemy was driven back. The conditions of the morning were restored; the enemy was again shut in, and night fell once more upon the Union forces, unsheltered and hungry, but as confident now of victory as was their imperturbable commander.

On the night of the 15th, within the fort, a strange and passionate drama was being enacted. The three Confederate commanders, Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, held an acrimonious council. General Floyd, who had but recently assumed command, begged leave to turn the command over to General Pillow. Pillow declined, but was quite willing that General Buckner should assume the honor and do as he thought best in the matter. General Buckner was a soldier, a graduate of West Point, and a Mexican War veteran. He did not anticipate hanging, provided he surrendered, and was unwilling to shed the blood of his soldiers needlessly. He regarded the situation as one warranting surrender. He accepted the command, and sat down to write a letter to Grant.

General Pillow begged to know if he were privileged to depart.

"Yes, provided you go before the terms of capitulation are agreed upon," was Buckner's curt reply.

Floyd seized two steamers, and escaped with about three thousand men.

Pillow fled in a flatboat, while Colonel Forrest, in

command of the cavalry, forded the river and got safely away with a regiment of horse.

General Buckner sturdily held his ground, but sent a messenger to sue for terms; and in answer Grant replied in the simplest and most direct manner, with no thought of how his letter would read to any one except General Buckner:

> No terms except immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

Buckner grumbled at these "unchivalrous terms," but yielded, and when he met Grant within the defenses he said, with a bow and smile:

"General, as they say in Mexico, this house and all it contains is yours."

A moment later Grant said: "I thought Pillow was in command."

"He was," replied Buckner.

"Where is he now?"

"Gone."

"Why did he go?"

"Well, he thought you 'd rather get hold of him than any other man in the Southern Confederacy."

"Oh," said Grant, quickly, with a smile, "if I 'd got him I 'd let him go again. He would do us more good commanding you fellows!"

General Buckner was in fact the Captain Buckner who had come to Grant's relief so handsomely in New York in 1854, when he landed from his ship poor and friendless. Grant recalled this generous action, and while he did not allow his gratitude to interfere with his duty, yet when matters of the surrender were finally arranged he placed his private purse at General Buckner's disposal.

The relations of the two commanders continued amicable to the last. Grant did everything he could to make the men in gray comfortable, "showing himself a humane and magnanimous conqueror."

With pardonable pride, and with something more than his usual expression of emotion, Grant issued a congratu-

latory order to his troops, and sent a despatch of mathematical brevity to Halleck announcing his capture of Fort Donelson. He then sat down to plan an immediate advance on Nashville, which was uncovered by the fall of Donelson. He believed that the way was open deep into the Southern Confederacy, and that by prompt action the battle of Donelson could be made to mean a hundred times more than the mere capture of fifteen thousand troops.

Instantly his great victory flamed over the land. The ringing of bells, the sound of cannon, the flare of bonfires, announced the joy of the people over the first great success in the West. Horsemen galloped up the farm lanes with shouts of triumph, and the citizens came together to rejoice, believing that the end of the war had come. Even metropolitan dailies considered it "the downfall of the Confederacy," and suddenly the nation inquired: "Who is this man Grant, who fights battles and wins them?"

CHAPTER XXVII

GRANT PUT UNDER ARREST BY GENERAL HALLECK

THE victory of Donelson lifted General Grant into national fame in a day, but it also turned upon him the burning light of envious criticism. All the disappointed contractors, all the jealous political soldiers who feared that the war had ended without making them distinguished, all the sneering old army officers, turned to and helped swell the chorus of the "copperhead journals" of the Northern States that attempted to blacken and discredit the character and belittle the powers of General Grant.

The feeling that the war was over, and that the victor of Donelson was to be the national hero, added to the zeal of his detractors. In the Eastern cities a discussion waxed bitter as to who deserved the honors of Donelson. General McClellan's friends claimed them for him; Foote's partizans called it a naval victory; Fremont's adherents mourned the injustice which had robbed him of his rightful dues as the projector of this plan; Brigadier-General McClernand claimed to have borne the brunt of it; and Halleck, after thanking everybody remotely concerned with the expedition except Grant, smilingly appeared on a hotel balcony in St. Louis, and claimed the lion's share for himself.

The one honorable exception was Secretary Stanton, who took no part in the attempt to reap where he had not sown. He wrote at once an open letter to Editor Greeley, disclaiming the honor:

SIR: I cannot suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my office for this action. The glory of our recent victories belongs to the brave officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share

belongs to me. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end the war was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner: "I propose to move immediately on your works."

This letter of Stanton's did more to fix the fame of "Unconditional Surrender Grant" in the minds of the people than any other one cause at that time.

From all that appears, Halleck had been anxious to have any one but Grant wear the great honors of the victory. In his excited manœuvering for position, he had telegraphed Commodore Foote on the 11th: "Make your name famous by the capture of Fort Donelson and Clarksville"; and after the capture of Donelson he had telegraphed Stanton: "Make Smith major-general, and all the country will applaud you." He now sent a telegram of congratulation to General Hunter in Kansas, thanking him for promptness in sending reinforcements; he also forwarded congratulatory messages to Commodore Foote, but not one word of congratulation to Grant.

At midnight of the 20th, as General Grant and Commodore Foote were finishing the details of an immediate movement on Nashville, a telegram from Halleck arrived, forbidding gunboats to move above Clarksville. Grant read the message in silence, and passed it to Commodore Foote. Foote said: "Well, that ends our movement."

Being anxious, however, to know what had happened at Nashville, Grant next proceeded to Nashville in a single transport to meet and confer with Buell. He considered this entirely within his province; but Halleck was pleased to consider it "leaving command without permission." He had been telegraphing to Grant for several days without receiving an answer, and was very much enraged. Of his excited telegrams Grant was unaware. General McClellan, commander-in-chief, had been asking Halleck for returns of his troops, and Halleck, in turn, had been attempting to reach Grant for records of the troops at Donelson. Halleck, therefore, reported to

McClellan that Grant had left his command without leave, and that his troops were in disorder.

McClellan, quite ready to believe ill things of Grant, gave Halleck power to arrest him, and so in this splendid moment, when everybody was sounding his praise, when the question of making him major-general was being debated, and Congress was passing votes of praise and thanks to him, Grant was being disgraced by Halleck.

Upon his return from Nashville, some days later, he found this telegram awaiting him:

You will place General C. F. Smith in command of expedition, and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and positions of your command?

Grant was astounded. He replied mildly, but with a strong feeling of deep personal wrong:

Your despatch of yesterday received. I did all I could to get the returns of the strength of my command. Every move I made was reported daily to your chief of staff, who must have failed to keep you properly posted. I have done my very best to obey orders and to carry out the interests of the service. If my course is not satisfactory, remove me at once. I do not wish to impede in any way the success of our armies. I have averaged writing more than once a day since leaving Cairo to keep you informed of my position, and it is no fault of mine if you have not received my letters. My going to Nashville was strictly intended for the good of the service, and not to gratify any desire of my own.

Believing sincerely that I must have enemies between you and myself who are trying to impair my usefulness, I respectfully ask to be relieved from further duty in the department.

Halleck replied, March 8:

You are mistaken. There is no enemy between you and me. There is no letter of yours stating number and position of your command since capture of Donelson. General McClellan has asked for it repeatedly with reference to ulterior movements, and I could not give him the information. He is out of all patience waiting for it. Answer by telegraph in general terms.

Grant replied:

I will do all in my power to advance the expedition now started [Smith's expedition toward Corinth, which was rightfully his own]. You had a better chance for knowing my strength whilst surrounding Donelson than I had [through Sherman and Cullum, who were forwarding troops]. Troops were reporting daily by your order, and were immediately assigned to brigades. There were no orders received from you till the 28th of February to make out returns, and I made every effort to get them in as early as possible. I have always been ready to move anywhere, regardless of consequences to myself, but with a disposition to take the best care of the troops under my command. I renew my application to be relieved from further duty. Returns have been sent.

Halleck, in reply, explains a little more in detail:

Your letter of the 5th instant, just received, contains the first and only information of your actual forces. If you have sent them before, I have not received them. General McClellan repeatedly ordered me to report to him daily the numbers and positions of your forces. This I could not do, and the fault was certainly not mine, for I telegraphed you time and again for the information, but could get no answer. This certainly indicated a great want of order and system in your command, the blame of which was partially thrown on me, and perhaps justly, for it is the duty of every commander to compel those under him to obey orders and to enforce discipline. Don't let such neglect occur again, for it is equally discreditable to you and to me. I really felt ashamed to telegraph back to Washington time and again that I was unable to give the strength of your command.

On March 11, by the President's war order, Halleck secured his ambitious desire to control all the armies of the Mississippi. McClellan became the active commander of the Army of the Potomac, and Halleck commanded Buell, Hunter, and Smith, with Grant still in the background at Fort Henry as forwarding officer for Smith.

It was a painful moment to General Grant as he saw the great army which he had led to victory steaming away

up the river toward the enemy with another man in command. One of his subordinates called to see him at Fort Henry, and was much moved by the expression of deep sadness on the face of his general. He was in great dejection. The army he had organized and led so splendidly was passing out of his hands.

"After alluding to his position, the general took from his pocket Halleck's curt despatch. When his friend looked up from reading it he saw tears on General Grant's face. He said mournfully: 'I don't know what they mean to do with me.' Then he added with a sad cadence in his voice: 'What command have I now?'"

Tears on the face of Ulysses Grant meant the keenest suffering. All seemed lost a second time in his life.

But the chief man of the nation now took a personal interest in the case. He sent for men who knew Grant personally, and satisfied himself that an injustice had been done. On the 10th of March, while Grant was being held in disgrace at Fort Henry, the adjutant-general wrote to Halleck in a calm and fateful way, saying that the President wished General Halleck to investigate and report at once. Halleck at once acknowledged his previously hasty action, and completely exonerated Grant:

I am satisfied from investigation that General Grant acted from good intentions and from a desire to subserve the public interests.

General Grant has made the proper explanations, and has been directed to resume his command in the field. As he acted from a praiseworthy but mistaken zeal for the public service in going to Nashville and leaving his command, I respectfully recommend that no further notice be taken of it. There never has been any want of military subordination on the part of General Grant, and his failure to make returns of his forces has been explained as resulting partly from the failure of colonels of regiments to report to him on their arrival, and partly from an interruption of telegraphic communication. All these irregularities have now been remedied.

Halleck, now in fine fettle over his promotion to chief command in the West, and understanding that Lincoln

had laid strong hand upon affairs, answered Grant's repeated desire to be relieved till such time as his case could go before the higher authorities, by saying:

You cannot be relieved of your command. There is no good reason for it. I am certain that all which the authorities at Washington ask is that you enforce discipline and punish the disorderly. The power is in your hands; use it, and you will be sustained by all above you. Instead of relieving you, I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the immediate command and lead it on to new victories.

To this Grant made grateful answer. He had no means of knowing from what source this change came.

After your letter inclosing copy of anonymous letter upon which severe censure was based, I felt as though it would be impossible for me to serve longer without a court of inquiry. [He did not know that Lincoln had ordered an investigation.] Your telegram of yesterday, however, places such a different phase upon my position that I will again assume command, and give every effort to the success of our cause. Under the worst circumstances I would do the same.

P. S. Since the writing of above yours of the 9th instant is received. I certainly received but one telegraphic despatch, up to the 28th of February, to furnish reports of my strength.

This ended, for the time, Halleck's attempt to degrade and subordinate Grant.

Grant at once took passage up the river to join his army, and made his headquarters at a little hamlet called Savannah, a few miles below the place where the army had been disposed by General C. F. Smith. Pittsburg Landing was merely the terminus of a road at a wharf at which steamers could land. The road, an ordinary dirt road, came down a ravine to a couple of log huts. The army was debarked on the southwest side of the river at this point because of its nearness to Corinth, where the Confederate forces were again assembling.

Grant had such loyal regard for General Smith's ability that he made no change in the disposition of the forces,

although he might not have chosen this spot for debarkation. It was, in fact, a fairly strong position. There was a deep creek on either hand, and the river at the back made attack possible only from the front. Sherman was in advance. Delay was dangerous, and Grant's desire was to advance; but he was under Halleck's absolute command, and by his orders he lay waiting at Pittsburg Landing for the coming of Buell's army from Kentucky, while Albert Sidney Johnston, a brilliant and powerful Southern leader, hurried his ranks together, and pushed forward to crush the Union army before Buell's troops could arrive. It was a bold and soldierly movement, and was not expected by the people of the North; yet every indication of a great battle was in the reports between Grant, Halleck, and Sherman. Halleck had ordered Buell, who commanded the Army of the Ohio, to join Grant; the latter was on the road, and his advance-guard was expected at any hour.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH CHURCH

ON the 5th of April Grant wrote from Savannah to Buell:

Your despatch received. I will be here to meet you to-morrow.

And from Pittsburg Landing Sherman wrote:

All is quiet along my lines now. We are in the act of exchanging cavalry, according to your order. The enemy has cavalry on our front, and I think there are two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery about two miles out.

A little later Sherman sends another word:

Your note just received. I have no doubt nothing will occur to-day more than some picket-firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I will not be drawn out far unless with certainty of advantage, and I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position.

With these words of Sherman to ease his mind Grant remained undisturbed at his headquarters at Savannah on the night of the 5th. Sherman was an older man, a keen and experienced soldier, and could be trusted to keep the advance-guard. His troops were raw, but his own sagacity and alertness were unquestioned by his chief; and yet at the time Sherman was writing those assuring notes the entire Confederate army was encamped but a short distance away, ready to attack in force.

It was an ominous night, dark, foggy, and windless. Grant was in great pain from a bruised ankle. His horse (during a trip to the front on the evening of the 4th) had slipped on a smooth log, and in falling had crushed the general's ankle. His boot had to be cut from his foot, so enormously had the limb swollen, and he could not walk without crutches.

He was early astir. It was Sunday morning in April, and nature was tuned to nothing harsher than the caw of the crow, the songs of the birds, and the ringing of church bells. The sun rose warm but veiled in fog. But while the general was at breakfast, through the soft, damp, fragrant air came a faint, far-off, jarring sound.

"General," said Webster, his chief of staff, "that is the noise of cannon."

"It sounds very much like it," said Grant, and went on with his breakfast, though the sound thickened.

An orderly came in, and, saluting, said:

"General, there is terrific firing up the river."

By the time they had finished breakfast the earth shook with the distant tumult of monstrous cannon. The Sabbath-day slaughter had begun.

As the general listened, Webster asked: "Where is it? Crump's Landing or Pittsburg?"

"That is what I am trying to determine. I think it is Pittsburg. Orderly, take these horses to the boat, and tell the captain to fire up at once. Come, gentlemen; it is time to move."

He wrote a note to General Buell:

> Heavy firing is heard up the river, indicating plainly that an attack has been made upon our most advanced positions. I have been looking for this, but did not believe the attack could be made before Monday or Tuesday. This necessitates my joining the forces up the river instead of meeting you to-day, as I had contemplated. I have directed General Nelson to move to the river with his division. He can march to opposite Pittsburg.

He hobbled painfully to the boat, and started up the river, accompanied by his staff.

He betrayed little excitement, though the deepening

roar of the cannon seemed to portend the downfall of the republic; but on his face settled that strange look which he had worn at Donelson—a relentless sternness which was resolution, not savagery. He held his cigar in his hand, and occasionally put it between his teeth, but it remained unlighted. His calmness was not inertness; it was the immobility of perfect self-control. His staff had come to know these moods and to respect his silence.

At Crump's Landing, about half-way up the river to Pittsburg Landing, General Lew Wallace was stationed. To him Grant said: "General, have your men ready to march at a moment's notice."

"They are all under arms," replied Wallace.

The roar and jar and tumult thickened, but the general gave no further sign of excitement till the boat neared the landing; then, leaning on his chief of staff, he hobbled to the side of his horse. As he swung into the saddle he seemed to forget his pain. The moment the gang-plank fell he was ashore. Spurring his horse till he leaped like a hound, he dashed away. His eagerness had found expression. He led his staff at reckless speed straight toward the heaviest firing. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when he "came sailing in on his old clay-bank." The debarkation of the army had not been his; the delay had not been his: but now that the battle was on, he accepted the issue, and he was the commander; there was no question of that in the mind of any competent observer that terrible day. The enemy had fallen upon Sherman's advance-line, and had driven him back toward the river; the defensive line still remained, but was very much shortened.

He rode at once to Sherman's lines. He found Sherman wounded, but calm and alert.

"How is it with you?" asked Grant.

"We 've about held our own," replied Sherman, "but it has been a heavy attack."

"Things don't look so well on our left. I have left orders at Crump's Landing for Wallace's division to come up on your right. Look out for him."

All day he rode the lines, exposing himself with crimi-

nal recklessness to the fire, encouraging his subordinates by promise of reinforcements, reforming stragglers, forwarding ammunition, giving helpful advice and definite orders. Something great and admirable came out in his character. His coolness, his alertness, his perfect clarity of vision under the appalling strain of anxiety, evidenced the great commander of men. Had he been a lesser man, or a man of nervous organization, he would have broken down under the responsibility.

The battle was horrifying. Charge after charge was made and repulsed. Some of the ground was taken and retaken several times. The army was new and untried, and its commanders were scarcely less inexperienced. Lines were broken up; organization in the newer regiments disappeared; but they fought on without barricades, men and officers alike performing desperate deeds of valor.

At two o'clock Grant's face showed anxiety for the first time. The army was almost a confusion of brave mobs, difficult to command. Buell had not arrived; Wallace was wandering about on the road somewhere; and many of the raw troops of Sherman's advance-guard, having fled back to the river, cowered under the bank like frightened rabbits. The unutterable fury of the conflict had made of them, not cowards, but awed and helpless animals. They had gone beyond command. The gray-coated men came in impulses, as though driven by some incomprehensible enginery of hate. They were confident of victory, and really outnumbered the Union troops. But they could not advance. They were checked, and slowly fell back.

At last Wallace arrived, but too late in the day to take any part in the battle. Buell's men did not reach the field until the end of the first day's terrible fighting.

Buell himself landed in advance of his men, and seeing the great body of discouraged stragglers by the river, asked Grant what preparations he had made for defeat. Grant simply said: "I have n't despaired of whipping them yet."

As night came on, the Union line, crushed back close

to the river, lay down in the rain and waited for the dawn. Grant, though suffering great pain from his swollen ankle, and worn with his day's activity, set himself to the problem of capturing the army which he already considered whipped. This wonderful characteristic came out in him: he seemed just beginning to fight. The troops slept on their arms beneath the tempest, but the labor of reforming the commands and posting the newly arrived forces of Wallace and Buell continued all night. "Grant visited each division commander, including Nelson, after dark, directing the new position of each, and repeating in person the orders for an advance at early dawn. 'Attack with a heavy skirmish-line as soon as it 's light enough to see; then follow up with your entire command, leaving no reserves.'"

About midnight he returned to the landing, and lay down on the ground with his head against a tree; and though drenched by the storm and suffering great physical pain, he did not lose heart; he confidently looked for victory in the morning. Toward dawn, becoming chilled, he moved to the porch of one of the log huts, and tried to rest there; but the house was filled with wounded men, and their moans and cries of anguish, more unendurable than the storm, drove him back to the shelter of his tree.

It was a long, long night; but daylight came at last. He was again lifted into his saddle, and though lame, worn, covered with mud, and burdened with the mightiest responsibilities, his voice was calm, clear, and decisive.

Riding along the line, he said to his aide: "See that every division moves up to the attack; press the enemy hard the minute it is light enough to see." Conditions had changed; he was now the aggressor. Buell and Wallace had given the Union forces preponderance; the stragglers reformed, and all moved with the confidence which reinforcements gave. They were anxious to redeem themselves. The Confederates withstood the attack with marvelous skill and bravery; though now outnumbered and fighting a losing battle, they withdrew in good order; nothing could stampede them.

At last, late in the afternoon on Monday, the enemy's

guns on the left became silent, but on the right the battle still continued in intermittent ferocity. Moments of comparative silence began to intervene like lulls in a gale, followed by volley after volley of musketry, rapid as the roll of a drum, till the guns grew hot and the gunners weary. Each returning wave of sullen savagery seemed weaker, and the firing became fainter and fainter and then almost died away.

The commander sat on his clay-colored war-horse, surrounded by his staff, looking intently in the direction of the firing. As the musketry began this intermittent action his face lighted up. The enemy was preparing to retreat! This was the moment for a final charge. He looked about him for a weapon to hurl into the retreating ranks of the enemy. Gathering up two or three fragments of regiments, he led them against the enemy's last stand. The line broke; the gray-coated men fled. Shrill cheers arose. The battle was ended. The field of Shiloh had taken its place in history as one of the great battle-fields of the human race.

The battle of Shiloh showed Ulysses Grant to be a commander of a new type. His personal habits in conflict were now apparent to all his staff. He did not shout, vituperate, or rush aimlessly to and fro. He had no vindictiveness. While other officers in the heat of battle swore and uttered ferocious cries, Grant voiced all his commands in plain Anglo-Saxon speech, without oaths or abridgment. His anxiety and intensity of mental action never passed beyond his perfect control. He fought best and thought best when pushed hard.

He went into the battle of Shiloh under the most annoying, uncertain, and depressing circumstances without losing his temper and without once becoming confused or vindictive. His endurance was marvelous. Neither noise nor confusion of line, neither rush of stampeding troops, nor feebleness of dilatory commanders, nor physical pain, could weaken or affright him. He displayed the high courage which assumes responsibility, and the mind which executes plans in the face of apparent defeat.

A man of singular gentleness, he had displayed the faculty which enables a man to consider soldiers *en masse*, to look over and beyond the destruction of human life in battle to the end for which the battle is fought. Unwilling to harm any living thing himself, he had the resolution to send columns of men into battle calmly and without hesitation. Without this constitution of mind no great commander can succeed.

CHAPTER XXIX

FROM SHILOH TO MILLIKEN'S BEND

THE battle of Shiloh was a great victory, but it did not ring over the North with the same joyous clamor which followed upon Donelson. The holiday element had passed out of the war. Optimists had said, "Donelson ends it in the West"; and yet another battle had followed, so much greater, so much more horrible in the destruction of human life, that Donelson, in its turn, became a small affair, and even the most hopeful saw other carnage in prospect.

There was an end of talk about the "boastful Southron." It was apparent that he could fight under leadership such as he had in Albert Sidney Johnston. The two sections had met in forces beyond anything ever seen in the Revolutionary War, or in the wars of 1812 and with Mexico. The desolation of homes was terrible. Long columns of the dead filled the newspapers, and long trains wound and jolted their slow way to the North and to the South, carrying the wounded to their homes.

The nation was appalled, and naturally a large part of the bitterness and hate of war fell upon Grant. He had risen so suddenly to national fame that his private life and character were dark with mystery. Few knew how kind and gentle he really was, and a tumult of abuse arose. He was execrated as a man careless of human lives. He was accused of negligence and drunkenness, and of being unjustifiably off the field of battle. McClernand wrote to the President, claiming the honors, and reflecting on

other commanders; General Buell, stung by charges of being "designedly slow," retorted with insinuations of Grant's inefficiency, and drew dolorous pictures of the Union army, which he had saved from flight; and finally Halleck, taking from a telegram Grant's warm and generous praise of Sherman, embodied it in a message to Secretary of War Stanton (not mentioning Grant's name), asking for Sherman's promotion, which had the effect of hinting at Grant's demoralization and failure.

To this Stanton replied:

> The President desires to know why you have made no official report, and whether any neglect or misconduct of General Grant or any other officer contributed to the sad casualties that befell our forces on Sunday.

Again Halleck evaded the issue by not mentioning Grant, though the question called for it, saying:

> The casualties were due in part to the bad conduct of officers utterly unfit for their places, and in part to the numbers and bravery of the enemy. I prefer to express no opinion in regard to the misconduct of individuals till I receive reports of commanders of divisions.

Great pressure was at once brought to bear on the President to have Grant relieved from duty. Lincoln listened patiently to all that men had to say, pro and con; then, with a long sigh, he said: "I can't spare Grant; he fights!"

To Colonel J. S. Stewart Colonel S. D. Webster of Grant's staff wrote, September 4, 1872, to deny a slander:

> I breakfasted with General Grant. I went on board the boat, and rode with him to the field about half-past eight in the morning. I was with him all day. I lay down with him on a small parcel of hay which the quartermaster put down to keep us out of the mud, in the rear of the artillery-line to the left. He was perfectly sober and self-possessed during the day and the entire battle. No one claimed that he was drunk.
>
> S. D. WEBSTER.

The battle of Shiloh may be said, therefore, to have divided the country into two distinct camps—those who considered General Grant no soldier, and those who considered him the great warrior of the West. The poor farmer of the Gravois had become an issue. Stocks in London rose and cotton went down with his day's doings; and this immense achievement was the result of nine months' service in the field.

But Halleck, "cautiously energetic one," determined to take the field in person. One week after the battle he arrived, holding *carte blanche* from the Secretary of War. He congratulated Generals Grant and Buell, and their armies, and left them in their respective commands, and called for reinforcements. They came,—the North was just beginning to understand the necessities of the case,—and on the 22d Commander Halleck unrolled his great army. It was a mighty host, and the whole nation waited to see what would happen. Never had an American soldier such a chance. Mightiest results were looked for.

Nothing happened! He lay there with his splendid army, fearing attack. There was not a formidably fortified city in the whole West, and all the forces opposed could not have exceeded sixty thousand bayonets, while Halleck was master of nearly one hundred and twenty thousand resolute Western soldiers, men enough to march to the Gulf, taking all before them. The Confederates looked on in wonder at this superb army inching along behind breastworks. Halleck's orders to his subordinates were to "avoid any general engagement" until reinforcements should arrive, though his advance column was finding but feeble resistance, and reported several times the belief that the enemy was evacuating Corinth. "The movement was a siege from start to close."

Meanwhile General Grant was little more than a spectator. Though nominally second in command, he had in reality almost no command at all. He was forced to trail after Halleck in the most humiliating of positions. Every suggestion he made to his chief was treated with contempt. The staff-officers, taking their cue from Halleck, turned their backs when Grant came near. Orders to his

troops were sent over his head, and movements were ordered in his department without consulting him or even notifying him. These things became unendurable at last, and in a letter stating his position he asked to be relieved from duty altogether, or to have his command defined.

To this Halleck replied in diplomatic and soothing words, saying:

> You have precisely the position to which your rank entitles you. You certainly will not suspect me of any intention to injure your feelings or do you any injustice; if so, you will eventually change your mind on the subject. For the last three months I have done everything in my power to ward off the attacks which were made upon you. If you believe me your friend, you will not require explanations; if not, explanations on my part would be of little avail.

On its face this letter seems fair, and yet under its smooth phrases lies the fact that Grant was subjected to daily humiliations. The victor of Donelson and Shiloh was second in command to a chief who contemptuously cut short all his suggestions, who ordered his troops from his corps without notifying him, and this not in an emergency, but contemptuously, as in the case of detaching General Lew Wallace for movement toward Bolivar.

At about this time Sherman, who deeply sympathized with Grant, was told casually by Halleck that Grant was going away. He immediately ordered a horse and rode over to Grant's headquarters.

As he came near he was amazed to see the tents struck, and men at work packing up. Grant was sitting on a log near by, smoking, as usual.

"What the devil 's the meaning of all this?" asked Sherman, in his abrupt way.

Grant smiled joyously. "I 'm going to leave."

"What!" Sherman fairly shouted.

"Yes; I have leave to go to Washington, and I 'm going."

"Good God Almighty! Grant, are *you* crazy? You can't leave this Western army; it 's yours. You know the men, and the men know you. D—— it, man," cried

the rough old fellow, lifting his fist, "don't you know when you are well off?"

Grant was deeply impressed with Sherman's earnestness, but significantly replied:

"You know my position here under Halleck?"

"I know all about that. But you stay right here. Halleck is going East pretty soon, and then things will straighten out here."

Grant mused a moment, and then ordered: "Put up the tents again; I 'll stay."

It is hardly more than twenty miles from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth. It took Halleck six weeks to come within striking distance of the enemy's outworks. Grant was driven nearly to desperation by the snail's pace of the splendid army which should have been his, and which he felt able to lead.

"I may be wrong," he said to his staff, "but I believe in an aggressive campaign. If I were in command I would push on and win."

For six weeks, in hesitating timidity, General Halleck held his immense host in check before a retreating foe. When the truth could be no longer concealed, he ordered an advance on Corinth, and found an empty city! The whole army smiled. "Old Brains" had been outfaced by wooden guns. Halleck concealed his stupefaction and chagrin by a brave show of orders and telegrams, but the truth could not be suppressed. The soldiers knew he had been fooled, and they did not hesitate to put their opinions in their home letters.

On the 10th of June he restored Grant, Buell, and Pope to their separate commands. Grant, seizing the opportunity to escape from his irksome position, asked to be allowed to make his headquarters in Memphis, which had fallen into Union hands upon the evacuation of Corinth. Halleck consented, and in such wise Grant "went into honorable retirement." He still continued to play second fiddle to Halleck, but was free from daily humiliation at the hands of headquarters supernumeraries. The people of Memphis recall his stay there with expressions of good

will. He ruled wisely and well, and in the midst of cotton speculators and measureless corruption he remained poor.

The shift which Sherman predicted took place. Lincoln, sorely disappointed with operations in the East, looked toward Halleck. Lee had forced McClellan back to the James River. There was a feeling of great insecurity at Washington, and on the 10th of July Halleck received an order to proceed to the capital. Thereupon he telegraphed Grant at Memphis: "You will immediately repair to this place and report to these headquarters."

Grant asked if he should bring his staff.

Halleck curtly replied, "You can do as you please, but Corinth will be your headquarters," and made no other explanation.

On the 12th he wired Stanton: "In leaving this department, shall I relinquish the command to next in rank, or will the President designate who is to be the commander?"

All this was quite open and candid, but he secretly offered the command of the department to Colonel Robert Allen, his quartermaster.

Colonel Allen was properly astonished, and declined, saying, "I have not rank."

Halleck replied: "That can easily be obtained."

Colonel Allen, with fine common sense, again declined to consider the matter, saying he doubted the expediency of such a step. "Identified as I am with enormous expenditures of my department, it is impracticable to relieve me at this time."

No doubt Grant would have served willingly under Allen, for he held him in high regard, and kept in memory his kindness to him when he was in want in San Francisco in 1854; but the Secretary of War ordered Halleck to turn the command over to the next in rank, and that ended the matter so far as Halleck was concerned.

Grant was once more in command of his department, but under discouraging conditions. Buell's army had

returned to Kentucky, and his own forces were heavily depleted. His name was no longer in men's mouths. All eyes were turned upon Buell's army, and upon Halleck and the Army of the Potomac. Grant was simply another general who had gone up like a rocket and had fallen a charred stick. He might be a useful man; he might do garrison duty; but he was no longer the man expected, the great commander. During July and August he could do nothing more than guard his lines. He held his command but insecurely, and felt that he might be removed at any moment. He was ordered to be in readiness to reinforce Buell, and had no freedom of action, though exposed at any time to an attack on his weakened lines.

This was a gloomy and anxious time, and the general's old habit threatened to seize upon him again. His nervous organization was such that inactivity and depression of spirits weakened him to the power of alcoholic stimulants. But his loyal wife came down and helped him bear his disappointment. Through weeks of weary waiting he endured in silence, watching Generals Price and Van Dorn, knowing well he had but inadequate movable force to send against an enemy. But when the enemy attacked in September, he fought skilfully, and won the battle of Iuka. A little later, seeing the Union army weakened still further by the transfer of General Thomas to Buell's command, General Van Dorn assaulted Corinth. Grant's headquarters were at Jackson, Tennessee, at this time, but he directed the battle, which was a marked and decisive defeat of the Confederates.

Again, at the first opportunity, he had cheered the nation with victories. Patriots began to recall that Grant was the victor of Donelson and Shiloh.

The Mississippi campaign began once more to seem important, and Halleck formally assigned to Grant the command of the department which he had been holding thus far by sufferance. Encouraged by this, Grant suggested a forward movement. With Sherman commanding his right wing, C. S. Hamilton (an old classmate) his center, and young James B. McPherson his left, he began

to push down the Mississippi Central Railway upon Oxford and Grenada, with design to meet and destroy the rebel army before it could retire into Vicksburg.

He was encouraged, but by no means at ease. In a letter to his sister, written early in December from Oxford, he said:

I have a big army in front of me [General Pemberton was in command], as well as bad roads. I shall probably give a good account of myself, notwithstanding all obstacles. My plans are all complete for weeks to come, and I hope to have them all work out just as planned. For a conscientious person, and I profess to be one, this is a most slavish life. I am envied by ambitious persons; but I, in turn, envy the person who can transact his daily business and retire to a quiet home without the feeling of responsibility for the morrow. Taking my whole department, there are an immense number of lives staked upon my judgment and acts. *I am extended now like a peninsula into an enemy's country, with a large army depending for their daily bread upon keeping open a line of railroad running* 190 *miles through an enemy's country*, or, at least, through a territory occupied by a people terribly embittered and hostile to us. With all this, I suffer the mortification of seeing myself attacked right and left by people at home professing patriotism and love of country who never heard the whistle of a hostile bullet. I pity them and the nation dependent on such for its existence. I am thankful, however, that, though such people make a great noise, the masses are not like them.

Among many other causes of worriment, he had General McClernand, who reappeared on the horizon at this time. He had secured a leave of absence, and had visited President Lincoln, appealing for permission to organize an independent command to proceed upon Vicksburg by way of the river. He had been restive under Grant's command from the beginning, and considered himself the man best entitled to command the Army of the Mississippi. He had ignored General Grant in every possible way, making reports to the War Department and to Lincoln. After the battle of Shiloh he began to plan for a special command. Through his influence with Lin-

coln, he had finally obtained a very curious "confidential" order, which read thus:

War Department, Washington City,
October 21, 1862.

Ordered that Major-General McClernand be, and he is, directed to proceed to the States of Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, to organize the troops remaining in those States, and to be raised by voluntary or by draft, and forward them with all despatch to Memphis or Cairo or such other points as may hereafter be designated by the general-in-chief, to the end that, when a sufficient force not required by the operations of General Grant's command shall be raised, an expedition may be organized, under General McClernand's command, against Vicksburg, and to clear the Mississippi River and open navigation to New Orleans.

The forces so organized will remain subject to the designation of the general-in-chief, and be employed according to such exigencies as the service, in his judgment, may require.

Edwin M. Stanton,
Secretary of War.

With this order (which he could not have closely read) McClernand went forth in exultation to raise an army for himself. As he understood it, this gave him a position equal, if not superior, to Grant, and he saw Napoleonic glory awaiting his destruction of Vicksburg. He was a splendid recruiting officer; that should be cheerfully admitted. He was in his element when making patriotic appeals for volunteers, and, to his high honor be it said, he raised an army of forty thousand men in an incredibly short time, and by the 1st of December was prepared to follow them and move upon Vicksburg.

Grant distrusted McClernand, and probably disliked him, though he had never given the other any personal cause of offense. Hearing of McClernand's projected movement (through a letter from Admiral Porter), Grant set out for Cairo to see Porter. He arrived just as the admiral was about to join in a banquet on the quartermaster's boat. No one recognized the general at first. He was dressed in citizen's clothes, and was travel-worn and grim of face.

He was hungry and tired, but refused a seat at the table. He called Porter aside, and asked abruptly: "What is all this about McClernand?"

Porter explained that he had seen Lincoln in Washington, and that Lincoln had said to him: "I have a greater general now than either Grant or Sherman. I have commissioned McClernand to raise an army and capture Vicksburg by way of the Mississippi."

Grant listened in perfect silence till he had the whole story; then he asked with imperative suddenness: "When can you move, and what force have you?"

The admiral named the strength of his flotilla, and said: "I can move to-morrow."

"Very well," said the general; "I will leave you now, and write at once to Sherman to have thirty thousand infantry and artillery embarked in transports, ready to start for Vicksburg the moment you get to Memphis. I will return to Holly Springs to-night, and will start with a large force for Grenada as soon as I can get off. General Joe Johnston is near Vicksburg with forty thousand men, besides the garrison of the place under General Pemberton. When Johnston hears I am marching on Grenada, he will come from Vicksburg to meet me and check my advance. I will hold him at Grenada while you and Sherman push down the Mississippi and make a landing somewhere near the Yazoo. The garrison at Vicksburg will be small, and Sherman will have no difficulty in getting inside the works. When that is done, I will force Johnston out of Grenada, and, as he falls back from Vicksburg, will follow him up with a superior force."

Thus in less than half an hour Grant unfolded his plan of campaign involving the transportation of more than one hundred thousand men. He refused to eat or drink or sleep, but started immediately upon his return.

All this has deep significance. Grant's department at this time extended only to the eastern bank of the Mississippi River. He had no command in Arkansas, while Vicksburg, the objective point, was in his department. In his mind, McClernand was not the proper man to lead an independent command in his department. It was neces-

sary, also, to save Sherman from subordination to a political general, and it was Grant's intention to move on Vicksburg in such wise that Sherman should have the honor of its capture before McClernand arrived.

As a matter of fact, the "confidential order" did not give an independent command. Its phrases were adroit. As the troops began to assemble at Memphis they were sent to Grant and to Sherman, without regard to orders from McClernand; and when he complained of this, Stanton informed him that the operations of his forces, being in General Grant's department, were under the general direction of that officer.

Grant returned at once to headquarters, and made preparations to carry out his part of the plan of an assault on Vicksburg. On the 18th of December he received important orders from Washington, and was ready to move. He was seated at headquarters, next day, when Colonel Dickey, an officer of the cavalry, rode up and reported. He had been sent out with express orders to watch a threatening force under command of General Van Dorn, and to never leave the Confederate flank for a single hour. He arrived covered with mud, and as soon as the general set eyes on him he knew something was wrong.

He rose abruptly, and without a word of greeting brusquely asked: "Where is Van Dorn?"

Dickey replied: "I left him at Pontotoc. He was moving northward with a strong force. The negroes said—"

Grant wheeled on his heel, sat down at his desk, and began writing orders with great swiftness, addressed to all his post commanders, bidding them be in readiness for attack, to call in all troops, and to make every effort to strengthen their posts. He was profoundly alarmed. He knew Van Dorn meant to strike some of his garrisons, and was especially uneasy about Holly Springs, which was his secondary base of supplies. Colonel Murphy was in command at Holly Springs, and the general distrusted him.

Colonel Murphy received the general's orders, but delayed putting them into effect that afternoon; and that

night the garrison at Holly Springs was captured and a million dollars' worth of stores destroyed. All communications were cut, and Grant's army was for several days isolated in the enemy's country, and was forced to live off of the products of the land. For all these considerations Grant was forced to fall back to Holly Springs without being able to carry out his plan of coöperation with Sherman.

This was his first retreat, and he felt deeply grieved and humiliated thereat. He had a peculiar superstition about retracing his steps, and to be forced out of position by a smaller force was a peculiar mortification. At that time he had no realization of the ease with which an army of thirty thousand men could subsist in an enemy's country, and it seemed impossible for him to follow out his original plan. These two weeks of foraging taught him a needed lesson. He was astonished at the ease with which the army fed itself.

Meanwhile Sherman, not knowing what had happened to his chief, had debarked at Chickasaw Bayou, just above Vicksburg, according to plan. After listening anxiously for the sound of Grant's cannon to the east, he determined to assault; and on the twenty-ninth day of December he made a desperate attempt to carry Chickasaw Bluffs. He failed, for the reason that Grant's retreat had enabled Pemberton to withdraw his forces from the railway and with them reinforce the troops at Chickasaw Bluffs. Sherman's men charged again and again, but fell back at last, with great loss of life.

McClernand, in the North, hearing of Sherman's expedition, cried out in hurried telegrams to Lincoln, saying, "I believe I am being superseded," and pushed rapidly for the front. He arrived at Sherman's headquarters the day after the assault on Chickasaw Bluffs, and at once took command, thus adding to Sherman's chagrin and humiliation.

At about this time General McPherson wrote to Grant, advising him to take command of the river expedition in person. "It is the great feature of the campaign," wrote the loyal young officer, "and its execution rightfully be-

longs to you." And Halleck, seeing that it was a matter of choice between a regular and a "mustang," set General Grant free of all fear of McClernand's interference by an order: "You are hereby authorized to relieve General McClernand from command of the expedition against Vicksburg, giving it to the next in rank, or taking it yourself."

Grant, distrusting McClernand, and wishing to save Sherman from further humiliation, and being influenced also by the letter of young General McPherson, replied: "I will take command in person."

CHAPTER XXX

GRANT CAPTURES VICKSBURG

BUT all these discussions and harassments had wasted the golden moments. From Donelson the army should have marched at once on Corinth and on down the valley upon Vicksburg before it could be reinforced or fortified. Halleck's delay before Shiloh, his six weeks' siege of the flags and wooden guns of Corinth, his long wait after its capture, the dispersion of the great army, his own recall to Washington, the smallness of Grant's command, the controversy with McClernand—all these things had held affairs in check, and had given the Southern leaders time to recover, and to reinforce and fortify Vicksburg, which was plainly the next great battle-point; and now a winter of enormous rains was upon the land, the troops were mainly raw and the army unorganized, and it was late in January before Grant was able to put himself personally upon the spot to see what could be done.

With his arrival began one of the most extraordinary beleaguerments in the history of warfare. There were two roads to Vicksburg, one by way of the railway, the other by way of the river. The river had been Grant's choice, but circumstances had forced a trial of the inland route. He had long perceived, as every thinking soldier had, that Vicksburg was the gate which shut the Mississippi. It was of enormous importance to the Confederacy. After Columbus and Memphis, it occupied the only point of high land close to the river-bank for hundreds of miles. At or near the city of Vicksburg, and extending

some miles to the south, a line of low hills of glacial drift jutted upon the river, making the site a natural fortress. Upon these heights heavy batteries were planted.

Another element of great strength was in the river, which in those days made a big graceful curve, in shape like an ox-bow, so that to run the batteries the Northern gunboats must pass twice within range, once on the outer curve, and again, at closer gunshot, on the inner bow. A third and final and more formidable condition than all aided to make the siege of the city hopeless. There was a prodigious freshet upon the land, and all the low-lying country, through which the river flows (at high water) as in a mighty aqueduct above the level of the farms, was flooded, and Grant's soldiers had no place to pitch their tents, save upon the narrow levees along the river's edge. No greater problem of warfare ever faced an American soldier.

Grant did not underestimate its difficulty. There were but two ways to attack—from the north, with the Yazoo River as base of action, or to get below the city and attack from the south. He sent an expedition at once to explore a passage to the Yazoo through the bayous of the eastern bank, and set himself to consider the problem of getting below by way of the west.

The difficulties in way of this plan were at the moment insurmountable. He could neither march his men down the western bank nor go in boats. If he should find passage for the army, and should reach a safe point below Vicksburg, he would still be on the western shore, and without means to ferry his troops, and without supplies; and to every suggestion about running the batteries with transports arose the picture of those miles of cannon hurling their shells upon the frail woodwork of the unprotected vessels.

He set about to find a way through the bayous to the west, and prodigious things were done in the way of cutting channels through the swamps and widening streams for the passage of gunboats. While this was going on he gave attention to a canal which he had found partly excavated upon his arrival. It had been planned by General Thomas

Williams, in the summer of 1862, and crossed the narrow neck of land just out of range of the cannon. It was expected to start a cut-off, which would soon deepen naturally into a broad stream through which the boats might pass. Grant, in a letter of the time, said: "I consider it of little practical use, if completed"; but he allowed the work to go on, thinking it better for the soldiers to be occupied. He had almost as little faith in the bayou route to the west. In reality he had settled upon the plan of marching his men overland as soon as the water subsided, and afterward to run the batteries with gunboats and transports. These weeks of waiting tested his marvelous patience sorely.

He was on trial again. The North, in its anxiety and peril, was fickle. As the weeks went by it began again to grumble, and finally to cry out. The mutter of criticism swelled to a roar as February and March went by. The soldiers were said to be dying like sheep in the trenches or useless canals. The cost of keeping such an army idle was constantly harped upon, and immense pressure was again brought to bear upon Lincoln to remove Grant from command. Disappointed tradesmen, jealous officers, copperheads, and non-combatants alike joined in the howl against him. McClernand wrote an impassioned letter to Governor Yates, asking him to join with the governors of Iowa and Indiana in demanding a competent commander—himself, for example.

Many of Grant's friends deserted him and added their voices to the clamor of criticism. Those who had shouted largest professions after Donelson and Shiloh now hastened to apologize, like Peter, declaring they had never lifted up their caps for him.

In an interview, Lincoln said: "Even Washburne has deserted Grant." And at last Lincoln himself became so doubtful of Grant's character and ability that he consented to allow the Secretary of War to send Charles A. Dana (formerly a writer on the "Tribune," and a friend of the Secretary of War) to the front, to report the condition of the army, and to study the relations between Grant and McClernand; and later General Lorenzo Thomas

arrived at Commodore Porter's headquarters with an order relieving Grant, if he should find it necessary. Porter told General Thomas that if the news got out the "boys" would tar and feather him, and for various reasons the order never saw the light.

Halleck, however, stood manfully by Grant (as the official records show), making no complaints; to the contrary, he wrote very stimulating letters.

> The eyes and hopes of the whole country are now directed to your army. In my opinion, the opening of the Mississippi River will be more advantage to us than the capturing of forty Richmonds. We shall omit nothing which we can do to assist you.

Grant betrayed his anxiety, but he did not express doubt or irritation. He knew he could do the work. He never boasted, never asked favors, and never answered charges. When he communicated with Lincoln or Stanton, it was officially.

The attempt by way of the Yazoo was a complete failure, and the passage to the west by way of Lake Providence was also a failure, while the ceaseless rains and floods still prevented any successful venture in the way of crossing the land on the west side of the river. The canal, too, was a failure—not because it started wrong,—that is to say, in an eddy,—but because the river was higher than the land, and the water spread out over the low ground and had no cutting power. There was nothing to do but wait for the waters to subside.

His plan was now mature. As soon as the roads emerged from the water he intended to run the batteries with gunboats and transports, marching his troops across the land meanwhile to a point below Vicksburg, and there, by means of the boats, transport a division across the river, and storm Grand Gulf, the enemy's first outpost to the south. Thence, after coöperating with Banks in the capture of Port Hudson, it was his purpose to swing by a mighty half-wheel to the rear of Vicksburg, cutting off supplies from central Mississippi, and capturing General Pemberton's army.

He had all to gain and little to lose in this bold plan, which he first mentioned to Porter and Sherman. Porter agreed, and was ready to move; so, indeed, was McClernand; but the audacity of the campaign alarmed the other officers. Sherman did not believe in it, and suggested other plans. The boats would not live a minute under the guns, he said; and when they were below, what then? They would be cut off from supplies and reinforcements. He finally sent a letter with a counter-suggestion to Grant, asking him to read it carefully. Partly because of Sherman's skepticism, and partly out of regard for McClernand's superb work in raising recruits, Grant gave to McClernand augmented command, and sent him in advance by way of a levee which ran from Milliken's Bend to Carthage. Mr. Dana uttered a protest against this, and was supported in his objection by Admiral Porter and by nearly all the officers of the army and navy, for there seemed to be general lack of confidence in the "political general." But Grant was firm in his desire to allow McClernand as much of command as he safely could. Porter states that at a meeting of the officers on board his flag-ship, the night before his attempt to run the batteries, all the officers argued against it. Grant listened for the last time to all they had to say, then said: "I remain of the same mind. Be prepared to move."

The running of the batteries took place on the 16th of April, and was one of the most dramatic and splendid actions of the war. The night was dark and perfectly still when brave Admiral Porter, on his flag-ship *Benton*, dropped soundlessly into the current. Each boat was protected as well as possible by bales of cotton, and had no lights except small guiding lamps astern. The other boats were ordered to follow at intervals of twenty minutes. Grant and his staff occupied a transport anchored in the middle of the river as far down as it was safe to go.

For a little time the silence of the beautiful night remained unbroken. The hush was painful in its foreboding intensity. Along the four miles of battery-planted heights there was no sound or light to indicate the wakefulness of

the gunners; but they were awake! Suddenly a flame broke from one of the lower batteries; a watch-dog cannon had sounded the warning. Then a rocket rose in the air with a shriek. The alarm was taken up, and each grim monster had his word; and from end to end of the line of hills, successive rosy flashes broke, and roar joined roar. Flames leaped forth; bonfires flared aloft to light the river and betray the enemy to the gunners. Then the gunboats awoke, and from their sullenly silent hulks answering lightnings streamed upward, and the whole fleet became visible to the awed army and to the terrified city. The long-expected had happened: Grant was making his final attempt on Vicksburg.

The sky above the city was red with the glare of flaming buildings on the hills, and burning boats and bales of cotton on the river, and the thunder of guns was incessant. It seemed as though every transport would be sunk beneath the tempest of falling shot.

But the tumult died out at last. The gunboats swept on out of reach. The flames on the land sank to smoldering coals, the stillness and peace of an April night again settled over the river, and the frogs began timidly to trill once more in the marshes.

Porter's gunboats, almost uninjured, were now below Vicksburg. Grant's mighty host of footmen was ready to follow.

On the 20th of April, having been over the route in person, Grant issued orders for his army to move. These orders hinted of great things. "Troops will be required to bivouac. One tent only will be allowed each company, one wall-tent to each brigade headquarters, and one to each division headquarters. As fast as the Thirteenth Army-Corps advances the Seventeenth Army-Corps will take its place, and it, in turn, will be followed in like manner by the Fifteenth Army-Corps. Commanders are authorized and empowered to collect all beef, cattle, corn, and other necessary supplies in the line of march; but wanton destruction of property, taking of articles useless for military purposes, insulting citizens, going into and searching houses without proper orders from division com-

manders, are positively prohibited. All such irregularities must be summarily punished."

And so, with cheers of elation, with renewed confidence in the "old commander," the army began to stretch and stream away in endless procession along the narrow and slippery roads on the levee-top. McPherson's troops followed, and Sherman kept the rear. The point of assault was Grand Gulf, the enemy's outpost to the south of Vicksburg. McClernand's corps moved first.

Grant himself took no personal baggage, not even a valise, and the army soon found this out. The new men did not need to be told that this was no parade soldier who led them. He had no attendants, no imported delicacies, no special accommodations. He was spattered with mud, grizzled of beard, and wherever he went the "boys" felt a twinge of singular emotion. They had admired him before; they began to love him now, and he became the "old man" to them. And yet, he was as unostentatious of his *camaraderie* as he was of his command. He was his simple self in all this. He meant business, and spared himself not at all, and neglected no detail.*

The attack on Grand Gulf failed, and Grant, ordering Porter to run the batteries of Grand Gulf, moved on down the river, and landed at a point called De Schroon's, just above Bruinsburg, being led to do so by information from a negro that a good road led inland to Port Gibson and Jackson from that point. Meanwhile, to keep Pemberton

* "While I was standing by the pontoon-bridge, watching the boys cross the bayou, I heard some one cheering, and, looking around, saw an officer on horseback in a major-general's uniform. He dismounted and came over to the spot where I was standing. I did not know his face, but something told me it was Grant. He stood solid, erect, with square features, thin closed lips, brown hair, brown beard, both cut short and neat. He weighed apparently about one hundred and fifty pounds. He looked larger than Napoleon, and not so dumpy. He looked like a man in earnest. I heard him say: 'Men, push right along; close up fast, and hurry over.' Two or three men mounted on mules attempted to wedge pass the soldiers on the bridge. Grant noticed it, and quietly said: 'Lieutenant, send those men to the rear.' There was no posturing for effect, no nonsense, no sentiment, no pointing to the pyramids, no calling the centuries to witness; only a plain business man, filled with the single purpose of getting that command across the river in the shortest time possible."—S. H. Byers.

occupied with things above, Sherman had been ordered to make a great show of attack on Vicksburg itself, and then suddenly to silence his guns and hasten to join the forces below.

On the morning of the 30th of April, McClernand's troops and part of McPherson's command were landed on the east bank of the river below Vicksburg, and Grant's spirits rose. "I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equaled since." And yet, one would say the outlook was not reassuring. He was "in the enemy's country, with a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between him and his base of supplies." He had two armies to fight, one intrenched at Vicksburg, the other at Jackson, less than four days' march to the east, with the whole of the Confederacy back of it. But he was again on dry ground, out of the terrible swamps and bayous of the flat country; so much was gained.

He hurried McClernand forward toward Port Gibson, to prevent the destruction of an important bridge. Parts of McPherson's command arrived, but still the invading army was small, less than twenty thousand men, with no pack-train, and with only two days' rations. On the second day the enemy was met in force, but defeated. Reinforcements kept arriving, and the chief was buoyant of spirits, although for five days he had been on short rations and had not removed his clothing to sleep. Grand Gulf, being uncovered by the battle of Port Gibson, was evacuated, and on May 3 Grant rode into the fortress, finding Porter before it with his fleet of gunboats.

Grant now heard from General Banks, who was in command on the Lower Mississippi, and could not assist; and abandoning all idea of coöperation with him, he cut loose from Grand Gulf and the river, and moved into the interior, determined to get between Vicksburg and its supplies, and to isolate it from the Confederacy. "I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more," he wrote to Halleck, "except as it becomes necessary to send a train with heavy escort. You may not hear from me for several days."

Again, as at Donelson, he put himself out of reach of

U. S. Grant, age 41 years.

Taken in 1863, before Vicksburg. From a defective negative.

the department's meddling. He assumed all responsibility for this tremendous venture. To fail would make him the most bitterly execrated man in the nation; to win would open the Mississippi and give the whole Southwest to the Union. Others blustered, projected, doubted, grew vainglorious. Grant took upon himself this enormous responsibility without change of manner. He rode among his legions, as simple in manner as any private soldier. "The expression of his face was stern and care-worn, but determined," says one who saw him.

He rode a borrowed horse. He had no camp-chest, no change of clothing, and no tent. Here his splendid constitution stood him in good stead. His plain and rigorous boyhood, his training at West Point, his roughing it in Mexico and on the coast, his farm life, all enabled him to endure hardship which would have broken down many young men, to say nothing of the enormous strain of responsibility and direction. He could wrap himself in a blanket and sleep beneath a tree, or, if it rained, he could bow his head to the pelting drops, and sit as patiently as an Indian, waiting for daylight. As for meals, he took them when and where he found them. Such a commander could not fail to inspire the deepest feelings of respect and confidence in his men, although he was "plain as an old stove." It was hard for new troops to believe that the low-voiced man in the blouse and straw hat was the one center of all direction and command of this mighty force. "His horse, however, was always in full uniform. That was due to the orderly, no doubt."

The next day after leaving Grand Gulf he learned, through Colonel Wilson, and Rawlins, his chief of staff, that the forces defeated by McPherson had fallen back, not toward Vicksburg, but toward Jackson. He instantly surmised that a considerable army was concentrating in that direction. "Simply asking one or two questions, and without rising from his chair, he wrote orders which turned his entire army toward Jackson."

Then, mounting his horse, he set his command in motion, sweeping resistlessly into the interior. This moment when he turned his army toward Jackson is one

of the greatest in his career. It showed the decision, boldness, and intrepidity of the man beyond dispute. Everything gave way before him, and while pigs, cattle, chickens, mules, forage, and other good things were caught and carried forward by the vacuum in the wake of his march, there was little pillaging and no burning. He was a humane invader. Perhaps in all this he was working out suggestions gained by his observance of Scott when he cut loose from Vera Cruz and started toward the mysterious interior of Mexico.

Jackson was carried on the 14th. The Union flag was raised on the state-house, and Grant slept in the same room that the Confederate chief occupied the night before.

General Johnston sent a despatch to Pemberton, which fell into Grant's hands, though he did not need it to tell him what to do. He hastened the movement of McClernand and McPherson toward Vicksburg, to head off Johnston's attempt to join Pemberton, and to meet the Confederate troops. The armies met in a savage battle at Champion's Hill, and Pemberton was forced to retire, after four hours' hard fighting.*

He rapidly retreated to the Big Black River, where he made another feeble stand, and then withdrew into Vicksburg, leaving the victorious army of Grant between him-

* "The next time I saw him was under fire at Champion Hills. We were standing two files deep, bearing as patiently as we could a heavy and steady fire from infantry, while an occasional cannon-ball tore up the earth in our front.

"'Colonel, move your men a little by the left flank,' said a quiet though commanding voice. On looking around I saw Grant immediately behind us. He was mounted on a beautiful gray mare, and followed by several of his staff. For some reason he dismounted, and most of his officers were sent to other parts of the field. Here was Grant under fire. He stood leaning quietly against his horse, smoking the stump of a cigar. His was the only horse near the line, and must naturally have attracted the enemy's fire. 'What if he should be killed?' I thought to myself. In front of us was an enemy, behind us and about us, and liable to overcome and crush us at any moment. For days we had been away from our base of supplies and marching inside the enemy's lines. What if Grant should be killed? I am sure every one who saw him wished him away; but there he was, and there he remained, clear, calm, and immovable, with no sign of inward movement upon his features. It was the same cool, calculating face that I had seen at the bridge, the same careful, half-cynical face I afterward saw busied with the affairs of state."—S. H. Byers.

self and Johnston. The game was in the bag, and Grant smiled in grim fashion, and closed around the city. This was on the nineteenth day of May. He had been on the road one month.

On this day Sherman, with Grant by his side, stood on Haines's Bluff and looked down on the very spot whence his baffled army had fallen back months before. He turned to Grant, saying: "General, up to this minute I had no positive assurance of success. This," he said, "is the end of one of the greatest campaigns in history." Grant was deeply gratified, but he was not one to anticipate victory.

On the 19th of May, immediately after crossing the Big Black, Grant ordered a preliminary assault which set the two armies face to face. On the 22d he ordered a grand assault. This order was a result of news of Johnston's advance. He was but fifty miles away, with a large army. To assault and win would set free a large force sufficient to defeat, and possibly capture, Johnston. Moreover, the officers and men were eager for a chance to "walk into Vicksburg." They believed they could storm and carry the works in an hour. So Grant gave the word, and the 22d of May will forever remain memorable as a day of terrible slaughter.

The enemy occupied a series of sharp ridges in a vast semicircle about two miles from the city, and, to assault the Federals, were obliged to descend into hollows and charge up the steep hillsides through canebrake meshed with fallen trees, in the face of appalling fire. The men charged with exalted bravery up to the bases of the parapets, and in some cases were forced to lie there all day to avoid the enemy's guns. As night fell the army fell back without having carried a single redoubt. It was a wasting and disastrous assault, but it had this virtue: it convinced the soldiers that Vicksburg was to be taken only by determined siege, and made them patient of what followed.

Grant now called upon his engineers to see what they could do.

"The soil lent itself to the most elaborate trenching. It

was a huge deposit of glacial drift, and could be cut like cheese. Grant personally supervised this work every day, and his questions were always shrewd and pat. He went ahead alone, quietly and keenly studying every detail of the work." He was impatient of delay, but he showed it only in this careful study of progress from day to day.

Suddenly the army disappeared. It sank beneath the earth, and, like some monstrous subterranean monster, ate its way inexorably toward the enemy's lines, as Worth's little band approached the Central Plaza of Monterey through the adobe walls of its gardens.

The digging of trenches and the exploding of mines, great as they were, are now seen to have been only incidents in the besieging process under Grant's persistent command. He not only held Johnston at bay, but never halted in his inexorable advance. Foot by foot, the army closed round the doomed city like the torture-room of the Inquisition, whose walls contracted with every tick of the clock.

On foot, dusty, and in plain clothes, with head drooping in thought, but with quick eyes seeing all that went on, the "old man" walked the ditches or stood upon the hills studying the situation, careless—criminally careless—of his person. The soldiers hardly discovered who he was before he was gone. He invited no cheers or salutes, but when they came he returned them instantly, no matter how humble the source.

In this period, when success seemed sure, claimants for the honor of originating the plan of the campaign arose, and the discussion raged endlessly. Men who had been glad to shift responsibility when the issue was in doubt now hastened to let the world know that it was their own plan. Grant never changed; as he had attempted no shift of responsibility, so now he troubled himself very little about the claims of others. He had done a better thing than originate the plan of campaign: he had executed it.

By the 1st of July the two armies were within pitch-and-toss distance of each other. A mighty host had turned moles. By day all was solitary. The heaps of red earth alone gave indication of activity. No living

thing moved over the battle-ground; yet fifty thousand men were there, ready to rise and fly at each other at a word from the "old commander." At night low words, ghostly whispers, and subdued noises ran up and down the advance-lines, as the blue-coated sappers and miners pushed forward some trench, or some weary, thirsty file in a rifle-pit gave place to a relief. Occasionally out of the blank darkness a rebel gun would crack, to be answered by a score of Union rifles aimed at the rosy flash. A feeling grew in each army that the end was near.

Humorous conversations took place on picket-line:

"Hello, Yank!"

"Hello, Reb!"

"What you-uns doin' out there?"

"Guarding thirty thousand o' you prisoners, and makin' you board yourselves."

"When you-uns goin' to take Vicksburg?"

"About the 4th of July. We want to celebrate and lick you fellers all the same day."

On the night of the 2d the word was passed around that a final assault was to be made on the Fourth. The batteries were to open with a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the day, and continue till further orders. The advance-guard was told to let the enemy know this. A yell went up which attracted the enemy's attention.

"Hello, Yank; what 's up?"

"We 're goin' to give you hell on the Fourth—orders just in. We 're goin' to pile right in on top o' ye."

"What 'll we be doin' all the while?"

"Gasping for breath. Say your prayers, Johnny!"

This order produced vast excitement within the lines. The news went to Pemberton. He knew his men could not stand an assault such as Grant could now make. His lines were pierced in a score of places. He was out of food, out of ammunition. His men were lean, weary, and dispirited. He despaired of any help from Johnston.

On the morning of the 3d of July a white flag appeared on the Confederate works. Again a Southern general asked for commissioners to arrange terms of surrender.

Again Grant replied: "I have no terms other than unconditional surrender," but added that the brave men within the works would be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

General Bowen, the blindfold messenger of peace, asked Grant to meet General Pemberton between the lines; and supposing this to be General Pemberton's wish, he consented, and at mid-afternoon a wondrous scene took place. At about 3 P. M. General Grant rode forward to the extreme Union trenches, dismounted, and walked calmly and slowly toward the center of the lines. At about the same time General Pemberton left his lines, and, accompanied by General Bowen and several of his staff, advanced to meet Grant.

Then from the hitherto silent, motionless, ridged, and ravaged hills grimy heads and dusty shoulders rose, till every embankment bristled with bayonets. It was as if, at some unheard signal, an army of gnomes had suddenly risen from their secret runways. The underground suddenly became of the open air. The inexorable burrowing of the Northern army ceased.

A shiver of excitement ran over the men of both sides, and all eyes were fixed upon that fateful figure advancing toward the enemy, unexcitedly, with bent head, treading the ground so long traversed only by the wing of the bullet and the shadow of the shell. What he felt could not be divined by any action of his. His visage was never more inscrutable in its stern, calm lines.

The man who advanced to meet him was an old comrade in arms—the same Pemberton, indeed, who had conveyed to Lieutenant Grant, at San Cosme gate, the compliments of General Worth. He came to this conference laboring under profound excitement; but Grant was easy in manner, and greeted him as an old acquaintance, but waited for him to begin. There was an awkward silence. Grant waited insistently, for his understanding was that Pemberton stood ready to make the first advance. Pemberton at last began arrogantly:

"General Grant, I was present at the surrender of many fortresses in Mexico, and in all cases the enemy granted

terms and conditions. I think my army as much entitled to these favors as a foreign foe."

"All the terms I have are stated in my letter of this morning," Grant replied.

Pemberton drew himself stiffly erect. "Then the conference may as well terminate, and hostilities begin."

"Very well," replied Grant. "My army was never in better condition to prosecute the siege."

Pemberton's eyes flashed. "You 'll bury a good many more men before you get into Vicksburg."

This seemed to end the meeting; but General Bowen intervened, urging a further conference; and while he and General A. J. Smith conversed, Grant and Pemberton also moved aside, and sat down on a bank under a low oak-tree. Pemberton was trembling with emotion, but Grant sat with bent head, one hand idly pulling up grass-blades. Suddenly the boom of cannon began again from the gunboats.

Grant's face showed concern for the first time. He rose.

"This is a mistake. I will send to Admiral Porter and have that stopped."

"Oh, never mind; let it go on," said Pemberton, contemptuously. "It won't hurt anybody. The gunboats never hurt anybody."

"I 'll go home and write out the terms," Grant finally said, as he rose to go.

The terms were exceedingly fair. Pemberton was to give possession at 8 A. M., July 4; "and as soon as rolls are made out and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property." Perhaps Grant was moved to these generous terms by the recollection of Scott's treatment of Santa Aña's troops at Cerro Gordo. At any rate, they were criticized as being absurdly lenient.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July the ragged, emaciated soldiers who had defended Vicks-

burg so stanchly "marched out of their intrenchments. With sad faces, the men of each regiment stacked their arms, threw down upon them knapsacks, belts, cartridges, and cap-pouches, and then tenderly crowned the piles with their faded and riddled colors." Their stained clothing contrasted mournfully with the blue of the Union troops. For forty days they had lain in the pits, eating the scantiest fare, and to many of them it was a welcome relief to throw down their muskets. For two hours this movement went on, with no derisive cry or gesture on the part of the victors. They knew the quality of these lean and tattered men, who were mistaken, but who were fighters.

The victor allowed himself no indulgences. He was sleeplessly active. He had no thought of resting or going into summer quarters. He put McPherson in command of Vicksburg. He sent Sherman after Johnston the moment Pemberton capitulated. He despatched a messenger to Banks, asking his needs. He forwarded the Ninth Army-Corps to Bear Creek, to be ready to reinforce Sherman if it were necessary, and, providing for their return and movement to Kentucky, he ordered the boats to be in readiness to transport the troops. He ordered Herron's division to be in readiness to reinforce Banks. He brought all the remaining troops within the rebel lines, and gave orders to obliterate the works which the Union army had toiled so long to fashion, and sent his engineers to determine upon a shorter line, if possible, in order that the garrison should be small. He advised Logan that as soon as the rebel prisoners were out of the way he intended to send him to the Tensas to clear out the Confederate troops there. And in the midst of this multiplex activity he asked Mr. Dana to inquire of General Halleck whether he intended him to follow his own judgment in future movements, or coöperate in some particular scheme of operations.

His army was now let loose for other campaigns, and this the Southern leaders thoroughly understood. The fall of Vicksburg was a disaster. The march of Grant's army foreboded the downfall of the Confederacy.

In all the correspondence of this strange conqueror

there is scarcely a single word of exultation, not a second allusion to victory, even to his wife. He fought battles and won victories in the design of moving to other battles and other victories. His plan was to whip the enemy and win a lasting peace.

The Vicksburg campaign had the audacity of the common sense in opposition to the traditional. What the military authorities had settled he could not do he did swiftly, with astounding despatch, accuracy, and coherence of design. He kept his own counsel,—a greater feat than the other,—and it added to the mystery of his movements and the certainty of his results.

He shrank from no necessary hardship. He was not a student of books, but of life. He had acquired his wisdom by experience. He had packed mules in Mexico, and bound grain under the August sun of Missouri, and hewn logs for his own cabin. He knew what men could endure, and how much feed a horse required for a day's march. His constitution and training enabled him to defy fevers, to eat hardtack, and to sleep where night overtook him, without vexation or complaint. Pestilence and the sea and the poisonous things of the forest, as well as the cannon of the enemy, he had faced with calm intrepidity. It seemed as if all things stood aside to see him pass on to his larger life as a great commander. Belmont, Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg—all these were behind him, and he had no scar. He would not have been human had not some feeling of foreordination assumed possession of him.

The Vicksburg campaign brought to him a full knowledge of his power to command men. He became convinced of his ability to do whatever his country demanded of him. All that he was before Vicksburg he had been when he drove teams in Gravois, but his powers were latent. Circumstances gave him little, but they developed him.

The Vicksburg campaign makes a natural division in his career. He was now forty-one years of age, and at his fullest powers of command and endurance. He had reached the place where he now stood—in the light of national fame,

holding the full confidence of the government—without money, without political influence, after years of hardship, disappointment, and privation. Now all opposition was silenced, and his detractors were overborne. He had placed himself among the great generals of the world, and the nation waited to see what the conqueror of Vicksburg would do next. On the 12th of October he received an order making him the commander-in-chief of the entire Western army, from the Cumberland Mountains to the Brazos. This placed him in command of two hundred thousand men.

CHAPTER XXXI

GRANT RESCUES CHATTANOOGA

WHEN the order came from the War Department asking Grant to proceed to Cairo, he was a cripple. In returning from a review of General Banks's troops at Carrollton, near New Orleans, the horse which he rode became frightened at an engine, and shied and fell, throwing the general with great violence to the ground. He was unconscious for some time, and was housed two weeks in New Orleans before he became strong enough to return to Vicksburg. He was still on crutches, and pale and thin, when he met Secretary Stanton at Louisville, and accepted the momentous command of all the Western armies.

It was Sunday night when he issued his orders taking command, and telegraphed General Thomas to hold Chattanooga at all hazards. Thomas valiantly replied: "I will hold the town till we starve!"

In the words of General Thomas lay a hint of the already desperate situation of the Army of the Cumberland. General Grant, eminent practitioner, had been called to a severe case—a well-nigh hopeless case. The diagnosis of Commander-in-Chief Halleck shows this:

"When General Buell was ordered into East Tennessee, in the summer of 1862, Chattanooga was comparatively unprotected; but Bragg reached there before Buell, and, by threatening his communications, forced him to retreat on Nashville and Louisville. Again, after the battle of Perryville, General Buell was urged by the War Department to pursue Bragg's defeated army and drive it out of East Tennessee. Later, when Grant's campaign move-

ments on the Mississippi had drawn out of Tennessee a large force of the enemy, General Rosecrans was again urged to take advantage of the opportunity; but he could not be persuaded to act in time."

General Burnside at Knoxville had failed to coöperate with Rosecrans, though urged to do so several times by General Halleck. The final result of all this had been a desolating battle at Chickamauga, near Chattanooga, the practical weakening and downfall of Rosecrans, and the narrowly averted destruction of his whole army. Thomas had held the rebel forces at bay, standing like a rock in the swash of a sudden flood of retreating men, wherefore he was called the "Rock of Chickamauga." The army was practically defeated and beleaguered in its camps.

When General Grant took command, the Union forces held Chattanooga and but little else south of the river, and the confident enemy was within rifle distance; indeed, the pickets of the two armies conversed across the intervening space. The Confederates occupied Missionary Ridge, a long, low hill to the east and south, and also Lookout Mountain, a bold height which almost overlooked the town; the gray men blocked every line of communication except one long, hilly, muddy, and well-nigh impassable road; and, finally, they stood between Rosecrans and General Burnside's army at Knoxville. Coöperation was impossible. The army was on short rations, and the horses and mules were dying of starvation. The sick and wounded soldiers suffered for the necessaries of life. To procure fire-wood it was necessary to skirmish daily with the enemy's sharp-shooters. The trip of commissary wagons, because of weakened animals and sloughs of red mud, took weeks to accomplish, and the provisions spoiled on the way. Rosecrans and Thomas had both been hauling all their provisions over this road under such conditions. The army was practically at a standstill, and wasting away slowly but steadily.

Being in possession of the main facts, General Grant telegraphed Thomas from Nashville: "I will leave here in the morning, and push through to Chattanooga as soon as possible. Should not large working parties be put upon

Longstreet.

Sherman.

Burnside.

Pope.

Hancock.

Thomas.

McClellan.

Rosecrans.

Distinguished Generals who were fellow-cadets of Grant at West Point.

From the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

the road between Bridgeport and Chattanooga at once? General Meigs suggests this, and also that depots of forage be established on each side of the mountain." He began to telegraph for information from Thomas and Burnside, and to make further suggestions, and took the train toward Chattanooga. The railway ran only to Bridgeport.

From Bridgeport the general attempted to ride in an ambulance; but the pitching and tossing wrenched his bruised and inflamed side, and he took to his horse. The rain fell in floods, and the roads were well-nigh impassable, but he pushed grimly forward. "Soldiers bore him in their arms over the roughest places. At every telegraph-station he despatched instructions to distant subordinates, comprehending as if by intuition the condition and needs of his scattered forces. He inspired every subordinate with his own zeal and vigor."

Had he been well, this ride through mud and rain would not have distracted his thought. As it was, he uttered no word of complaint; he was impatient only of the slowness of the passage.

It was a sinister ride. The rain slashed over the landscape drearily. The road was full of deep pitfalls of mud and water, and to the general's searching eyes every rod was filled with indications of the sore straits of the army. It was like the way to some strange, cruel, desolate hell, for all along it lay the gaunt and horrible carcasses of animals killed by overwork and starvation. Mere racks of bones, they had staggered faithfully on till life fled, and then had been tumbled off the road to rot. If the artillery-horses were as poor and weak, cannon could not be moved. It is no marvel that the general said: "If a retreat had occurred at that time, it is not probable that any of the army would have reached the railroad as an organized body, if followed by the enemy." With firm-set lips he rode on, his body racked with pain, and with these gloomy evidences of defeat on every hand. He arrived at Chattanooga on the night of the 23d, and went at once to General Thomas's headquarters.

General Thomas received him formally and coldly, but gave him a seat against the blazing fire in the wide old

fireplace. There was little said on either side. Thomas was the older man, but the subordinate officer. He shared the feeling of the old regulars against Grant. He had practically refused the command of the Army of the Cumberland after Rosecrans's removal, and undoubtedly considered himself a logical candidate for the position of commander in the West, which, indeed, he was. He was a splendid soldier, an honorable gentleman, and a man of great powers; but he kept a sour silence while his lame, wet, tired, and hungry commander-in-chief sat dripping upon his hearthstone.

Colonel J. H. Wilson, Grant's inspector-general, had started with him from Bridgeport, but had taken another road. When he arrived he found Grant and Thomas sitting gloomily by the fire, neither saying a word. There was a puddle of water where Grant sat, and he looked thin and pale, but grim and reserved.

"General Thomas," said Wilson, "can't you get General Grant some dry clothing?"

The old general started up. "Why, bless me, yes; why, of course. Willard," he said to his colored man, "send for some dry clothes for General Grant." He then resumed his seat. Grant remained perfectly silent.

Wilson spoke again: "General Thomas, General Grant is hungry. Can't we have something to eat?"

Again the old general started up. "Why, certainly; of course; we are to have some supper presently."

This curious discourtesy on the part of General Thomas was not lost on General Grant, though he said nothing concerning it, either then or afterward. He put aside the dry clothing, but ate the food, keeping his own counsel.

The next morning he was astir to study the situation. He found the enemy in fortified positions on every height to the east, south, and southwest. They not only occupied Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, but a hill called Orchard Knob, which rose out of the valley scarcely out of gunshot of the town. Practically the Army of the Cumberland was besieged. In company with General Thomas and his own staff, Grant passed down the river to

the southwest, in order to understand the plans which General Thomas's engineers had originated but had not executed. In a short time the commander-in-chief was in possession of all the facts in the case, and ready to set his subordinates at work.

The army felt his presence instantly. He had no hesitations. Rightly or wrongly, he went to work. Things began to move, as they always did when he came near. He found excellent plans for the relief of the army sketched out by Thomas and Rosecrans. He gave due credit for the plans, and proceeded to execute them, wondering why plans so good had not been carried out before. He ordered all animals that could be spared to be driven back to forage. He started a division of troops to seize Rankin's Ferry, to enable General Hooker to "possess a road to Mountain Creek which gave water communication to within a few miles of Chattanooga."

He sent a message in all haste to Sherman, whom he had made the commander of the Department of the Tennessee, and who was at Corinth: "Drop everything east of Bear Creek, and move with your entire force toward Stevenson until you receive further orders." He gave commands for transportation to enable Hooker to concentrate his forces at Bridgeport, and three days after his arrival he wrote to Halleck:

I arrived here on the night of the 23d, after a ride on horseback of fifty miles from Bridgeport over the worst roads it is possible to conceive of, and through a continuous drenching rain. It is now clear, and so long as it continues so it is barely possible to supply this army from its present base; but when winter rains set in it will be impossible. To guard against the possible contingency of having to abandon Chattanooga for want of supplies, every precaution is being taken. The fortifications are being pushed to completion, and, when done, a large part of the troops could be removed back near to their supplies. The troops at Bridgeport are engaged on the railroad to Jasper, and can finish it in about two weeks. . . . General Thomas had also set on foot, before my arrival, a plan for getting possession of the river from a point below Lookout Mountain. If successful, and I think it will be, the question of supplies will be fully settled.

Sherman, in Corinth, dropped everything, according to order, and began to move across country, working night and day on bridges, making all possible haste to join his chief. He knew great deeds were impending. Where Grant went, things moved. The troops around Chattanooga also changed their attitude from dogged endurance to an expectant and tense activity. They had with them the man who had captured Vicksburg, and while many of the officers and some of the men still carried the feeling of jealousy born at Shiloh, the great body of the army welcomed his command. He came and went swiftly, silently, and with the air of a civilian on a tour of inspection. He seemed entirely unconscious that any one was looking at him, and apparently did not expect or welcome applauding cheers.

He had established his headquarters "in a pleasant dwelling on a little bluff overlooking the river and the main street. For ten days he lived on hardtack, coffee, desiccated vegetables, and salt meat." Not a very attractive diet for a sick man! But he could not complain when his soldiers were parching corn purloined from the rations of mules. But this condition did not last. Under his resolute action, the river was reclaimed from the enemy, and the "cracker line" was once more open. It had taken him less than ten days. The army cheered and chuckled with delight. The feeling of resentment against him as an interloper lingered only among the more bitterly partizan of the officers. It could not be denied but that the situation was changing under his active influence.

His activity was unceasing. He had an eye to transportation, to horseshoes for cavalry, and to forage for the mules. He gave suggestions concerning casemating gunboats, and for forwarding saddles, rations, steamers, and locomotives. He personally supervised the fortifications, and wrote most of his orders with his own hand. At one o'clock at night a colonel, working in the light of covered fires to lay a pontoon-bridge, heard the patter of a swift horse's feet, and a man rode up, asked a few questions, and rode away, giving no hint of his rank; but the colonel saw his face as he passed through a ray of light from a blanketed fire: it

was General Grant. Signal-officers, spies, deserters, were carefully interrogated, and the army was held ready for action at any moment.

In ten days after the cracker line was opened the men were strong, the horses were nearly able to move the artillery, and the general was waiting for Sherman before beginning his aggressive campaign. Sherman's men were performing prodigious things in way of bridge-building and road-making; but the rivers were all swollen, and the highways bottomless in mud. They pushed on, working night and day.

General Grant had not only Chattanooga to look after: he commanded two hundred thousand men over a thousand miles of territory. Burnside was in Knoxville, and in sore distress. He, too, was beleaguered by the enemy, and in need of supplies. Having opened up full communications for Thomas's Army, Grant was ready "to force the enemy back from his position, and make Burnside secure in his command." He was ready to attack the northern end of Missionary Ridge on the 7th, but Thomas reported the movement impossible by reason of the weakness and small number of his teams. Artillery could not be moved.

Grant wired Burnside: "Can you hold the line for seven days? If so, I think the whole Tennessee Valley can be secured from all present danger." He was longing for Sherman, with his well-fed teams and his hardy and veteran troops.

At last, on the 20th, Sherman, in advance of his troops, grizzled, gaunt, keen-eyed, and martial, met his chief; and in the clasp of their hands the Confederate army had cause to fear. Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and Grant were there, and such leadership predicted great movements.

Sherman, writing a friendly letter to McPherson on that day, says:

> I have been up to Chattanooga, and have seen the enemy's camps all around in confident security. We must disturb that seeming tranquillity, and the sooner the better. Grant can ride now, and looks cheerful.

In a letter to Stanton, General David Hunter describes Grant at this time:

I was received by General Grant with the greatest kindness. He gave me his bed, shared with me his room, gave me to ride his favorite horse, read to me his despatches received and sent, accompanied me on my reviews, and I accompanied him on all his excursions. In fact, I saw him almost every moment of the three weeks I spent in Chattanooga.

He is a hard worker, writes his own despatches and orders, and does his own thinking. He is modest, quiet, never swears, and seldom drinks, as he only took two drinks while I was with him. He listens quietly to the opinions of others, and then judges promptly for himself, and he is very prompt to avail himself in the field of all the errors of the enemy. He is certainly a good judge of men, and has called round him valuable commanders. Prominent as General Grant now is before the country, these remarks of mine may appear trite and uncalled for; but having been ordered to inspect his command, I thought it not improper to add my testimony with regard to the commander. I will also add that I am fully convinced the change of commanders was not made an hour too soon, and that if it had not been made just when it was, we should have been driven from the valley of the Tennessee, if not from the whole State.

The "fixed and immovable condition of the Army of the Cumberland," which had so worried and impeded General Grant, now began to change. Sherman's horses were sent to move artillery for Thomas, whose teams were still hardly able to carry themselves. General Bragg, the Confederate chief, on the 20th sent a flag of truce into the Union lines, with a warning to all non-combatants to forthwith flee. Grant smiled at this bluff. He was quite prepared to consider the best that he could give. Against the strenuous opposition of General Longstreet, Bragg had weakened his lines opposite Grant in order to crush and capture Burnside. Longstreet was detailed to do this work. Grant suspected this, and on the 22d of November, Sherman's troops being nearly in position, he issued his orders for a series of related and harmonious movements which involved the armies of Sherman, Hooker, and Thomas.

Sherman was to cross the Tennessee River opposite the northern end of Missionary Ridge, and to threaten or hold the railway in Bragg's rear. Hooker was to move on the enemy's left from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga Valley, and push hard against the enemy's left, and, if possible, also threaten him in the rear. Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, all being ready, was ordered to attack the enemy's center. News had been received that Burnside was attacked by Longstreet, and "the President and Secretary of War and General Halleck were all in an agony of suspense." Grant's suspense was also great; but his share in the preparations of the battle helped him to be patient. He determined to advance his center and secure more of the valley in which to deploy his troops.

On the morning of the 23d, through General Thomas, he ordered General Gordon Granger to "throw one division of the Fourth Corps forward to disclose the position of the enemy." The preparations began. The troops were disposed and aligned, and at half-past eleven of a clear day, in full sight of the enemy, at sound of the bugle, the Third Division moved out in magnificent alignment, exact of formation, and in serried columns. Around on the hills lay a hostile army, and a host of comrades in blue for spectators, while behind on a low mound stood the man whose quiet words directed these momentous movements. Every soldier felt the eyes of the commander-in-chief upon him. Not a man fell out of line. The men in blue stepped proudly, with elastic tread, as though moving to a feast, and under the inscrutable mask of General Grant's face there must have been a thrill of deep emotion.

Orchard Knob was the citadel of the enemy's line intrenchments. Straight toward that, with feathery puffing rows of white smoke running up and down the lines, the Union soldiers moved, majestic, unbroken of order, then broke at the Knob, and with a wild rush scaled and carried it. The trenches were soon won, and Orchard Knob became the next point of observation for General Grant.

Meanwhile General Hooker was advancing on the right, and Sherman on the left. All day on the 24th, hid in the scarf of fog which hung over Lookout Mountain, Hooker's

troops manœuvered. All eyes were turned to watch the issue. General Grant, with General Thomas, occupied Orchard Knob. They could not see Hooker's forces in action, and the sound of his guns palpitated through the misty air. Every soldier in the army now waited tense and eager to know what the "old commander's" next orders were to be. All was quiet along the center.

Night and the fog closed down on Lookout Mountain. The guns ceased, and then the whole mountain-front began to sparkle with camp-fires as the mists lifted. Line upon line of twinkling red flames showed the advancing ranks of the loyal troops, and Hooker reported his position secure. Then Grant telegraphed to Washington the good news. Sherman was in line; Hooker would be on the morrow. With a vast relief the commander now overlooked his battle-line from Orchard Knob. He was ready for the last act of his eventful drama.

When the light came next morning, and the Union flag was seen waving from the summit of Mount Lookout, a mighty cheer roared along the lines. To have carried that formidable height seemed more than prophecy of success. Yet Grant gave it but a glance. It was only a preparatory movement successfully carried out. It had but subordinate value in itself. He turned his face toward Sherman, whom he had ordered into action at daylight. Long lines of the enemy could be seen moving toward the northern end of the ridge to meet Sherman; and the chief was anxiously watching for Hooker's advance.

Early in the day Orchard Knob was again covered with spectators of high rank; General Thomas and his staff were there, and General Grant, commander of the Division of the Mississippi, was there; and all the morning the coming and going of aides set long lines of troops in motion. Everywhere preparations for some great dénouement were going forward. Every eye and every ear was now turned toward Sherman, whose faintly booming cannon informed the chief that battle was raging almost uninterruptedly. The whole mighty theater of war was open to view from Orchard Knob. Grant and Thomas were like spectators in a private box, and across the pro-

scenium-arch Bragg and his staff could be seen, interested spectators also, and full of activity.

Column after column of Bragg's army left the center and concentrated against Sherman, as Grant had planned. All was now ready for the advance of the center; but Hooker had not yet appeared against the ridge at the right, and Thomas was waiting his appearance. Sherman, fighting desperately, wondered why things were at a standstill to the south; but he knew Grant would take care of him, and so he fought on most resolutely.

Grant turned to General Thomas and in his quiet way made suggestion: "Hooker has not come up, but I think you had better move, on Sherman's account." He intended this to have the force of a command.

Thomas apparently acquiesced, but nearly an hour passed, Grant expecting each moment to see the movement of the troops. Since morning the divisions of Generals Sheridan and Wood had been in line, tense and eager to advance. The thunder of Sherman's guns grew more ominously furious, and at last General Grant said: "Why are not our men moving?" In looking about, he saw General Wood, who was to lead one of the assaulting divisions, talking with General Thomas. "General Wood, why are you not moving?" asked the chief, with some sternness.

"I have received no orders."

The chief turned sharply to Thomas.

"General Thomas, why have not my orders been carried out?"

"I gave them to Granger an hour ago," said Thomas.

"Where is he?"

General Granger was at work superintending the firing of a battery, and had apparently forgotten that he had anything else to do.

Grant summoned him, and said: "General Granger, if you will leave that battery to its captain, and attend to your duties, it will be better for all of us."

This vigorous personal direction on the part of the commander-in-chief was needed; he should have disciplined the officers before.

Suddenly a cannon-shot broke from Orchard Knob; then two, three, four, five, six, in measured intervals. Then from their trenches rose the eager, waiting soldiers, regiment after regiment, three lines deep and two miles long; and as they rose their ranked bayonets flamed back the light. Bugles called faintly; imperative voices came driving to the ears of the spectators; forth-shooting horsemen floated like shadows down the declivity and out toward the plain; and before the sixth cannon-shot had echoed its way to silence among the hills, that enormous and splendid array of men began to move. Bands were playing, bright flags fluttering, and as they marched these blue automatons cheered with heroic insolence. Not once in a thousand years may human eyes look upon such a scene. The hour of the day, the singular condition of the battle, the configuration of the ground, made the scene forever memorable. It was like some prodigious and prodigal review organized to please a jaded and idle despot.

Across the flat valley the line swept, curving slightly here and there, but unbroken; and before it a line of minute white puffing clouds of smoke told of the beginning of the battle. The enemy, leaning insolently on his musket, had discovered that the review was a charge.

The artillery of the ridge broke forth in irregular clamor; cannons by the score uttered their terrible voices, and the air was filled with the whistling, hustling, howling shells. Instantly Orchard Knob was deserted. Every man seemed to sink into the ground. The chief, seated on a stool, was calmly looking over the low log parapet. The rifle-pits at the base of the ridge whitened with musketry fire, and still the blue lines swept on, their pace almost unbroken, their flags fluttering in a curving line.

Then from their shelter the gray-coats swarmed in immense numbers, and irregularly receded to the next line of defenses. There for a moment the blue line broke and wavered in confusion. Orders conflicted. Horsemen galloped along the line. Then suddenly the blue-coats began to move forward again, but no longer in order of rank. They formed now in accordance with nature's law;

the strong and the swift came together with the colors, and shot ahead, as points of foam outrun across the sand the deep breakers behind. At the extreme point of each projecting wave of blue a flag glittered like a spark of flame. Occasionally it halted for a moment. That meant death to the color-bearer; but another hand seized it, and the mounting wave outran its fellows to left and right; and behind, on the slope, flecks of blue showed where some nameless hero lay. The crest of the hill was now one continuous bellowing flame of cannon-shots and musketry, yet the blue wave mounted as if flung by some mysterious enginery.

Down on the crest of Orchard Knob, tense and white with excitement, the staff-officers clustered around Grant and Thomas. Grant's face was impassive, but his blood was thrilling with the conflict. He looked to the left, and there was Sherman, fighting for his life. He looked to the right, and Hooker was advancing. At his front his soldiers were carrying all before them, sweeping upon the very tents where the general-in-chief of the hostile army stood. At last, as the second line of intrenchment was carried, Grant's blood grew hot, and he said: "Bring my horse; I 'm going up there." He turned to look for Thomas, and he was gone! He had mounted his horse, and was jogging back to Chattanooga to dinner.

Once in the saddle, Grant's fixed calm, his seeming stolidity, vanished. He was transformed by the motion of the horse. Down from the height and across the plain he rushed, followed by his staff, eager to set his horse's feet on the ground so long occupied by a confident foe. As he rode he saw the ragged but unwavering wave of blue sweep over the last range of rifle-pits, and as he reached the hillside he saw the advance columns break over the dread crest and silence the guns; and when his panting horse brought him to the summit, he saw the enemy in wild flight. Sheridan, though unhorsed, was mounted on a cannon, ordering a pursuit, and the guns of the summit were being turned upon the fleeing foe. Missionary Ridge belonged to the Union, and the honor of retaking it belonged to the private soldiers and to Grant.

As he rode along the lines he was recognized, and husky cheers from almost breathless soldiers arose. They clung to his stirrups, and would not let him escape. "Now we *know* we have a general!" they cried. His pursuit did not cease till darkness fell.

That night the Assistant Secretary of War sent this message to Washington: "Glory to God! The day is decisively ours. Our men are frantic with joy and enthusiasm, and received Grant, as he rode along the lines after the victory, with tumultuous shouts." The rank and file of the Cumberland Army were his to command.

The next day was Thanksgiving day, and all over the nation grateful millions of people blessed the name of Grant, the prop-hauler of the Gravois, who had taken his place among the great captains of the world.

CHAPTER XXXII

GRANT MEETS LINCOLN AND IS MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

JUST as Grant's success at Vicksburg had brought him to the command of the armies in the West, so his superb campaign at Chattanooga led to the thought that he was the one man in America to command in the East. Rightly or wrongly, the feeling grew that the leaders of movements in the East were insufficient. Grant was the man. Make him commander-in-chief in place of Halleck.

Halleck professed entire willingness to be deposed in Grant's favor. He said: "I took it against my will, and shall be most happy to leave it as soon as another is designated to fill it. . . . We have no time to quibble and contend for pride of personal opinion. On this subject there appears to be a better feeling among the officers of the West than here."

In general the demand was that Grant should lead the Army of the Potomac against Lee; but a larger scheme was on foot. Washburne introduced into Congress a bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general, which had died with Washington, though General Scott had borne it by brevet. To the ebullient patriots of the lower house nothing was now too good for General Grant, and the bill was received with applause. There was no concealment of their wishes. They recommended Grant by name for the honor.

Washburne took much pride in his early advocacy of Grant, and called on his colleagues to witness whether his

protégé had not more than fulfilled all prophecies. "He has fought more battles and won more victories than any man living. He has captured more prisoners and taken more guns than any general of modern times." The bill passed the lower house by a vote of ninety-six to fifty-two, and the Senate with but six dissenting votes. In the Senate, however, the recommendation of Grant was stricken out, although it was suggested that the President might appoint some one else to the new rank instead of Grant.

But the President was impatient to put Grant into the high place. He had himself had to plan battles and adjudicate between rival commanders, in addition to his Presidential duties, until he was worn out. With a profound sigh of relief, he signed the bill, and nominated General Grant to be the lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States.

Grant was at Nashville when an order came from the Secretary of War directing him to report in person to the War Department. His first thought seems to have been of Sherman, and his next of McPherson. On March 4, 1864, in a private letter, he wrote:

DEAR SHERMAN: The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington in person, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order; but I shall say very distinctly, on my arrival there, that I accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. This, however, is not what I started to write about.

Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the skill and energy, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying a subordinate position under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted

for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of service, you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter can express, giving it the most flattering construction.

The word "you" I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write him, and will some day; but, starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time now.

To this modest, manly, and deeply grateful letter Sherman replied in kind. The friendship between these three men was of the most noble and unselfish character, difficult to parallel. Sherman said:

Dear General: You do yourself injustice and us too much honor in assigning to us too large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancements. . . . You are Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a place of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends, and the homage of millions of human beings, that will award you a large share in securing them and their descendants a government of law and stability. . . .

Until you had won Donelson I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that admitted the ray of light which I have followed ever since.

I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype Washington, as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in a Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your last preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga; no doubts, no reserves; and I tell you it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would come, if alive.

Now as to the future. Don't stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. Come West. Take to yourself the whole Mississippi Valley. . . . Here lies the seat of coming empire, and from the

West, when our tasks are done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic.

With some such feeling in his own heart General Grant went to Washington to report to the War Department and to see Lincoln, whom up to this time he had never met. Of intrigue and jealousy, he was aware, the Western army had enough, but he knew they were weak and mild compared to the division and bitterness at the East. He had no fear of Lee,—he was eager to meet him,—but he feared the politicians, the schemes, the influences of the capital. He went with the intention of returning to Chattanooga at once and making it his headquarters.

On the way to Washington, he went carefully over the situation once more. He had observed from the first the lack of harmony in the movements of the armies of the North. They operated without system, without unity. The failure to coöperate had led to disaster at Shiloh, whereas the harmony of movement led to final victory at Vicksburg. The lack of prompt and harmonious coöperation had led to the beleaguerment of Burnside at Knoxville and of Thomas at Chickamauga, while concerted action had snatched victory out of defeat at Chattanooga.

Carrying these facts in his mind, Grant determined to demand of President Lincoln the assurance that the War Department should cease to command in the field. The War Department was an administrative office. The Secretary of War was a civilian, not a soldier, a political appointment, and not a military chieftain. In time of war he should not have power to interfere with campaigns at the front. This was so obvious that its mere statement should have carried conviction, but it did not. Nominally, Stanton, under the President, ranked every officer in the field, which was absurd.

General Grant made up his mind to say to Lincoln: "I will accept the command of the armies of the United States provided I can be free from the interference of the War Department; otherwise I shall be obliged to decline the honor."

He arrived in Washington late in the afternoon, and

went at once to a hotel. As he modestly asked for a room, the clerk loftily said: "I have nothing but a room on the top floor."

"Very well; that will do," said Grant, registering his name.

The clerk gave one glance at the name, and nearly leaped over the desk in his eagerness to place the best rooms in the house at Grant's disposal.

As Grant entered the dining-room, some one said: "Who is that major-general?" His shoulder-straps had betrayed him.

The inquiry spread till some one recognized him. "Why, that is Lieutenant-General Grant."

A cry arose: "Grant! Grant! Grant!" The guests sprang to their feet, wild with excitement. "Where is he?" "Which is he?"

Some one proposed three cheers for Grant, and when they were given, Grant was forced to rise and bow, and then the crowd began to surge toward him. He was unable to finish his dinner, and fled.

Accompanied by Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, he went to the White House to report to the President. Doubtless he would not have gone had he known that the President was holding a reception, for he was in his every-day uniform, which was considerably worn and faded. The word had passed swiftly that Grant was in town, and that he would call upon the President; therefore the crowd was denser than usual. They did not recognize him at first; but as the news spread, a curious murmur arose, and those who stood beside the President heard it and turned toward the door. As Grant entered a hush fell over the room. The crowd moved back, and left the two chief men of all the nation facing each other.

Lincoln took Grant's small hand heartily in his big clasp, and said: "I 'm glad to see you, general."

It was an impressive meeting. There stood the supreme Executive of the nation and the chief of its armies—the one tall, gaunt, almost formless, with wrinkled, warty face, and deep, sorrowful eyes; the other compact, of good size, but looking small beside the tall

President, his demeanor modest, almost timid, but in the broad, square head and in the close-clipped lips showing decision, resolution, and unconquerable bravery. In some fateful way these two men, both born in humble conditions, far from the esthetic, the superfine, the scholarly, now stood together—the rail-splitter and the prop-hauler. In their hands was more power for good than any kings on earth possessed. They came of the West, but they stood for the whole nation, and for the Union, and for the rights of man. The striking together of their hands in a compact to put down rebellion and free the blacks was perceived to be one of the supremest moments of our history.

For only an instant they stood there. Grant passed on into the East Room, where the crowd flung itself upon him. He was cheered wildly, and the room was jammed with people crazy to touch his hands. He was forced to stand on a sofa and show himself. He blushed like a girl. The hand-shaking brought streams of perspiration from his forehead and over his face. The hot room and the crowd and the excitement swelled every vein in his brow, till he looked more like a soldier fighting for his life than a hero in a drawing-room. There was something delightfully diffident and fresh and unspoiled about him, and words of surprise gave way to phrases of affection. He was seen to be the plain man his friends claimed him to be—homespun, unaffected, sincere, and resolute.

He was relieved at last by the approach of a messenger to call him to Mrs. Lincoln's side. With her he made a tour of the room, followed by the President with a lady on his arm, Lincoln's rugged face beaming with amused interest in his new general-in-chief. This ended Grant's sufferings for the moment. The President, upon reaching comparative privacy, said:

"I am to formally present you with your commission to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. I know, general, your dread of speaking, so I shall read what I have to say. It will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply which will soften the feeling of jealousy among the officers, and encourage the nation."

At last the general escaped from the close air of the room, and as he felt the cool wind on his face outside the White House, he wiped the sweat from his brow, drew a long breath of relief, and said: "I hope that ends the show business."

There were solemnity and a marked formality in the presentation of the commission. In the presence of his cabinet, the President rose and stood facing General Grant, beside whom was his little son and the members of his staff. From a slip of paper the President read these words:

"GENERAL GRANT: The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done, in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission constituting you lieutenant-general in the army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak goes my own hearty concurrence."

General Grant's reply was equally simple, but his hands shook, and he found some difficulty in controlling his voice.

"MR. PRESIDENT: I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

The two men again shook hands. Lincoln seemed to be profoundly pleased with Grant. He found in him one of his own people, suited to his own conception of an American citizen, a man of the "plain people," whom, he said, God must have loved, he made so many of them. He liked Grant's modesty, and was too shrewd to call it weakness. He had tried handsome and dashing generals, and big and learned generals, and cautious and strategic

generals, and generals who filled a uniform without a wrinkle, and who glittered and gleamed on the parade, and had voices like golden bugles, and who could walk the polished floor of a ball-room with the grace of a dancing-master, and generals bearded and circumspect and severe. Now he was to try a man who despised show, who never drew his saber or raised his voice or danced attendance upon women; a shy, simple-minded, reticent man, who fought battles with one sole purpose, to put down the Rebellion and restore peace to the nation; a man who executed orders swiftly, surely, and expected the like obedience in others; a man who hated politics and despised trickery.

A heavy rain was falling the second day of Grant's stay in Washington, but he did not allow it to interfere with his work. All day he rode about, visiting the fortifications. That night he dined with Secretary Seward, delighting everybody by his simple directness of manner. He said little, but every word counted. The city was mad to see him. All day crowds surged to and fro in the hope of catching a momentary glimpse of him. A thousand invitations to dine were waiting him. But he kept under cover, and the next day he started for the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. He spent one day in swift, absorbed study of the situation. The day after, he returned to Washington, and started for Nashville to arrange his affairs there so that he could return East. He had found so many rivalries and jealousies among the officers that it became necessary to take command of the Army of the Potomac in person, or, at least, to make his headquarters in the field with it. He told the President that nine days would enable him to put his Western command in shape to leave it.

This undeviating and unhesitating action was a revelation of power to the East. The New York "Tribune" said: "He hardly slept on his long journey East, yet he went to work at once. Senators state with joy that he is not going to hire a house in Washington, and make war ridiculous by attempting to manœuver battles from an arm-chair in Washington." His refusal to dine

and to lend himself to any "show business" was commented on with equal joy. The citizens of Washington could scarcely believe he had visited the city at all. The New York "Herald" said: "We have found our hero."

He returned to Nashville to make the necessary changes of command. His own command there Sherman was to take, while McPherson moved into Sherman's place.

These men Grant felt that he could trust absolutely, and though disappointed rivals complained severely, it made no difference.

Sherman came up from Memphis to meet him at Nashville. To him Grant detailed as much of his plan as to any living man. One who saw the memorable meeting between them (General Badeau) has given the following vivid and powerful analysis of the two men. So important to the nation had they become, no one but Lincoln himself overtopped them in public interest.

"The contrast between them was striking. Sherman was tall, angular, and spare, as if his superabundant energy had consumed his flesh; sandy-haired, sharp-featured, his nose prominent, his lips thin, his gray eyes flashing, his whole face mobile as an actor's, his speech quick, decided, loud. His words were distinct, his ideas clear and rapid, coming, indeed, almost too fast for utterance, but in dramatic, brilliant form, so that they got full development, while an eager gesticulation illustrated and enforced his thought. No one could be with him half an hour and doubt his greatness."

"Grant was smaller, but stouter in form, younger in looks and years, calmer in manner a hundredfold. His hair and beard were brown, and both heavier than Sherman's; his features marked, but not prominent; while his eye, clear, but not piercing nor penetrating, seemed formed rather to resist than aid the interpretation of his thought, and never betrayed that it was sounding the depths of another nature than his own; a heavy jaw; a sharply cut mouth, which had a singular power of expressing sweetness and strength combined, and which at times became set with a rigidity like that of fate itself; a broad, square brow which at first struck no one as imposing—these made up a physiog-

nomy that artists always liked to model. The habitual expression of his face was so quiet as to be almost incomprehensible; strong, but its strength concealed by the manner of wearing hair and beard. His figure was compact and of medium height, but, though well-made, he stooped slightly in the shoulders. His manner, plain, placid, almost meek, in great moments disclosed to those who knew him well immense, but still suppressed, intensity. In utterance he was slow and sometimes embarrassed, but the words were well-chosen, never leaving the remotest doubt of what he intended to convey, and now and then fluent and forcible, when the speaker became aroused. The whole man was a marvel of simplicity, a powerful nature veiled in the plainest possible exterior, imposing on all but the acutest judges of character, or the constant companions of his unguarded hours.

"Not a sign about him suggested rank or reputation or power. He discussed the most ordinary themes with apparent interest, and turned from them in the same quiet tones, and without a shade of difference in his manner, to decisions that involved the fate of armies, his own fame, or the life of the republic—sending forty thousand men on a new campaign or hearing of his own elevation to a power and position unsurpassed by that of any general in history with the same equanimity and apparently the same indifference with which he listened to the trifles of the hour or the rumors of the camp; but uttering at the most unexpected intervals, and in the most casual way, the clearest ideas in the tersest form; announcing judgments, made apparently at the moment, which he never reversed, and which the world has never seen reason to reverse; enunciating opinions or declaring plans of the most important character in the plainest words and commonest manner, as if great things and small were to him of equal moment, as if it cost him no more to command armies than to direct a farm, to capture cities than to drive a horse.

"In battle, however, the sphinx awoke; the riddle was solved. The outward calm, indeed, was even then not entirely broken; but the utterance was prompt, the ideas

were rapid, the judgment was decisive, the words were those of command. The whole man became intense, as it were, with a white heat. His nature, indeed, seemed like a sword, drawn only in the field or in emergencies. At ordinary times a scabbard concealed the sharpness and temper of the blade; but when this was thrown aside, amid the smoke and din of battle, the weapon flashed and thrust and smote and—won.

"These two, so different, had been together in evil report and good report, in disaster and in victory, in battles and sieges and campaigns; and neither had ever failed the other."

They now struck hands in a great final campaign, Sherman to start for the very heart of the Confederacy, Grant to return to the Potomac to confront and master Lee. There was to be no more backing and plunging of armies like a balky team. For good or ill, they were to move under the direction of one man, and that man subject only to Abraham Lincoln, the President.

Promptly at the end of his nine days Grant was back in Washington.

On the day of his return he held his first interview with Lincoln alone. Lincoln said, in his half-humorous fashion: "I have never professed to be a military man, nor to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them. But procrastination on the part of generals, and the pressure of the people at the North and of Congress, which is always with me, have forced me into issuing a series of military orders. I don't know but they were all wrong, and I 'm pretty certain some of them were. All I wanted, or ever wanted, is some one to take the responsibility and *act*—and call on me for all assistance needed. I pledge myself to use all the power of government in rendering such assistance." That was the substance of the interview, Grant replying simply: "I will do the best I can, Mr. President, with the means at hand."

Lincoln said later, in reply to a question: "I don't know General Grant's plans, and I don't want to know them. Thank God, I 've got a general at last!"

Grant went straight to headquarters at Culpeper, and the papers quoted with glee his words: "There will be no grand review, and no show business." The army was utterly strange to him. The men did not know him when they saw him. Many of the officers were McClellan-worshipers, and some of them secretly sneered at the Western man, who had in some mysterious way reached a dizzy height, from which they expected to see him fall resoundingly. "He has Lee to meet," they said.

General George G. Meade, who held the chief command in the army, was a man of most irascible temperament, but a patriot and a good soldier. He immediately said to General Grant: "General, the work before us is of too vast importance to allow the wishes or feelings of one person to stand in the way of selecting the right men for the right positions. If you would rather have General Sherman take my place, don't hesitate to say so. I will serve to the best of my ability in whatever position you place me."

To this manly word Grant replied: "I have no thought of putting any one in your place, general. Sherman cannot be spared from the West."

Now began mighty preparations. All things were to move together—Sherman on Johnston's army, Banks up Red River, Butler and Gillmore against Richmond from the south side of the James River, while Grant in person operated with Meade against Lee's army. "Where Lee's army goes, there you will go also," he said to Meade.

Sherman's orders were to get as far into the interior of the Confederacy as possible. "I want to be ready to move by the 25th of April, if possible."

Sherman exultantly replied: "That we are now to act on a common plan, converging to a common center, looks like civilized warfare." To Halleck he wrote: "I believe this grand army a unit now in action. General Grant has a mammoth load to carry. He wants some one here who will fulfil his plans, whole and entire, and at the time appointed, and he believes I will do it. I hope he is not mistaken. With Thomas as my center, McPherson as my right, and Schofield on the left, I will have an army that

will do anything within the range of human possibility. I will be ready when Grant is; then stand from under!"

General Grant now commanded more men than any captain that ever lived. His battle-line was more than a thousand miles in length. It ran across the Alleghanies to Knoxville, to Chattanooga, to Huntsville, to Memphis, thence down the Mississippi to Vicksburg, and over to the Red River. The Southern armies held part of Texas and Louisiana, part of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, and a large part of Virginia. Guerrilla bands were continually raiding the country already held by the Northern troops.

Grant had all these threads in his hands when he came to the East. He had fought his way through this territory. He knew Columbus and Henry and Donelson and Vicksburg and Grenada and Jackson. He knew the difficulties, the resources of the country. He knew every commander, and the number of troops necessary to every part, not from theory, but because he had been there. His knowledge was so exhaustive that when, on the last days of April, he began to order his whole gigantic army into the field, he did it as easily as he commanded the lines of Chattanooga. He knew his men; when he said to McPherson or Sherman, "Do this," or "Do that," the details could safely be left to them. Yet he was commander, and no one who knew him at that time doubted it.

He deposed officers, and put men he knew in their places. He wanted men of action. He should have discharged others at the start. He directed the movement of supplies and of ammunition. His power and decision ran through the army like an electrical current. Everywhere activity set in; lines were reformed; stragglers became soldiers; veterans on furlough were recalled. There was all too little time to get this army in hand.

There was an ominous hush in the air as these secret orders went flashing over the wire. The leaders of the Confederacy made no mistake. They knew a different man had come to deal with them—a man whose lips gave out no indiscreet word. They could not divine his plan,

but they assumed it would be a general attack. They well knew that a mighty struggle was impending.

During this time, while in preparation for the spring campaign, General Grant's headquarters were visited by many correspondents. One from abroad, who had access to the inner military circles, said of him: "Grant is not intoxicated with flattery, as was McClellan; I never met with a man of so much simplicity, shyness, and decision. He has lost nothing of his freshness of mind. He avoids Washington and its corrupting allurements. He is essentially a soldier of the camp and field. All his predecessors were ruined by Washington influences. He has established his headquarters ten miles nearer the enemy than Meade. His tents are almost among the soldiers. That is a Western, and not a Potomac, army custom. He travels with the simplicity of a second lieutenant, with a small trunk, which he often forgets and goes off without. If Grant fails, then a curse is on this army. He is a soldier to the core, a genuine commoner, commander of a democratic army from a democratic people. All this is very different from McClellan. From what I learn of him, he is no more afraid to take the responsibility of a million men than of a single company."

The South divined, too, in a vague way, that Grant stood for the plain people of the North, and not its politicians. Their editors gave warning: "Grant is a determined man, and has a tremendous force under his hand, and we may rest assured that when he is beaten, it will be only when the last capacity for fight has been taken out of him and his army. Until this is done, our generals, army, and government should brace every nerve, stretch every sinew, force nature, and yield nothing to fatigue."

Lee understood this. Almost as silent as Grant, sad, resolute, and lonely in the midst of his army, he pondered on the coming of this new antagonist. He, too, began preparations. Orders went out through all the South to sweep the country clean of men of fighting age; all between seventeen and fifty must carry arms. He hurried detachments to the rear to seize and impress all stragglers, deserters, and conscripts. Swiftly, determinedly, the whole

South concentrated before the terrible Sherman and the enigmatical Grant.

There were not wanting voices of entreaty opposing this last desperate stand of the Southern soldier against the illimitable and inexorable North. But they were of no avail. The leaders of the South were not yet ready to cease from the shedding of blood. They began to despair, but they would not yield. Preparations went on. Each day saw these prodigious armies increasing in power and intensifying in determination. Parks of artillery shifted ground, and the rumble of their movements was like the sound of coming tempests. Foraging-parties swept over the land, leaving every farm-house bare of food, and every farm-yard silent of its cattle. The rattle of long trains of wagons, the braying of mules, the lowing of cattle, seemed to prophesy some all-enveloping approaching cataclysm. Every portent of horror, every foreboding and dread of the barbarism of war, received new emphasis, new terror.

At last the day came when the minute, indistinguishable atom of blue among these swarms of other similar human beings—this man from whom a million of his fellow-men were to take their motion—was ready to lift his hand. With calm face, with unshaken nerve, he took a final survey of the field of war. He touched swords with Sherman, and found him ready. To some men the responsibility would have been too great, paralyzing the will; but Grant's eyes were never clearer, his voice was never calmer, than when he said: "All is ready. Strike tents! By the left flank, forward, march!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

GOING INTO THE WILDERNESS

IT was in the early days of May, when the South was filled with fragrance of blooming plants and trees. The air was soft and sensuous, and all nature was rebuilding, healing, renewing, and the heart of man should have been turned to the planting of seeds in the earth and the driving forth of cattle to pasture. It was the month of youth and love. But in the midst of this gentle, amiable hour of nature's renaissance, Grant's armed and serried soldiers moved upon the foe. When the citizens of Culpeper woke in the morning on the 4th of May, they were amazed to find the Northern army gone. It was crossing the Rapidan River. Grant had begun his campaign against Lee. The whole nation now waited the onset.

His aim was to flank Lee, and fight him between Culpeper and Richmond, if he would stand. Lee was ready to fight. The two greatest warriors of the North and South were now set face to face. Grant had the larger army, but Lee had the inside lines, which was an enormous advantage. He knew the country, too, and could choose his own ground for attack. He selected the moment, and struck the Northern army just as it was crossing a fire-scarred, desolate, and almost impenetrable jungle called the "Wilderness." It was a land filled with thickets for ambuscades, surprises, bewilderments.

The Southern leader chose a most favorable moment for attack, but he found, not a "loose mass of men," but a wall of soldiery. His intention was to smash Grant's army in detail, and send it back across the Rapidan. He sent

his whole army against Grant, and by midday on the 5th of May both armies were engaged in a death-grapple. For miles the sound of guns, blended with thunderous commands, made the place a hell which the hovering battle-smoke made the more appalling. Every thicket concealed assailants; every ridge sustained cannon of enormous size and fury.

But Grant could not be stampeded. When the battle was at its worst "he sat smoking a wooden pipe. His face seemed as peaceful as a summer evening. His general demeanor was of indescribable imperturbability." Aides came and went with excited messages. He heard them through, turned to Meade, made suggestions in a low voice, and returned to his pipe and his whittling. There was nothing to indicate his great rank; scarcely could he have been distinguished as an officer by one who was a stranger to his ways and his person. He was anxious, terribly anxious, but his wonderful self-control, and the strange mask of his face, concealed his emotion. Occasionally, when something demanded his personal direction, he mounted his horse, and darted away swiftly to the front. He had no fear; he was, on the contrary, criminally reckless of his life.

Once an excited orderly rushed up to the whittling general, and cried out:

"They have broken through! Hancock has given way!"

"I don't believe it," said Grant, in laconic and emphatic reply, chipping away at the root of the tree against which he sat. He knew Hancock, and believed in him. Then, perceiving the aide's condition, he said kindly: "You are fatigued and nervous; go in and lie down for a while."

The night came, and laid a hush on the battle, which was unfinished. Lee had failed to break the Union line, and now the men wondered what Grant would do.

He ordered an attack at half-past four in the morning. It was his intention to fire the first gun; but the unconquerable Lee also determined to show his confidence. The two armies began the appalling duel simultaneously, and all day, in the spicy jungle, under a burning sun, the two armies charged each other, desperate, parched with

thirst, stained with smoke, staggering to and fro with the faces of demons or of men walking in frenzy. Now one section in blue made a sounding rush, carrying the gray lines away, and then the gray-coats massed and came back, yelling with demoniacal battle-madness. The sky grew thick with smoke, which obscured the light of the sun but seemed to intensify the heat.

Grant, sitting at Meade's headquarters, as before, listened with the ear of an expert, yet appeared not to hear. His cigar went out after a time, and he chewed at it slowly, a sign of intense intellectual activity and anxiety with him. His eyes were cast down as if in thought. It was only as some orderly or aide rode up in hot haste that he looked up to read the import of the message in the face of the messenger.

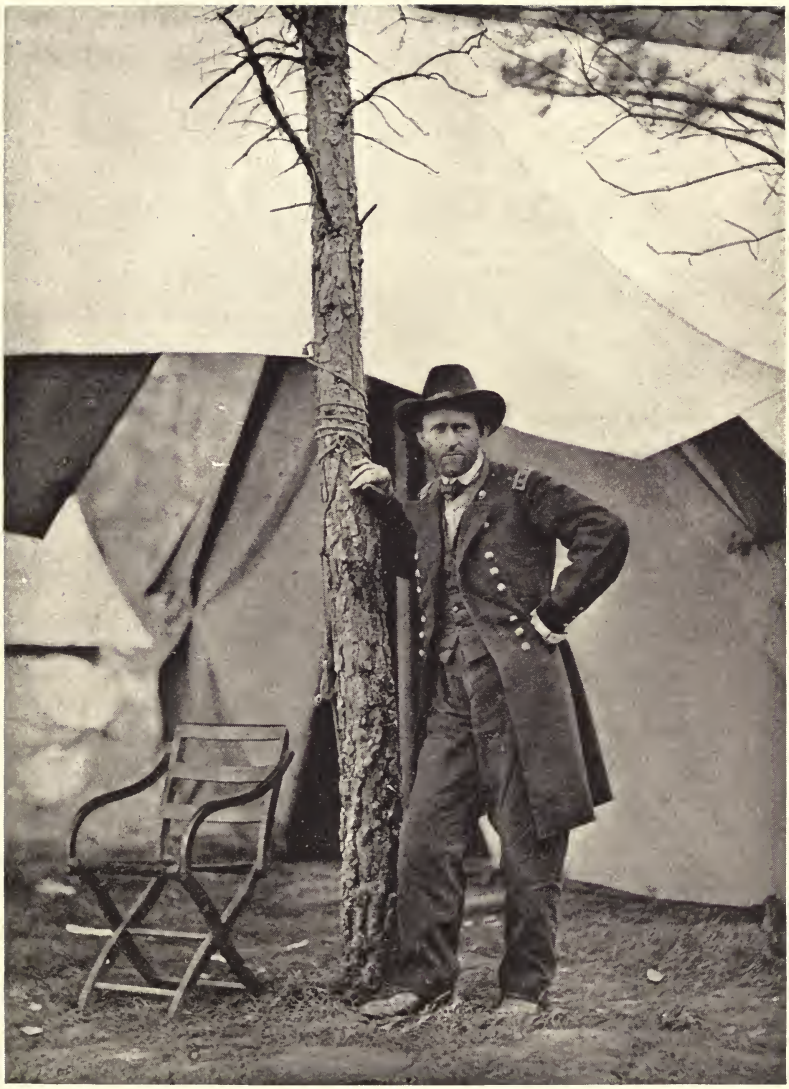
"No movement of the enemy seemed to puzzle or disconcert him. Fertile in resources, the petition for reinforcement was speedily answered." His whittling was strange to see. He made no start, did not rise to his feet, when above the roar of the cannon the terrifying, appalling battle-cry of the charging Southerners rose, uttered by ten thousand maddened men. He listened, or, turning, spoke a low word to some member of his staff.

Wherever he went, the men cheered, and fought the harder. It gave them hope to know the eye of the commander was on them. Every officer who came into his presence felt a return of confidence, and lost something of any depression he may have felt.

Once he said to General Wright: "Hello, Wright. I heard you 'd gone to Richmond,"—in allusion to a report of Wright's repulse,—and smiled at Wright's sturdy reply.

That night the sun went down red as blood; the sky was clouded with the hell-smoke of two hundred thousand muskets, and the woods were on fire. The jungle began to burn the dying and the dead it had tortured with thirst.

Near midnight a correspondent sat at a camp-fire, unable to sleep, wondering sadly if he had followed the victorious Western chief to the Army of the Potomac only to chronicle his ruin. Looking up, he saw Grant sitting on the other side of the fire, his hat slouching so low and



U. S. Grant, age 42 years.

Taken at headquarters in the Wilderness. From a photograph by Brady.

the collar of his blue overcoat standing so high that most of his face was hidden. He, too, was buried in thought. Through the long, trying day his serenity had appeared unshaken; but now that he was alone, nervous shiftings of one leg over the other, and worn, haggard looks, showed how deeply he was moved by the dreadful and seemingly fruitless shedding of blood.

To General Wright he had seemed almost careless of the break in the lines; not a muscle of his face quivered. To those who did not know him he seemed never to think of the dying or the dead, and yet suffering drew quick tears from his eyes. His philosophy sustained him. He was cruel only to be kind. Up to the date of his command, more than one hundred and thirty thousand men had been sacrificed in the Eastern armies, to little result. The war must end soon. It was costly; the North was crying out against the sacrifice; and it lay with him more than with any other man to determine how long it should continue. He was haggard and worn and sorrowful, but he was relentless. It was better for a thousand men to die in battle than for ten thousand to die in camp. He went to bed at last, determined to order an advance. He had determined to take no backward steps.

Early the next morning, the third day in the Wilderness, the enemy being quiet, he issued orders for an advance from the right to the left. Hancock was to remain where he was till Warren passed him, thus keeping the line always reinforced before the enemy.

Lee had withdrawn within intrenchments. Two terrible days' fighting had satisfied his men. Their hot blood was cooled. But within the Union army was still doubt. The men in Warren's corps talked all day about it. "We 're whipped again; now we 're going back," they said. Some few said: "No; we will have more fighting." The day wore on, and at dark orders ran along the line: "Fall in! No noise!"

"What does this mean?"

"We 're going back to Culpeper."

But when the orders came to march, they turned to the east. A note of keen exultation ran along the line:

"We 're going forward! Grant 's the man! No more retreats!"

As they marched they came upon Hancock's men, sleeping where they had halted, in long lines, like dead men prepared for burial. As they heard the tramp of feet, the rattle of canteens, they roused up.

"Who are you?"

"Warren's corps."

"Good God! where are you going?"

Quickly, exultantly, came the reply: "On to Richmond!"

Then wild cheers arose, and the men of Warren's corps marched on, singing, as they marched, this refrain:

"Ulysses leads the van!
For we will dare
To follow where
Ulysses leads the van."

"Lee no longer commands both these armies," said some of the soldiers. "The Army of the Potomac no longer takes orders from him. We 've got a general of our own.

"Ulysses leads the van!
For we will dare
To follow where
Ulysses leads the van."

Ulysses led the van. At about nine o'clock, followed by his staff, Grant started to the left. "He led the way, dashing along by-roads to avoid the troops and wagon-trains. He galloped along in the darkness, his escort trailing behind; and whenever he passed a body of troops, and they discovered who it was passing, they raised such cheers and exultant outcries as the army had never heard. No commander could have asked more heartfelt confidence. "The general rode along like a warrior with serious business in hand. There was no smiling and bowing toward the troops. He was gratified, but it did not change him from his intent purpose." At twelve o'clock he reached Todd's Tavern, wrapped himself in his blanket, and slept till morning.

All night long his army moved, the right wing sliding by the center and right; and when morning dawned a new line was formed. Grant had fought his way out of the Wilderness. Lee had done his worst. He had failed to break the line or check the advance.

He was told Grant was retreating. "You are mistaken," he replied,—"quite mistaken; Grant is n't a retreating man." He soon learned of Grant's movement, and the two armies met in terrific battle at Spottsylvania Court-house, and against the mass of Grant's line Lee drove his army again and again, to no gain and to great loss. Grant and his subordinates remained unshaken. His army now had absolutely unwavering faith in him, and was in dauntless courage.

He was justified in saying: "The results of the three days' fighting are in our favor." "I shall take no backward steps," he wrote, on the 9th; and on the 11th, after a week of relentless fighting and steady advance, in a communication to Halleck he added a companion line to his Donelson ultimatum: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

The whole land took it up in a flame of enthusiasm. It was a new note of warfare. In its grim sententiousness was the promise of victory and peace to a tortured nation. It made Grant, for the time, something superhuman. It seemed that such a leader could not be conquered. The whole nation prayed that fevers and the elements and the missiles of the enemy might spare his life. Upon his single life the Union now seemed staked. The mere thought of his death made the heart's blood of patriots run cold with horror.

On the 21st of May he began again that peculiar, menacing sidewise crawl of his army toward the south, moving, as before, from right to left. Lee interposed again. Having the inside lines, and less incumbered by wagon-trains, he was able to move quicker. He was again repulsed, and Grant's inexorable advance was again resumed.

On the last day of May, Sheridan, in the advance, and almost within sight of Richmond, met Lee's army in force.

With orders from his chief to hold the crossing at Cold Harbor Tavern at all hazards, Sheridan dismounted his men, and intrenched. Against his lines, thus sheltered, the enemy could not advance. In the morning the infantry arrived, and the two armies met in another desperate battle. Lee was fighting for Richmond in very truth now. The smoke of her chimneys could be seen in the Southern sky. Grant was eager to close the campaign. He ordered a general assault, which failed. He took a day to bury the dead and post his arriving troops, and on the third day ordered another assault. This, too, failed, for lack of personal supervision of Meade's orders by Grant, and from lack of energy and coöperation among commanders. The loss on both sides was very great.

Most commanders would have been broken by these apparent failures, but Grant was not of that kind. Once more he surprised his friends and bewildered his enemies by an unexpected and skilful movement. He began his flanking movement as though Cold Harbor had never been.

Whatever the leaders of the Confederacy said in public, in secret they were appalled at these tactics. None knew better than Lee and Hill and Beauregard what this movement meant. They were powerless to do more than check it or turn it aside. An officer writing from Lee's headquarters expressed the general feeling:

> It is admitted that Lee has at last met a foeman who matches his steel, although he may not be worthy of it. Each guards himself perfectly, and gives his blow with a precise eye and cool and sanguinary nerve. . . . From first to last Grant has shown great skill and prudence, combined with remorseless persistence and brutality. He is a scientific Goth resembling Alaric, destroying the country as he goes, and delivering the people over to starvation. Nor does he bury his dead, but leaves them to rot on the battle-field. He has commenced again, sliding his right down past his left, doubtless in order to reach Bottom's Bridge and the Long Bridge, with the intention of crossing to the Richmond side. . . . It may be, and probably is, Grant's design to make across the James River to seize our communications, and thus assure the destruction of our supplies and compel surrender ultimately through starvation.

Grant had become the "crafty Ulysses" to the Southern editors. They no longer talked about his luck and his ignorance of strategy. His skill in handling a large army was now acknowledged by Generals Hill and Beauregard.

It is arrant nonsense for Lee to say Grant can't make a night march without his knowing it. Has he not slipped around him four times already? Grant can get twenty thousand men to Westover, and Lee know nothing about it. What is to become of Petersburg? Its loss surely involves that of Richmond.

In this letter from General Hill to Beauregard was a soldierly perception of Grant's last and most important flanking movement. On the night of the 12th of June the Union troops crossed the Chickahominy River and started on a swift march to the left. Grant had determined to place himself south of Richmond, seizing Petersburg, if possible, and moving immediately on Richmond and Lee's army—a most daring and splendid plan, which Lee could scarcely believe possible. It was like Grant's superb audacity in getting south of Vicksburg. For two days Lee telegraphed anxiously, almost distractedly, to Generals Hill, Hampton, and Beauregard: "Where is Grant's army?" "Find Grant's army." He was entirely at a loss. Grant had again spirited his army of a hundred thousand men out of the Confederate sight.

The chief's plan of action now began to be understood by Lincoln. "I begin to see it, God bless you!" he telegraphed.

Grant's continually flanking advance had at last brought him within striking distance of the Confederate capital. He was now ready to coöperate with Butler and attack Richmond from the rear, cutting off Lee's southern lines of communication. In doing this he left Washington unguarded and the whole North apparently open to the raids of the Southern cavalry. But he intended Lee to have good use for every horse and man around Richmond, so that for the Confederates to go North would not merely be a "swap of capitals"—it would be the destruction of Lee's army.

On June 14 he despatched to Halleck: "Our forces will commence crossing the James to-day. The enemy shows no signs of having brought troops to the south side of Richmond. I will have Petersburg secured, if possible, before they get in much force."

It was Grant's design to end the campaign right there, and the leaders of the Southern army were more than half convinced that he was about to close his tremendous and skilful campaign with victory. On the 15th of June his advance, under General W. F. Smith, operating under General Butler, who commanded at Bermuda Hundred, made an attack on Petersburg, which lies about twenty miles below Richmond. The first assault was successful, but was not vigorously followed up. General Smith, after taking the outworks, bivouacked, waiting for General Hancock to come up. Through some negligence, Hancock's rations, which Grant had ordered Butler to forward, did not reach him promptly, and he waited for them several invaluable hours, and finally started without them. He did not arrive in support of Smith until late in the afternoon. Even then the city could have been taken. No considerable body of troops had passed toward the city up to four o'clock on the 16th. It was a moonlight night, and a bold movement would have disclosed the weakness of the garrison.

Hancock, waiving rank, asked for orders. General Smith asked him to relieve his men in the intrenchments. Nothing further was done by the Union commanders, but all night long the Confederate leaders hurried men and ammunitions southward, and when morning came the gray-coats filled Petersburg. The golden hours had been wasted; Lee was intrenched, and as strong as ever.

And so this bloody duel between two monstrous armies settled to a sullen siege. If Petersburg and Richmond had been carried, as several of the Confederate generals apprehended they would be, it would have been indisputably one of the greatest campaigns in history. It would have saved millions of dollars and thousands of human lives.

The whole North turned sick with disappointment. They had looked for a short, sharp campaign ending in victory; and so it would have been but for the unforeseen

Massaponax Church, Virginia, Grant's headquarters in May, 1864.

From a photograph by Brady.

Grant's headquarters at City Point, early in 1865.

From a photograph by Brady.

delays and embarrassments of a complicate movement. Probably no one was culpable, but into the chorus of praise crept the bitter words of Grant's enemies. Some sneered: "This man from the West was successful till he met a real general." Grant, with his customary patience, uttered no word of explanation or complaint.

General Lee had fought his battles with almost equal skill and determination. His army was compact, less encumbered, and swifter of movement. He knew the country—every short cut, every swamp. Every man he had was available; details for guarding trains and supplies were unnecessary. He had the interior lines, and, being on the defensive, could select his own moment for striking. He had more than seventy-five thousand men against Grant's one hundred and six thousand. Grant's lines were a crawling, enveloping cordon, Lee's a battering-ram. Grant's work was to surround, Lee's to pierce.

Once when a group of officers were decrying Grant's campaign, General Lee said: "Gentlemen, I think General Grant has managed his affairs remarkably well." This from General Lee, who was, like Grant, a man of few words, was very significant. He understood something of the difficulties in his adversary's way. He appreciated the generalship of a man who could take an army of a hundred thousand men out of his knowledge for two days.

Early in July, General Grant wrote to Lincoln, suggesting a call for three hundred thousand more men. In his judgment, more troops were necessary, to enable him to prevent raids throughout the vast extent of captured territory, and also to drive the enemy from his front without losing the lines he already held or by attacking fortifications. He well knew that Lee had made his last assault.

To this letter Lincoln replied, saying: "I think you have not seen the call already issued." Father Abraham had already called for

> Three hundred thousand more,
> Shouting the battle-cry of "Freedom!"

During the month which followed, an assault by way of a mine was planned by Generals Burnside and Meade, in which the chief acquiesced. Under the direction of

Colonel Pleasants of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, a regiment of miners, a tunnel was run beneath the enemy's work, and an enormous mine made ready for explosion. General Grant, by several menacing movements against Richmond, drew the weight of Lee's troops away from the fortifications fronting Burnside, and July 30 was fixed as the date of the mine's trial and the accompanying assault.

As the day drew near Grant became increasingly anxious about its outcome. He bivouacked with Burnside's corps, to be near in case of need. He gave final instructions on the night preceding the firing of the fuse. The works were to be cleared during the early part of the night, so that nothing should obstruct the morning attack. The hour set for touching the fuse was half-past three in the morning. Lots were drawn among the division commanders of Burnside's corps. The leadership fell to General Ladlie, the man least fitted for the work, and the first mistake was made. Burnside had decided to send General Ferrero's colored troops into the breach, but was overruled by Meade, and sustained by the chief. Thus a second mistake was headed off. At last all was ready. The fuse was laid, the troops under orders, and Grant and Meade were both at hand.

Everybody was astir in the moonless dawn. It was dark and still. At half-past three the chief stood, watch in hand, waiting. The army listened. The hour passed. Ten minutes, thirty minutes, and still no sound. Forty-five went by, and light began to break in the east. The commanders were impatient. Meade was raging; but the chief stood motionless, with lips sternly set, and brow lined with anxiety. Then an aide brought explanation. The fuse had been lighted, and had smoldered out somewhere in the long passage.

But two brave men (let their names be remembered), Jacob Douty and Henry Reese, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, had entered the gallery to find and repair the fuse. There was nothing to do but wait. General Grant was not in command at that moment; Sergeant Reese was.

At last, over an hour past the appointed time, the monstrous upheaval took place—first a shock, then a roar, then the lifting of great masses of earth in the air, wherein, mingled with flame and dust and disjected cannon, the torn, flapping, grotesque forms of men could be seen in momentary hideous contortions. A crater thirty feet deep, sixty feet wide, and nearly two hundred feet long was opened by this terrific mine.

Then the cannon opened from the Union lines, battery after battery, till nearly two hundred pieces were in action. The air shivered and pulsed with the hot breath of these monsters, and the ground trembled under their convulsive leaping. It seemed nothing could live where their missiles fell. The assaulting columns poured into the breach. They started promptly and vigorously, but once in the chasm, they fell into confusion. Some scrambled up the sloping sandy sides. Some fell to rescuing Confederate soldiers buried to the neck in debris. Others scorched the works before them, sharp-shooting on their own account. All order was lost. One regiment crowded upon another, mixed and jumbled into a mob. There was no leadership. Chaotic crowds clamored for direction. The thunder of cannon and the howls of shells made the screams of regimental commanders of little account. General Ladlie was nowhere to be seen. Generals of brigades were not numerous. No one wished to enter that death-trap, where sand and shapeless blocks of earth made alignment impossible and assault almost certain death.

And yet at first there was little danger. Had the advance pushed on rapidly, giving place to the succeeding columns, the whole division could have been set safely on high ground within the enemy's lines before they recovered from their dismay. For nearly an hour the gray-coats stood afar, in fear and awe. Then, reforming, they came back to the defense, and poured a desolating hail of bullets upon the heads of the blue-coated men in the crater.

Grant, seeing that something was wrong, mounted his horse and made directly to the front. He soon came to a brigade lying upon its arms.

"Who commands this brigade?" he inquired.

"I do," said an officer, springing from the ground.

"Why are you not moving on?"

"My orders are to follow that brigade," replied the officer. "Will you give me the order to go now?"

"No," replied the chief, and rode on.

Everywhere the same story—everywhere men and officers waiting for the advance columns to move. Grant kept on until it was unsafe to go farther on horseback. He dismounted, and, followed by Colonel Porter, elbowed his way in all haste toward General Burnside. It was evident that the attack had failed. The army was making leaderless and ineffectual assault, and Grant was hurrying to stop the sacrifice. To save time and to gain speed, he climbed the parapet, and ran along the outer wall of the Union defenses, exposed to the enemy's fire. He was streaming with perspiration and covered with dust, but he hurried on without glancing back, while the cannon-shots plowed up the ground around him.

General Burnside, occupying one of the most advanced earthworks, was amazed to see the commander of the armies of the United States enter the Union works from the outside, dusty, panting with fatigue, his face dark with anxiety and disappointment.

"General Burnside, the entire opportunity has been lost. There is now no chance of success. These troops must be immediately withdrawn. It is slaughter to leave them there."

It was two o'clock before this order of General Grant was carried out. The assault ended in bitter failure—for lack of competent leadership, Grant thought. "I believe that the men would have performed every duty required of them, if they had been properly led." The month closed gloomily, and the critics in the North held Grant responsible.*

The explosion of this mine and the accompanying assault, great as they seemed, and disastrous as they proved, were, after all, only incidents in the great campaign to

* This account of Grant's visit to Burnside is based upon General Porter's story in his "Campaigning with Grant." The official Records of the War Department furnish the basis of criticism.

which Grant had set his hand. He now planned to hold Lee where he was, and push the distant Union armies into new positions. The Southern forces had at last concentrated into two grand armies, Hood confronting Sherman in Georgia, and Lee defending Richmond. The question was not how to whip them, but how to destroy them.

The country fell into the trough of depression again, and Grant, upon whom so much depended, was again counted a failure. Condemnation became general, sweeping, and unjust. Vicious stories again circulated in private circles, set afloat by discredited and displaced subordinates. The army was still filled with antagonisms and jealousies, and defeat and criticism brought about the bitterest recriminations. Unquestionably, Grant should have relieved a half-dozen of his subordinates, and replaced them by those in harmony with himself and General Meade. Napoleon or Bismarck would have had them shot. If Grant was culpable at all, it was in not commanding his subordinates with absolute authority.

Again the strong nature of the man came out. In the midst of all discouragement, he set his teeth hard, and tightened his hold upon Lee and the capital of the Confederacy.

July was a hard month for General Grant. His tremendous campaign had ended in apparent failure. Washington was menaced by Confederate forces under General Early. Sherman was confronted by Johnston and Hood at Atlanta; the Army of the Potomac was discouraged, grumbling at the heat, and filled with jealousy and disputes; while the country had again lost faith in General Grant himself.

Sherman was calling for reinforcements, and he himself felt the need of more men. But the most dangerous and disheartening thing of all was the rising clamor of half-hearted Northern critics. Upon this indifference the South calculated. The North had almost ceased to volunteer; the draft had been put in force; and in the face of new demands for reinforcements the copperhead press of the North filled the air with howls for "peace at any

cost." Citizens were advised to resist the draft. Meetings were called in Northern cities to denounce Grant and the administration. Lincoln had been renominated for the Presidency, and his election was as necessary to the nation as the success of Sherman or Grant in the field. No truthful history of the campaigns can ignore the enemy in the rear.

Under these circumstances, insecurity again crept into the minds of the War Department. Halleck advised against any more severe fighting. The people were crying out against the destruction of their sons, and the enormous daily expense of the army was sinking the nation hopelessly into debt. The great, rich, and powerful North was divided, censorious, or, worse still, indifferent, while the South was a military camp, a unit, desperately resolute, and loyal to their cause, even to the last man.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE SULLEN SIEGE OF PETERSBURG

DISHEARTENED by the clamor, but not for a moment despairing, Grant set to work. He sent General Wright to oppose Early and drive him and break him. He ordered all the recruits in the instruction schools in the North turned over to Sherman, and assured him that Lee was not likely to reinforce any other armies whatsoever. It was to keep Lee engaged that he moved from right to left again, threatening one of the principal railways over which Richmond was supplied. It instructed Lee, who could do nothing but wait Grant's motion, that the Union commander had not loosened his hold.

Personal losses and annoyances thickened, also. General McPherson, whom Grant loved with a brother's affection, was killed before Atlanta, and the chief felt his death more keenly than he cared to express. When the news came, he was forced to retire to his tent, weeping.

He had become involved, also, in a very serious entanglement with General Butler, an able man and a distinguished civilian, but distrusted as a commander. Grant wished very much to relieve him, but was prevented from doing so because of political conditions in the North. General McClellan was in the field as a Presidential candidate in opposition to Lincoln, and was sure to receive a large vote. The election of Lincoln was an absolute necessity in carrying on the war, as every loyal commander in the armies knew, and everything in the front was done with an eye not merely to the enemies in gray, but to the

enemies in civilian dress in the North. Therefore General Grant bore with many things, suffering in silence under the criticisms of those who did not know the secret conditions of the time. He could not relieve General Butler without throwing loose upon the North another powerful, unsparing critic of Lincoln and the war policy he had inaugurated. Neither could he report upon the disaster at Petersburg on the 30th of July without reflecting upon influential generals, thus giving keener edge to the differences, amounting to antagonisms, which already existed between the corps commanders.

In addition to all these things, the cry, "Stop this wholesale murder!" was raised. He himself was called "Grant the butcher." The number of men killed in the long campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg was held up before the world's eyes with shrieks of horror. Grant was held responsible for this bloodshed by the peace party in the North.

To this he grimly replied: "I am commanding an army. The business of an army is to fight. This is war. I am determined to whip out the Rebellion. There is no other way. I am pursuing the same policy which I began at Belmont. It is my intention to fight."

At the same time another great party cried out: "On to Richmond! Why don't you crush the small army of Lee, and end the war? Hurl your men upon that thin gray line, and so end it."

Between these opposing parties, it seemed, any ordinary commander would have had all courage and hope and loyalty crushed out of him. But General Grant was not a politician; he was not devising civil policies: he was executing military commands. The President and War Department had made him general-in-chief of the armies of the North, and he was directing them with entire singleness of aim. He continued to fight, though obliged to consider Lincoln's reëlection a part of his autumn campaign. Therefore he was exceedingly careful of attack, contenting himself with a sure and safe advance, holding Lee at Richmond while sending Sherman through the richest and hitherto untouched portion of the Confederacy.

In a letter to his friend Washburne, he said:

We are progressing here slowly. The weather has been intolerably warm, so much so that marching troops is nearly death. . . . All we want now to assure an early restoration of the Union is a determined unity of sentiment North. The rebels have now in their ranks their last man; a man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force. I have no doubt the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election. They have many hopes upon its effect. They hope for the election of a peace candidate.

Our peace friends, if they expect peace from separation, are much mistaken. It would be but the beginning of war, with thousands of our men joining the South because of our disgrace in allowing separation. To have "peace on any terms" the South would demand a restoration of their slaves already freed; they would demand indemnity for losses sustained; and they would demand a treaty which would make the North slave-hunters for the South.

This letter shows how deeply he had considered the whole problem. He never for one moment yielded to the indifferentism of the North. He was determined to break the Southern armies, and the harsher the criticism on him the tighter his grip became. He was quite of a mind with Lincoln, who wrote: "I have seen your despatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Hold on with a bulldog grip."

These two men, without anger, charged at one time with not being antislavery men, were now the leaders in a final desperate campaign. Hot bloods had cooled; enthusiasms had changed to complaints; but the President and his general-in-chief seemed only just beginning to fight. Lincoln, after hearing Grant's plan of autumn campaign, said: "I am not much on military terms, but, as I understand it, you are to hold the leg while the other fellows take the skin off."

In this homely simile was included the substance of Grant's campaigns for many months to come, and neither Lincoln nor the general himself had any fear of its trium-

phant outcome, provided the people in the North stood by them politically.

During the month of August Washington was again in a panic. It was feared that Lee had again despatched troops to reinforce Early in the Shenandoah Valley, for the purpose of making another raid across the Potomac. Even Lincoln became anxious, and telegraphed Grant to ask whether he had not better come himself. To this Grant replied, in substance: "I do not believe Lee has detached any considerable number of troops to go North. If he does, I will see that he is occupied where he is."

However, finding it difficult to communicate with his forces in the Shenandoah, Grant decided to send General Sheridan to take charge of all the troops in that district, without regard to the rank of any man, and his orders were to put himself south of the Confederate forces, and follow them to the death. He knew Sheridan, and felt entirely satisfied that Early would ultimately be driven out of the Shenandoah Valley, or be destroyed. This, indeed, happened. Sheridan waited until the moment was favorable, then laid his plans before his chief. Grant said: "Go in." He went in, and defeated Early in one savage battle, and forever saved Washington from assault.

Sherman, meanwhile, had taken Atlanta; and so again these two "Grant men" had brought victory to the nation at a time when the nation needed it most. These victories prepared the way for Lincoln's triumphant reëlection. The whole atmosphere of the North cleared. It was at last understood that Grant was carrying forward the war on the lines which he had laid down a year before, upon taking command of all the armies in the field. All forces were moving now in unison. About this time he expressed his own satisfaction with regard to the way things were taking shape in a letter to his father to the effect that all he asked was for Lee to stay where he was for a short time.

At this moment began the actual working out of Sherman's long-meditated march to the sea. Detaching General Thomas to confront General Hood, "Old Tecump," spreading the wings of his desolating army, started on his

way toward Savannah, cutting the Confederacy in half. This movement had arisen from the interaction of the minds of Sherman and Grant during the campaign in Georgia. Grant's idea at first had been to move on Mobile after the capture of Atlanta, but later he suggested moving on Augusta; and out of these suggestions came Sherman's final determination to cut loose from his base of supplies, as Grant had done at Vicksburg, and to swing directly across the State to the coast. On the 15th of November, while the North was rejoicing over Lincoln's successful reëlection, he was under way with sixty thousand men; and Lee, powerless in the hands of Grant, could do nothing to impede the terrible progress of Sherman's army.

This was indeed war. It was a strange lot which made General Grant—a man of gentlest nature—the terror of the South. From Donelson to Petersburg he had waged unremitting, single-purposed war. He meant to conquer, but his resolution was never bitter or revengeful. He pursued his course with the idea of a restored Union ever before his eyes; and though he chafed at delay, and at the need of political compromises, yet he never became soured or embittered.

It was his policy not merely to hold Lee where he was, but to isolate him; and so he crept slowly around to the left, reaching out like an encompassing wall to shut off the Confederate army from connection with the South. His progress was like that of some enormous, slow-moving serpent.

In December General Thomas met Hood's army at Nashville, defeated it and almost destroyed it. Hood was on his way North, moved by a design somewhat similar to that of Early in the Shenandoah Valley. This closed the heavy fighting for the winter, and the South made no more aggressive campaigns. So, day by day, the great game went on. General Grant, at City Point, the calm center of direction, manipulated his armies, while Lee sadly waited the inevitable end, and the Confederate Congress debated the question of arming the slaves. Davis, meanwhile, was being censured by a numerous

party in the South for his military blunders and his military dictatorship. Dissension and dissolution had begun.

During all these days of vexation, delay, multitudinous burdens, and malicious attack, General Grant, to those near him, remained the same gentle, self-contained, and masterful character. His headquarters were at City Point, a level strip of land which runs out into the broad confluence of the Appomattox and the James. He lived for the first few months in a tent, as if on the march; but around him a city sprang up, and the river grew populous with water-craft. Wharves, storehouses, railroad depots, eating-houses, barber-shops, and other business houses arose, while the call of stevedores and the shout of sailors made the shore ring with life, and trains rumbled to and fro carrying supplies to the army. Up on the breezy headland it was quiet and very pleasant, but inland, toward Petersburg, it was very hot during the long autumn days. In the line of rifle-pits which encircled the Confederate city, the blue-coated soldiers sweltered in ill-concealed impatience, and waited for the cool days of November.

If the army seemed idle, its general was not. An enormous amount of detail fell upon him during these months. His position was second only to that of Lincoln in the minds of both friends and enemies. Streams of people crowded to see him; politicians pitched upon him; critics assailed him; Generals Butler, Smith, and Warren gave him trouble; and his life at City Point was one of never-ending harassment and responsibility. The War Department was also ready to find fault at any moment.

But he never seemed worried or hurried. His mind seemed capable of any amount of work. He had a very remarkable power of concentration, of introspection, of carrying on a profound train of thought and yet being aware of all that went on near him. He paid no attention to any noise, scurry of business, or idle talking which did not interest him—seemingly, was deaf and blind; but let a word be dropped which concerned things he should know, and he was alert. It was impossible to startle him —not because he was phlegmatic of temperament, but

The McLean house in Appomattox, Virginia, where Grant and Lee met and fixed the terms of Lee's surrender, April 9, 1865.

General J. A. Rankin. Colonel Bowers.

Grant at City Point, early in 1865.

because his brain was so active and so comprehensive, it took up and accounted for every sound. He was not annoyed by trivial conversations during his own work, because he did not hear what he did not wish to hear.

In the midst of all the bustle and suspense of enormous and complicated movement, he remained unimpatient and equable of temper, because of the absolute assurance which he had of his power to do the work in hand. There was nothing formal about his headquarters. He was not unlike the head of a great business firm, plain, abstracted in manner, unhesitating of action. It would not be true to say that he had not changed since the days of Donelson and Shiloh. He had come to be the commander in manner, although his commands were always quiet and without noise. He was never hasty, although some of his subordinates were hasty with him, notably Rawlins, who presumed at times upon his early acquaintance and the general's love for him. But even Rawlins knew that there was an impassable line between himself and his chief. There was a point beyond which he did not go.

Self, with General Grant, was put entirely aside. His mind was wholly on his duties. Nothing was done for effect or for others to look at. His manner toward his subordinates was simple and direct. He never sent them on errands for his personal pleasure. He always greeted them quietly as he came in, and took his seat at his table as modestly as any clerk. When no one but the officers were about headquarters he often talked pleasantly and unaffectedly with those seated around. But no one presumed to pat him on the shoulder. His plainness and simplicity were accompanied by some intangible reserve which demanded respect, not as a chief of the armies, but as a human soul of innate dignity. His known weakness in regard to alcoholic stimulants could not destroy this.

General Rawlins attended in large measure to the mere business details connected with the headquarters, but any letter written to General Grant reached him, and was read by him, and replied to in his own handwriting. If he could write a letter as quickly and as well as he could dictate, he preferred to write. It was no trouble for him to compose,

and, beyond occasional mistakes in spelling and grammar, his letters were models of clearness and good taste.

He waited upon himself whenever possible. He got his own mail at the adjutant's office, unless much occupied, and used to laugh at General Ingalls for keeping a darky to fan the flies off his bald head. He considered every man his equal, in a certain sense, though he insisted on having his orders strictly enforced. This, of course, he considered necessary; but there was nothing in his manner to his humblest clerk which set him apart as a man of a different social position. Rawlins said of him: "I never knew General Grant to betray a want of confidence in those above him, nor to be drawn into any controversy by those under him."

He never lolled about, and always spoke clearly and distinctly, but never loudly. He would walk across the intervening space rather than lift his voice to call to a subordinate. Equally, no man abashed him. He was serene in the presence of the greatest. He shirked no hardship, and was always on duty. He grew steadily greater in the opinion of those who were acute enough to perceive his greatness in spite of his modesty and simplicity.

In the field he was precisely the same; no display, no consciousness of being on exhibition. The staff-officer most prized by him was the one who did his work the quickest and with the least show. The men soon knew what was required of them, and, dropping all parade, became swift and businesslike in action. Occasionally a new man came on the staff full of military etiquette and display, but he soon fell in with the wishes of the chief. Grant liked his aides to bring him accurate reports without excitement; and sometimes he mildly reproved them for showing undue emotion, knowing that such emotion would result in exaggeration of statement.

As a result of all this, wherever General Grant was, there tranquillity reigned. His very look begat confidence and self-restraint. His headquarters were as peaceful as a church. Flies buzzed to the "scratch, scratch" of methodical pens at City Point, while cannon roared afar.

No general ever did more of his own labor than General Grant. He toiled early and late. Often, after everybody but his telegraph-operator and the mail-clerk had gone to bed, he sat pondering over some problem. Often, after he retired, the clerk carrying a despatch to him would find him wide awake, waiting. His mind required that despatch; it filled some gap in his plans; and upon receiving it he was enabled to close his eyes and fall asleep.

He was much alone, and did his work alone. He was not crowded in the position which he occupied at this time. His subordinates were generally content to do as they were told, and stop there. In matters of exchange, in reading and writing telegrams, in discussions with the War Department, in watching Thomas in Tennessee, Canby on the Gulf, and Sherman in Georgia, the winter came. Butler's failure to capture Fort Fisher (and the reëlection of Lincoln) had made it possible to relieve the "political general," who went North in the attempt to secure from the War Department reinstatement, in which he very naturally failed.

Mrs. Grant came down and spent the winter with her husband at City Point, where a little slat house had been built for his accommodation in place of the tent, and there the Grants lived almost as simply and plainly as at Hardscrabble, on the Gravois, in 1855. Many old friends from St. Louis, Galena, Georgetown, and Bethel came to see him and advise him what to do. It was impossible for most of them to realize that he was general of several hundred thousand armed men. They had no difficulty in reaching him; in fact, he welcomed them as a relief from his military perplexities. They were amazed to find him the same man they had known in private life. He inquired after their children by name, and wanted to know if it were true that Jane had married Tom, and that old Uncle Lowdermilk was dead. He knew every man, woman, and child in every small town in which he had ever lived, and seemed to be eager to know how they were all getting along. So plain and neighborly was he that his visitors departed with a sense of disappointment, not to say bewilderment.

He was altogether too simple and transparent. They would have better enjoyed the deep thunder of a martial voice, the imperative clap of bells, the swift spring of saluting aides. They were troubled in some cases with the conviction that "Ulyss Grant was not so much of a general, after all," and that their advice might come in handy with him before the war was done. They told the folks at home that Ulyss was mighty glad to see them and talk things over with them, and they did n't see how in the world he ever come to get in that position, anyhow. It was just his darn luck.

His courtesy was unfailing, even in the midst of the most eventful periods. He seemed always to have time for certain of his friends when they came. In fact, he never seemed hurried. At the very time that Sherman was calling for reinforcements, when General Early was menacing Washington, and the siege of Petersburg was demanding the most absorbed and wakeful attention, he wrote in reply to a young school-girl in Washington, acknowledging the gift of a smoking-cap in terms of serene pleasantry. The saucy girl had said that he was not to wear the cap until after he had taken Richmond. To this he readily agreed, and said that it would not be very long, either.

President Lincoln came down often, and was accustomed to drop in at headquarters without warning, remove his hat, and say, "Good morning, gentlemen," quite as if he were a member of the office force. Upon entering, he usually took a seat at the long table which stood in the middle of the office. There, stretching his long legs out at their full length, he composed himself for a comfortable neighborly chat. He was usually inclined to tell stories, and joke, seeming to enjoy a moment's escape from his great burden. He very evidently rested securely upon his great general's calmness and certainty of power. He comprehended the plan; he approved of it and had faith in the ultimate victory of the Northern army. It is a tribute to the purity of Grant's life that Lincoln never told coarse stories in his presence. He respected Grant's hatred of wit at the expense of women.

Grant's horse Egypt, a thoroughbred from southern Illinois.
From a photograph by Brady.

Grant's horse Jeff Davis, captured on Davis's plantation in Mississippi.
From a photograph by Brady.

The general was no gossip. He never made remarks in criticism of a visitor after the visitor had left, and by his manner always showed an objection to hearing others talk about people "behind their backs." He disliked a show of secrecy, and often stopped some one who began a whispered conversation by making his own replies in a loud voice, which became ludicrous to bystanders and embarrassing to the offending person.

He kept up his reading of the newspapers, and seemed not to be disturbed by criticism. He kept his troubles to himself. He had no small talk to amuse people with, but he sought relaxation occasionally in talk of horses and farming. This gave rise to the statement by some correspondents that Grant was an active horse-jockey, but a mighty indolent general of armies. He was always reasonably neat of outer dress and scrupulously clean of linen, but he had no time to spend in ceremonial dressing. He wore one suit morning, noon, and night. His horse was always smooth as silk, and his trappings in order.

He was a man of great sensitiveness in unexpected directions. He could not bear the sight of blood. Raw steak disgusted him. Suffering appealed to him so keenly that he could not look on the wounded of a battle-field; he shuddered and averted his face. He could not endure to see an animal abused, and the two occasions when he lost his temper show his chivalry and gentleness. Once he came upon a soldier insulting a woman, and with a sudden rush he felled the miscreant with a clubbed musket. The second instance was in the Wilderness campaign, when he came upon a teamster beating a horse most cruelly. For a "butcher" and a "bulldog" these are curious traits.

As a commander his most marked characteristics were measureless persistence, swift and unhesitant action, calm mastery of details, considerateness in the treatment of subordinates, courage to assume responsibility, and beyond and perhaps above all, the capacity to do, in the heat and tumult of war, things so conspicuously right that when the battle is ended they seem to have been inspired by a miraculous common sense.

In these winter days, also, the peace-loving men and women of both sections moved for a compromise which should end the war. A commission was appointed by the Confederate States, and on the last day of January its members presented themselves on the Union lines about Petersburg, and were immediately conducted to General Grant's headquarters. They proved to be Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, the Hon. J. A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War, and Senator R. M. T. Hunter.

General Grant made them comfortable, and informed the President and Stanton of their presence and their object, which was to negotiate a peace between the United States and, as they termed it, the Confederate government. Grant did not admit their claims to a government, and had no dealings with them. He informed Stanton, however, that he believed their intentions were good, but that he did not feel at liberty to express views of his own, neither could he account to them for his reticence. His position was awkward, but there was no help for it. He ended by expressing the wish that President Lincoln should meet the commissioners within the Union lines.

This wish Lincoln determined to gratify. Accompanied by Secretary Seward, he went to the front and met the Southern commissioners. For four hours the talk lasted, and ended without result. The Southern men were not yet ready to submit, and Lincoln and Grant were never further from any compromise. They were fighting for two fundamental demands: first, that the Union should be maintained; and second, that slavery should forever be abolished from the land. Neither the President nor his chief for one instant thought of accepting less, and the commission withdrew, while Grant tightened his hold on Lee's army, and Sherman continued his desolating advance through the Carolinas. War with Grant was constant and inexorable advance.

In fulfilling these plans Sherman's star rose each day higher, till he absorbed the attention of the nation, and Grant, while not forgotten, was less studied and less mentioned by the press, for which he was, no doubt, grateful.

There was something superbly dramatic and audacious in the march of Sherman's army through the enemy's country, now lost to sight, now reappearing in the blaze of some captured city, while Grant apparently lay dozing at Petersburg; therefore it was that Sherman became almost equal in national importance, and, in the eyes of Grant's ready critics, came at last to be the really great and only commander of the Northern army. Sherman was no longer the "crazy man"; he was "Tecumsey the Great." To the South he was "Attila the Scourge."

But there were those who perceived that Sherman was the lash in Grant's controlling fist. There were those who perceived that in Grant's mind lay the simple but stupendous plan which made of Sherman one of three converging armies whose center was Lee and Richmond. For months Grant and Lee had stood like two prodigious wrestlers, locked in a stern embrace. Each had been able to hold his own, but neither had been able to move the other. Lee was behind fortifications which Grant could not storm. Grant held positions from which Lee had not been able to rout him. Lee's fortifications were a necessity; Grant's were only an expediency.

Grant, however, had not merely held Lee thus securely intrenched, but had sent three great armies crashing through the Confederacy at his will. He had swept the Mississippi Valley clean of any considerable force. Thomas had destroyed Hood's army; Sheridan had beaten and forever scattered Early's forces; Schofield, after a successful campaign against Wilmington, had joined Sherman. With these plans in his mind and these forces in his hand, Grant could afford to pay no attention whatever to the critics of his government.

Had his been an envious soul or a narrow mind, he would have been fired with jealousy of Sherman; but envy had no place in his nature. He was jubilant when the news of Sherman's success reached him, and when a movement was started in the North to present Sherman with some testimonial, Grant, in answer to a printed letter inviting his coöperation, replied saying he had just written to his father at Covington, asking him to start a subscrip-

tion to present to Mrs. Sherman a furnished house in Cincinnati. "I directed my father to start the subscription with five hundred dollars from me, and two hundred and fifty dollars from General Ingalls. I cannot say a word too highly in praise of General Sherman's service from the beginning of the Rebellion to the present day."

"It is the greatest march in history," said Grant. "No other man but Sherman could have marched so far in an enemy's country, and be stronger at the finish than at the start. He is a greater general than I am."

Nothing could set these two men against each other. Sherman knew Grant's far-reaching mind and steadfast purpose, and he went his conquering way, confident that his chief had an ever-watchful eye for his welfare. He knew Grant would keep Lee busy, and see the old Army of the Tennessee safely through.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

DURING all these quiet winter months those best informed were aware of great plans forming in the mind of General Grant, although no one, not even his staff, knew what they were in detail. The soothsayers of the land anticipated the "breaking forth of a terrific storm of war" as soon as the roads became passable for cavalry and cannon, and in this they were quite right. The final movement was near at hand.

On the twenty-eighth day of March, in the after-cabin of the *River Queen*, at City Point, the three chief actors in the mighty drama of that day were gathered together. Grant, Sherman, and Lincoln had met to discuss the situation, and their meeting had immense significance. Sherman's army was safe at the coast. Grant was steadily pushing his lines round Lee to the west. All things were ready. The moment might be well termed historical. General Sherman, tall, thin, and nervous, formed the restless spirit of the group. Lincoln, sitting low in his chair, with his long legs draped alternately over each other, studied his two great chieftains with eyes which alternately gleamed and glowed. Grant, compact, self-contained, and silent, was the pivot round which the talk ran. To him every question was ultimately referred.

After one of Sherman's rapid, fiery speeches, the President turned his slightly smiling face toward Grant, and asked him to explain his plans covering that point.

Grant replied: "At this moment Sheridan is crossing the James River from the north by a pontoon-bridge below

City Point. I have a large and well-appointed force of cavalry with which I propose to strike the South Side and Danville railways. These are the only roads left over which Lee can supply his army. I intend to continue my movement to the left until Lee is entirely cut off from the Confederacy. He will be obliged to either surrender or abandon Richmond. If he comes out of his lines to fight, I shall whip him. My only fear is that he will slip away to join Johnston in the South. I shall start with no distinct view other than to prevent Lee from following Sheridan; but I shall be along myself, and take advantage of anything that turns up."

Sherman smiled joyously. "Let him join Johnston, if he wishes. My army at Goldsboro is strong enough to whip him and Johnston combined, provided General Grant can come up in a day or two. If Lee will remain at Richmond another week, I can march to Burkeville, and Lee will starve inside his own lines, or come out and fight us."

Lincoln looked thoughtful. "How many men has Lee?"

Grant replied: "I estimate his available force at sixty-five thousand, but great numbers are deserting."

Lincoln seemed to think that in Lee's army the spirit of battle still remained, and he asked sorrowfully:

"Can we not end this thing without another battle? Is it necessary that more blood be shed?"

Grant and Sherman both felt that one more bloody battle must be fought, but that would be the last.

Lincoln again exclaimed: "There has been blood enough shed! We must avoid another battle."

"We cannot control that," replied Sherman. "That rests with the enemy. If they attack, we must whip them. Davis and Lee will be forced to fight one more desperate battle. I think it will fall on me somewhere near Raleigh."

Grant then said: "If Lee will wait where he is for a few days, I will have my army so disposed that if he attempts to join Johnston I will be at his heels, and he cannot escape."

Lincoln was profoundly excited by the plans of his great generals. The end of the war seemed at hand, but

the fear of another day of carnage kept lodgment in his mind. He longed for peace with the heart of a woman. He would have accepted almost any terms at that moment. But Grant, calm, gentle, but inflexible, supplied the undeviating and dispassionate purpose of the war. His mind was with Sheridan's troops, filing in long streams of faded blue and flashing steel across the James River. Even as the three men talked, Grant's great plans were being executed by those who knew the "old commander" was sending them to victory. Stoneman's cavalry was pushing into West Virginia; Wilson was on the way; Canby was in action in the South.

Grant had determined to close the war at once. Sherman returned to his troops, and two days later, under the chief's immediate command, the Army of the Potomac began a momentous shifting of ground. The men looked into each others' faces with shining eyes. Movement meant victory; they were done with waiting. The "old man's" plans had ripened. Now for a short and sharp campaign, and then home and happiness! Even the men left in the trenches were ordered to keep face steadily to the west. The final closing in was begun.

Sheridan moved out in advance as soon as artillery could be moved. Division after division was withdrawn, and, filing behind, the extreme left took new position, extending the line by so many miles. It was like the movement of a monstrous serpent—the same menacing and terrifying movement which had begun on the Rapidan. Sheridan was soon on his road to Five Forks, with instructions to menace Lee's extreme right, and to draw out, defeat, and flank the gray men at that point.

The Richmond papers kept up a loud-sounding promise of victory; but Lee knew all too well the kind of man he had to deal with. His soldierly perception was sharpened, not dulled, by Grant's apparent inactivity. He hurried to the right wing of his army in person, hoping in some way to defeat the "hammerer's" designs. He also reinforced his line at that point, and met Sheridan at Five Forks with desperate courage.

Sheridan, tardily reinforced by General Warren, moved

to the assault with characteristic fire and force, and at dusk on the night of the 1st of April sent his men over the parapets of the enemy, capturing six thousand prisoners and much artillery and small arms. The "little general" followed the flying enemy in person until nine o'clock at night. He then halted his troops, and himself rode back to Five Forks to dispose of the remaining part of his command in face of the enemy.

The chief smiled when this news came to him. "Good! good!" he said. Then he let loose the majesty of his whole army. The cannon opened from one end of the line to the other. General Weitzel, on the north side of the James River, was ordered to advance his forces to menace the city of Richmond, and to enter if troops were withdrawn. Orders were given to Wright and Parke to assault Petersburg for the last time at four o'clock in the morning. General Humphreys and General Ord of the Army of the James, who occupied the south side of the river, were to move upon the enemy at the very moment they saw the lines weakened. Nothing the great commander had ever done was more orderly, more impressive, more inexorable. It was war on a mighty scale. It was an attempt to ensnare, not to defeat, an army.

At four o'clock, with a sudden redoubling of cannonading, the blue-clad columns moved to the assault. Parke and Wright moved out of their works, and advanced under a desolating artillery fire from the enemy, and went steadily on, sweeping the abatis from their front, on and on till they mounted the parapets, and threw themselves within the enemy's outer lines, and turned them against the inner redoubts. They swept this exterior line clear of gray-coats, and captured nearly three thousand prisoners.

At the same hour Ord and Humphreys had moved forward upon other outer lines of intrenchments. They, too, were carried. When the news from all the points reached Grant, he mounted his horse, and rode to the front to join the troops inside the fortifications of the city. He wanted to "be along" "to see what turned up."

General Lee made the most desperate efforts to regain his line of outer works. He sent his brave men again and

again against the blue-coated ranks. But in vain; the conditions were changed. His troops were in the open, Grant's intrenched. He could do nothing but waste his men. Longstreet, one of his most tremendous fighters, was ordered up from his position in defense of Richmond against Weitzel—the last resource of a desperate commander. Grant smiled again when he heard this—a slow, significant smile, without ferocity, the smile of a man whose eyes are full of thought. He ordered Weitzel to watch his chance, and when he saw an opening to go in and possess the city.

The people of Richmond heard the sound of cannon on that Sabbath morning, but, like the people of Vicksburg, they had grown accustomed to "Grant's pyrotechnic displays," and ate breakfast in comparative security, trusting all to General Lee. While Lee's men died uselessly, these citizens made ready for church, the ladies donning such finery as they had retained; and at about the hour when Lee, haggard with misery, was uncovering Richmond by ordering Longstreet to report at Petersburg, the churches were filling up with a leisurely and stately moving throng, mostly ladies. It was impossible that Lee should ever be beaten or captured!

In St. Paul's Church was the largest and finest assemblage, for Jefferson Davis worshiped there. The seats were filled. The hymn was given out, and the rustling hymn-book leaves were fluttering, when a messenger slipped up the aisle and handed a despatch to President Davis. It sent the blood back upon his heart, and a look that awed his people came into his face; and well it might. The message was from Lee: "The enemy has broken my line in three places. Richmond must be evacuated to-night." Davis read it, rose quietly and walked out, then hurried to his office to give orders removing the seat of government to Danville. This doomful news passed from lip to lip, and a reign of flame and terror began in Richmond.

General Ewell, commanding the city, ordered the warehouses to be burned. He fired all the shipping in the river, and blew up all the rams, whose explosion reached

the ears of General Wright. This conflagration set at work by Ewell ate the heart out of Richmond, and the smoke ascending to the sky told the Union troops of the desperate condition of the city. The people went insane with fear and excitement; flight began, and the worse element of the streets began to plunder and destroy. At eight o'clock the following morning General Weitzel entered the city, followed by negro troops singing, with characteristic frenzy of joy, their great marching chorus:

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!

Down at Petersburg, Grant was with Meade, superintending the battle with Lee, who tried again and again to beat back the encroaching blue wall, all to no purpose. Sheridan came sweeping in from the west, and joined Meade on the left, thus making a continuous battle-line, which half inclosed the city. Grant, having all this under his eyes, ordered the cannon to open at sunrise, to be followed by a grand assault an hour later. Before the sun rose Lee gave up the fight and evacuated the city, starting on his retreat to join Johnston.

Grant entered Petersburg so close on the flying troops of Lee that he could have turned his cannon upon the packed masses of the disorganized regiments; but he had not the heart to do so; he wished to meet his enemy in the front. It was not his design to follow Lee, but to head him off, and he had already given orders to Sheridan to move out along the south side of the Appomattox River, and reach the Danville road in advance of Lee. The ever-ready Sheridan had replied, saying: "My troops are nine miles on the road already." And so the whole army began to extend like a vast snare with intent to secure a fleeing mass of gray-coated men.

It was all so simple, yet so immense. Sheridan, whom the chief loved like a son, and whom he trusted as he trusted his own right arm, was sent in advance to check Lee's foremost columns, while General Grant himself remained with Ord at the center, to be in readiness for any

doubling of his desperate enemy. Meade was to hang on the enemy's flank.

Grant telegraphed Lincoln to meet him at Petersburg, which his own troops had evacuated in their pitiless pursuit of the fleeing enemy. Grant was alone with a few staff-officers when Lincoln arrived. The meeting took place on the veranda of a deserted house, and was not without its humorous word on Lincoln's part.

"Do you know, general," he said, "I had a sort of sneaking idea for some days you were going to do something like this!"

Grant smiled at the phrase "sneaking idea," for he had concealed from the President the real form of his final movement, wishing to spare him all disappointment. He now opened all his plans. With a certain delicacy of sentiment, he had refrained from calling in the Western troops, because he wished the Army of the Potomac to have the honor of capturing Richmond and Lee, if possible, without outside aid. He feared ill feeling and bickering to follow between the leaders of the East and West in Congress. All this he explained in answer to Lincoln's question concerning Sherman's coöperation.

Lincoln replied: "I see that now, but I had not thought of it before. My anxiety to end the war has been so great that I did not care where the aid came from."

With a hearty "God bless you!" the President mounted his horse and rode back to City Point, while Grant, without entering Richmond, with scarcely a glance in its direction, galloped to the west to keep pace with his army center; and so to a subordinate was given the honor of entering the rebel capital and its presidential mansion.

The jubilant Union army was marching without rations, and straight into the enemy's country; but that did not matter. "Richmond is taken; this is the last campaign," they said, and so they had no fear of what was to follow. They felt sure of ending Lee's career almost before the need of further rations. The "old man" was along, and things always moved where he was. The men sang and shouted and laughed, and made prodigious marches without complaint, almost in a frenzy of delight. The roads

were very bad, but they were as bad for the enemy; rations were as hard to get for the men in gray as for the men in blue. And so the swift and tireless pursuit went on.

"The armies of the South are now our strategic points," Grant wrote to Sherman, and pushed on, intent on throwing sufficient force between Lee and Burkeville on the Danville road to stop him and bring him to bay. Sheridan and Meade joined at Jetersville, confronting Lee, who was at Amelia Court-house, and Grant was still riding with Ord on the left. When he came into camp, after being all day on horseback, two soldiers in rebel uniform were brought in as prisoners. They said they wished to see the commanding general, and were immediately brought before Grant.

They proved to be Union soldiers from Sheridan's army, disguised as rebels. They had come through the enemy's lines to avoid a long detour. One of them took from his mouth a quid of tobacco in which was a small pellet of tin-foil. This, when opened, was found to contain a note from Sheridan, written on tissue-paper, saying: "It is of the utmost importance for the success of the movement now being made that you come at once to these headquarters. Meade has given his part of the army orders to move in such a manner that Lee may break through and escape."

Grant ordered a fresh horse, and set off at once, without even waiting for a cup of coffee. Although Sheridan's headquarters were not more than ten miles away, the general had to make a wide detour around the rebel lines, riding nearly thirty miles in addition to his day's journey. He was challenged by pickets, and had great difficulty in getting through the lines, and was forced to pick his way among sleeping soldiers bivouacked in the open field.

He reached Sheridan about midnight. He was awake, waiting, and very anxious. He explained in a few vigorous words the situation. Meade had given him orders to move on the right flank and cover Richmond. This, Sheridan said, would exactly open the door for Lee to escape. Meade's fear was that by uncovering Richmond Lee would

get into our rear and trouble our communications. Sheridan's idea was to move on the west flank, leave Richmond and the communications to take care of themselves, and to swing between Lee and the road to Johnston, and press and attack the Confederates wherever found.

Meade had misinterpreted Grant's plan. The question was not the occupation of Richmond, but the destruction of Lee's army.

The general started to find Meade, who was ailing and in bed. He was very cordial, and began talking about the next day's march and the route he had laid down. Grant listened a moment, then said: "I do not approve of your march. I do not want Richmond so much as Lee. Richmond is only a collection of houses; Lee is an active force. Your business is not to follow Lee, but to head him off."

He took out his pencil, and wrote an order countermanding Meade's orders, and directing the whole force to have coffee at four o'clock, and move on the left flank. He handed it to Meade, and said: "You have no time to lose."

Meade loyally went to work, and his next movement threw the Union forces between Lee and the Carolinas, and the battle of Sailor's Creek took place next day. No single act of Grant's whole career was more vigorous, more important, and more soldierly than this midnight ride of thirty miles in an enemy's country without guard. It was the power to do this, and the perception to understand the need of promptness, that made Grant the general that he was. This ride had something of the old-time heroism in it.

There was no danger of Lee's swinging to the left. He was retreating with all the skill he could bring to bear, and fought only when forced to do so. He was obliged to cross the Danville road without meeting his provision-trains, for Sheridan's advance-guard had sent them all back down the line.

The gray men were hungry and muddy and weary, but they were unconquerable of spirit. They continued their flight, and Grant's pursuing columns pushed forward once again to intercept them or bring them to bay. They marched on into the night, although they had been a week without rest.

At Farmville the chief entered the tavern, scarcely yet emptied of its Confederate guests of the night before. He was satisfied the fight was out of Lee's army, and so opened correspondence with Lee, who was only a few miles away. He conveyed to Lee his opinion that further struggle was a wanton waste of life, and called for the surrender of the Confederate troops under his command. The great net was spread and closing around the remnants of Lee's disorganized army. Sheridan, with Ord, had pushed on to the front with tremendous celerity, pausing scarcely to eat or sleep, and was closing in on the Confederate front. Meade was holding the rear ranks securely, and Grant himself was directing Humphreys in his pressure against Lee's immediate command. His orders to Ord and Sheridan were vigorous and jubilant.

After writing his letter to Lee, Grant strolled about the village a little, and then went back to the tavern. He was not at all well. A derangement of the stomach, combined with the intense nervous strain of the week's fighting and pursuit, had given him a blinding headache. As the night fell he sat on the little piazza of the inn, leaning over the rail, and gazing over and beyond the marching troops whose endless stream filled the streets.

He was at his greatest that night, absorbed, intent, relentless, his face set like granite. His staff stood apart from him, almost in awe. "Oh, what a night that was!" exclaimed Colonel Webster. "The 'old man' was wonderful." Occasionally some officer in the passing troops would recognize the somber, dreaming face above the railing, and his salute would start a roaring cheer among the men. But the chief gave no sign of approval or disapproval. He did not seem to hear the salute. He was exteriorly without evidence of pride or exultation. He showed no anxiety either, but he was in deep thought. He knew the pursuit must end soon, for he was marching away from his supplies, whereas Lee was marching toward his strongholds and his granaries. Should the pursuit last three days longer, the Union forces must halt and feed themselves.

But the swift and sturdy Sheridan had reported himself and his forces at last directly in Lee's advance, and de-

serters had informed him, also, how desperate was the situation of the Confederate forces. It was impossible for Lee to escape; his campaigns were ended. Sheridan was as sleepless as his chief; nothing escaped him. Lee's precious supply-trains were turned back or destroyed. Every advancing column of gray found every lane filled with Union cavalry.

And yet, when Grant's letter came to Lee he could not bring himself to surrender. He played a double game. He approached the disingenuous in his reply. He played for time by asking the terms of surrender, and suggested a meeting to decide upon terms.

To his letter Grant replied, while still at Farmville: "Peace being my greatest desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon; namely, that men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms against the United States until properly exchanged."

Though Grant believed Lee to be meditating surrender, and though he sent such word to Sheridan, he neglected no precaution. "We will push him until the terms are agreed upon," he added to Sheridan, who said, in reply: "If General Gibbon and the Fifth Corps get up to-night, we will perhaps finish the job in the morning. I do not think that Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so."

That night General Grant stayed at a farm-house. He was suffering increased pain. His hard week's campaigning, the intense anxiety and sleepless mental activity, had told upon him. He was a very injudicious eater, and his stomach was his weak point. He ate very little,—too little, in fact,—but he was quite as apt to eat pickles and cake, mingled with cream and vinegar and lettuce, as he was to take more wholesome foods. If his wife cried out against it, he merely smiled and said: "Let them fight it out down there." Such lack of care had often brought about indigestion; and now, when he was most needed, when he was at the most critical point of this pursuit, he was forced to go to bed with mustard-plasters on his wrist and at the base of his brain.

But he was by no means out of the fight. Sick as he was, he was not to be caught napping by Lee's second

letter, in which he said, "To be frank, I don't think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army," but added that he would be pleased to meet General Grant at 10 A. M.

Grant replied:

> I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace. The meeting proposed for 10 A. M. to-day would do no good. . . . I will state, however, general, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood; by the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, etc.

This letter, confused and inelegant as it was, conveyed a most sincere and humane desire to avoid further fighting, and was not without adroitness. It conveyed to Lee the inflexible purpose of its writer. Any further bloodshed was certainly to be laid to Lee's own selfish pride. There was but one thing to be done—to bow the head to the will of the God of progress.

Lee called a council of war that night, the 8th of April, and read the correspondence of General Grant. Around the camp-fire gathered the members of his staff, including Generals Longstreet, Fitzhugh Lee, and Gordon. There Lee presented the situation quietly, somberly, and dispassionately. He said: "I am averse to surrendering, but the situation demands it. It cannot be avoided. My desire is now to avoid any further bloodshed."

Some of the younger men of the council did not share the depth of his discouragement, and after some deliberation General Gordon was selected to lead a desperate assault on Sheridan's cavalry and open a way of escape. It was a forlorn hope, but it put off the hour of surrender, and with some reluctance Lee assented, even though his letters to Grant had conveyed a different intention.

"Do you think you can cut your way through?" he asked.

U. S. Grant early in 1865, near the close of the war, age 43 years.

From a spoiled negative.

"Yes," replied Gordon; "I can force a passage through any number of cavalry."

This assault took place; but when General Gordon was congratulating himself that he was making way, the cavalry suddenly parted in the middle and rolled back like a curtain, and there, ranked, ready, and menacing, stood the Army of the James, under command of Ord, a wall of blue with a crest of steel, impenetrable and insuperable.

The worn, hungry, muddy, and desperate men in gray grounded their arms, and looked at one another in silence. Grant's army had outmarched them on longer lines—had surrounded them. The flag of truce must go up now, or the Army of Northern Virginia break up in tumbled heaps on a bloody field.

Gordon sent a despairing despatch to General Lee, saying: "Unless Longstreet comes up at once, all is lost."

Lee replied in a singular note, saying: "There is a flag of truce in existence between me and General Grant. You can take your own course about notifying the officer in command of the forces on your front,"—by which it would seem he had ceased to send direct orders to General Gordon.

Meanwhile General Grant had received word from the Confederate general-in-chief expressing willingness to treat for surrender. This word cured Grant of his sick-headache at once. He threw it off as quickly as he might have thrown off his hat, and hastened to the front. He found Sheridan's troops drawn up in line of battle and facing the enemy near by. The men were deeply excited, and the subordinate officers were riding to and fro wildly. Men and officers alike wanted to go in and finish the business right then, for they feared the truce to be a mere trick to gain time.

Grant had greater reason than any of them knew to believe it a trick, but he was too sure of his power to refuse this chance. He rode through the lines toward the enemy, and on to the place where the Confederate leader was waiting to meet him. Lee, accompanied by Colonel Marshall of his staff, had been seated for some time in a near-by farm-house, a plain brick cottage with a veranda.

It was owned by a man named McLean, who was walking distractedly about, dazed and helpless with the sudden weight of war which was thrust upon him.

When General Grant entered, the room was partly filled by his own officers; but on one side of the room General Lee sat in silence, with Colonel Marshall, his secretary, near him. General Lee's face was pale, but impassible. What his thoughts were no one could tell. He looked like a man who had failed of a high purpose, but accepted his failure with philosophic resignation. He was clad in a new suit, and looked like an officer prepared for grand review. His sword, gloves, boots, all showed great care and good taste. His gray full beard was trimmed and his hair in perfect order. He had in him something of the old cavalier, who met death well-ordered and debonair.

General Grant, without pausing, walked directly toward him, and Lee rose, and the two men shook hands. Grant spoke of the Mexican War, and of the curious fact that he had not seen General Lee since that time.

As they stood talking thus, Grant's officers looked at each other significantly. Their chief was a most violent contrast to the Southern leader. He was considerably shorter, and his bearing quite unmilitary. He was splashed with mud, and his trousers were tucked into his boots. He wore the uniform of a private soldier, with the straps of lieutenant-general sewed to the shoulders. He was haggard from his recent illness and the strain of a week's hard riding. He needed the testimony of all his subordinates to verify his identity with the "remorseless Hun" and the "scientific Alaric" of the Southern press. Without doubt, Lee was amazed, but his face, almost as sphinx-like as Grant's, gave no outward sign.

The most marked expression of General Grant was his kindness. His reluctance to introduce the distressing purpose of the meeting was evident. He conveyed by his whole manner such delicacy of sympathy, and such marked desire not to humiliate his late foes unnecessarily, that one of his subordinates asked of another: "Who 's surrendering here, anyhow?" Grant himself said: "I had been quite jubilant on the receipt of General Lee's letter";

but he was now sad, out of the kindness and almost womanly sympathy of his nature. He was eager to finish up the surrender in such wise as not to add to the painful dejection of the Southern men.

"The conversation grew so pleasant that he almost forgot the object of the meeting." General Lee called his attention to the purpose of their coming together, which was to get from General Grant the terms he proposed to give to the Southern army. He suggested that the terms be reduced to writing.

General Grant then called Colonel Ely Parker of his staff, and asked him to bring a small table which stood at the opposite side of the room. This was done, and General Grant then wrote in pencil the terms of the surrender, and took it to General Lee, who remained seated. Thus the victor went to the vanquished in the manner of a considerate younger man. There was no thought of military etiquette in his mind.

In the final paragraph of this first draft was written these words: "The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside."

General Lee, reading this simple, direct, and kindly letter, seemed moved by its generosity, and said: "This will have a most happy effect upon my army." He referred particularly to the part covering the release of all claim upon the horses of the cavalrymen, which were the private property of their riders. By the generous foresight of General Grant, they could now ride their horses back to their farms, and use them in their spring work.

The terms of the letter having been agreed upon, General Grant directed Colonel Parker, a member of his staff, to make a copy of it in ink. While this was being done he turned to General Sheridan and said: "General Sheridan, General Lee tells me that he has some twelve thou-

sand of our people prisoners, who are sharing with the men, and that none of them have anything to eat. How many rations can you spare?"

Sheridan replied: "About twenty-five thousand."

Grant turned to Lee. "General Lee, will that be enough?"

"More than enough," replied Lee.

"Very well. General Sheridan, direct your commissary to send twenty-five thousand rations to General Lee's commissary."

When the letters had been copied in ink, and signed, the two men rose, and a little general conversation again took place, in the course of which General Grant apologized for his dress, remarking that his wagons were behind, and that he had not wished to detain General Lee while he sent back for them. General Lee seemed to accept this in the spirit in which it was spoken, and the two leaders shook hands and parted.

As Lee passed out Grant's aides respectfully rose. Lee did not appear to notice them. As he stood on the steps waiting for his horse, he looked away for an instant over the green valley, and "smote his hands together again and again in an absent and despairing way." When his horse came up he mounted and returned to his lines.

Far back in the Western town of Galena, in 1861, an obscure country editor had said of a still more obscure citizen of his town: "A magnanimous man like Captain Grant can put down this Rebellion; vindictive men never can." And here, now, on his own responsibility, in the glow of a natural impulse of his considerate and forgiving nature, Lieutenant-General Grant gave terms which melted the hard hearts of thousands of men and women to whom he had been a destroying, invading Hun, and when Lee met him the following morning he spoke feelingly of the profound impression made upon his army. "The entire South will respond to your clemency," he said.

Every order issued thereafter by General Grant was in accordance with the spirit of his terms to Lee. He advised against all signs of exultation; for the war is ended, he said, and Lee and his men are fellow-citizens

of the same nation, and not to be humiliated. His old classmates and comrades in the Mexican War came that night to thank him for his courtesy.

He met them as if nothing had happened, and, hooking his arm in that of General Longstreet, and calling him by his old army nickname, he said with a gentle, half-sorrowful cadence in his voice: "Pete, let 's return to the happy old days by playing a game of 'brag.'"

He began right there on the field of Appomattox the work of reconstruction. As after Fort Henry he moved on Donelson, and from Vicksburg on Chattanooga, so now his restless brain was filled with plans, not to conquer other cities, but to end the war, to reduce expenses, to disband the army, and to go home. He felt sure Johnston would surrender to Sherman at once. He could trust Sherman to look out for that, and leaving Generals Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt to carry into effect the work of paroling the Southern troops, he moved on Washington and its army of contractors, in the aim to stop the purchase of supplies, to cut down the army, to cancel the charter of useless vessels, and to reduce the country to the conditions of peace at the earliest moment.

As an honorable warrior he had no fear that Lee or his army would violate their paroles; and knowing Lincoln's support to be his, he had no fear of the assaults of belligerent Northern politicians. His mind was at ease, and his face, seamed with lines of care, smoothed out; his thought ran swiftly to meet his wife and children.

"Are you not going into Richmond?" a friend said.

"No; I have about a day's work in Washington, and then I am going on to New Jersey to see my children," he replied.

Accompanied by his staff, of which Rawlins was chief, the general took the train for City Point. His announcement of victory to the War Department was a telegram of only five or six lines, but it set the North aflame with joy. "The war is over; our boys are coming home!" the people said; and added: "God bless General Grant!" His name lent itself to pleasant puns, such as, "He *Grants* us peace." It had a long train of heroic memories

now. There was but one man who stood on his plane at this time, and that was Abraham Lincoln, another self-made man of the West.

It was late at night, or, rather, early in the morning, when the general entered the office at headquarters at City Point. There were but two or three of his staff present as he took a seat at his table. After writing a few minutes, he looked up smilingly, and said half-musingly, not addressing anybody in particular, "More of Grant's luck."

He finished a despatch to Sherman announcing the victory, then rose with these significant words, spoken as if they announced the beginning of a new campaign: "*Now for Mexico.*"

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN, THE SURRENDER OF JOHNSTON, AND THE GRAND REVIEW

LEAVING City Point, Grant proceeded directly to Washington, arriving there on the evening of the 13th. The city was ablaze with enthusiasm over the report of the surrender of Lee. Bands of employees from the navy-yard and from other public buildings formed in procession and went about the streets singing jubilant songs. The city flamed forth with illuminations and blossomed with flags. The name of Grant became at once the sign and signal for the wildest applause. Everybody was in the streets.

In the midst of all this General Grant himself arrived in his characteristic way. He slipped into Willard's Hotel, and registered, not knowing, apparently, that the city was frantic to do him honor. In fact, few people knew that he was present until the following morning, when the notice of his arrival appeared in the papers. He paid no attention to the crowd, to the demands made upon him for speeches, but set busily to work upon plans of needed retrenchment. In his estimation, the war was over, and the burdens of the people should be lightened. All of his orders were of this tendency. He stopped the further manufacture of arms, discharged convalescent soldiers, canceled the charter of needless vessels, and cut down the bills for supplies. He spent a very busy day with these details, working very hard, for the reason that he was eager to accompany Mrs. Grant to Burlington, New Jersey, where his eldest children were. He refused, also,

an invitation from President Lincoln to attend the theater with him that night, and late in the evening left on the Baltimore and Ohio road for Philadelphia.

He was about taking the train at Camden for Burlington, late that night, when a despatch was handed him which conveyed the appalling news: "The President has been assassinated. Return at once." Washington was panic-stricken. It wished to be assured that General Grant lived, and it needed his presence at the seat of government. Lincoln had been shot and killed while seated in his box at Ford's Theater. An assault had been made upon Secretary of State Seward, and it was feared that the plot included also the assassination of General Grant. The general returned to Washington by special train, and the country drew a deep breath of relief. His steady and powerful hand was once more upon the machinery of the War Department.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln, calamitous as it was, had, after all, but small influence on the war. It did not cripple or disarrange or confuse or bewilder military affairs. Sherman in the field was about to conclude terms of surrender with Joseph E. Johnston. He put the despatch announcing the death of Lincoln into his pocket, and passed on to meet his conquered foe. At Appomattox the paroling officers proceeded to execute General Grant's orders with regard to Lee's captured army. The pursuit of General Kirby Smith in the West did not falter. Every order issued by the lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States went forward to execution inflexibly.

So in the nation at large the business and necessary daily duties of men, interrupted for a moment, resumed their course as a great river rolls on over a sunken ship. Lincoln, who seemed so colossal, so necessary, ceased to be a moving factor in the affairs of state, but his gentle and gracious spirit lived in the mind of General Sherman and General Grant. Had Grant perished with Lincoln, the nation might have been thrown into mad confusion; but when the people learned that General Grant was safe, and had returned to Washington, all danger of a panic ceased.

Not only was General Grant unshakable in his resolution to do his duty as a warrior, but he was also immovable by the excited Stanton and Halleck. With his steady fingers on the keys controlling the armies of the United States, he sat in silence, self-contained and unangered, while the excitables around him cried out for revenge. He never for an hour relaxed his hold on the military details of his office, and he never forgot the needs of Mexico for a single day. Nothing could confuse or bewilder him, and every day made it increasingly evident that he was the chief man of the nation, now that Abraham Lincoln had passed away; and when he sat at the head of the coffin, swart, compact, grim-visaged, with lips quivering with emotion, he was considered to be in his place as chief representative of the policy of the dead man before him.

Now arose severe criticisms upon the terms granted to Johnston by Sherman, who had carried out, as Grant well knew, the spirit of the martyred President. Sherman's terms to Johnston were plainly marked, "Provisional," and were subject to the approval of the government; but "they came a week too late or a month too early." They came to Washington at a time when the War Department was disposed to be very severe. In the wild rage and bitterness which followed the assassination, Stanton seemed to forget the mighty work which this man Sherman had done for the nation, and fell upon him with the severest public condemnation, going so far as to accuse him of treason—of exceeding his authority because of his sympathy with the South.

Sherman, not having Grant's self-repressive and patient character, hotly replied to his critics, thereby increasing their clamor. Stanton made public matters which were departmental secrets, in order to strengthen his case. General Grant took Sherman's part, and when he took a man's part it meant something. His face flushed and his hands clenched as he read Stanton's public censure of Sherman. "It is infamous—infamous!" he said. He insisted that Sherman be allowed to explain, that it was unsafe to condemn a man upon so brief a report, especially a man like Sherman.

The department ordered General Grant to proceed to the front and take charge of Sherman's army and the negotiations for surrender with Johnston, and so it happened that while the mighty funeral pageant of Lincoln was winding its slow way to the West, Grant started secretly to the front, and came suddenly and unexpectedly into Sherman's camp at Raleigh.

The lamentations and forebodings of the army over the death of Lincoln and its effect upon the nation gave place to confidence and joy when they knew their old commander was among them. A review was in progress, and a hasty change was made in order that the splendid columns of the old Seventeenth Army-Corps might pass before the "old man." It contained McPherson's veterans, and Grant held it in peculiar regard. He could hardly speak of the untimely death of its brilliant young commander even then without tears. The whole army broke out in cheers and rejoicing wherever Grant appeared.

Though sent by the War Department to assume direction of Sherman's affairs, the chief kept in the background, and did not allow General Johnston to know of his presence till Sherman had conducted the terms of surrender to a finish. Grant loved Sherman above even Sheridan, and would have resigned his commission rather than humiliate him. To the army he was only a visitor; to Sherman he was a friend, and the gentlest and most considerate superior officer ever sent on an errand of reproof. It cooled Sherman's hot heart and moistened his eyes with tears to be met in such gentle and considerate manner.

Leaving orders for the army under Sherman to set their faces on a long homeward march, Grant returned to Washington, where his presence was sorely needed in the multitudinous duties incident upon the disbanding of the armies and the closing up of the army contracts and requisitions. He was warned of his personal danger, but gave little heed to it. He came and went quietly and without guard, and his sturdy figure and grave, intent face were always welcome sights to the citizens. The whole nation felt easier to know he was again at headquarters. Later

developments with regard to General Sherman's case proved conclusively that Grant was right. Sherman had not betrayed his trust in the provisional treaty with General Johnston, and was completely vindicated as soon as his case was stated.

Soon after he returned, Grant called Sheridan to his headquarters, and gave him secret instructions to proceed to Texas, to have an eye on the French forces in Mexico. "If necessary, I will put you at the head of a corps to join Juarez, and force Maximilian to withdraw. We cannot permit the establishment of a monarchy in Mexican soil." He went so far as to urge upon Johnson the immediate invasion of Mexico. He hated Napoleon and all he stood for, and would have swept Maximilian and his forces from American territory, had not Seward assured him it could be done by diplomacy. He considered the active coöperation of the French forces with the Confederate troops on the Rio Grande a just cause for war.

Just a little over one month after Lincoln's death, on the seventeenth day of May, an order for a grand review was sent out by the adjutant-general. The last gun had been fired far out on the Rio Grande; Grant's troops were moving on Washington now, peacefully sweeping across Virginia, singing songs of God's country, longing to see the dome of the Capitol loom up in the Northern skies. No words, nothing but song, could utter the exultation of their hearts. The war was over, it was spring, and they were going home—home to wives and sweethearts and gray-haired fathers and mothers, home to square meals, and beds, and familiar hills and brooks and meadows; so they marched on, well-nigh mad with impatience at delay. The armies of Sheridan and Meade were already camped beside the Potomac, and soon Sherman's men would be there.

Meanwhile in Washington the people were planning for the great day. Train-loads of the relatives of the soldiers began to pour into the city and to swarm out to the encampment. Every hotel was filled even to the corridors with cot-beds and mattresses, and there were homeless enthusiasts who hired street-cars in which to sit out the

night. The newspapers teemed with descriptions of the camp, of the bugle-calls, the drum-beats, the rumbling of cannon, the movement of commissary wagons, and all the complex and picturesque accompaniments of an enormous army. Parallels were adduced. This army assembling for review, said the correspondents, was greater than Napoleon's, Cromwell's, and Cæsar's combined. Cromwell's armies would scarcely make a detail of Sherman's command, and Cæsar's forces when he conquered the world were less than one wing of the Army of the Potomac.

In the midst of all this mighty preparation, this movement of cannon and cavalry, in the midst of galloping aides and superbly mounted generals and colonels and their aides, the chief was hardly to be seen. He sat in his office, bent above papers, figures, calculations, and reports, planning the reorganization of the army and the redistribution of troops in the South and West. He was like a great merchant absorbed in daily duties, and no one seemed to have less part in the pageantry preparing than General Grant.

The twenty-third day of May dawned in clouds, but cleared away into a beautiful day before the hour set for the review. The trees were heavy with leaf, the sun warm, the blue sky filled with rolling fragments of clouds. Before the White House a reviewing-stand had been erected, and thereon President Johnson and his party took their place just before nine o'clock. The President sat in the center. On his right sat General Grant and Secretary Stanton, and on his left were places reserved for Generals Sherman, Meade, and other officers of high rank. Around were billows of ladies in the voluminous hoop-skirts of the time, and flocks of pantaletted little girls, and droves of small boys in caps and soldier blouses. Flags fluttered everywhere like leaves of the aspen, and the buzzing of eager tongues, steadily increasing, voiced the impatience of the throng: "Are they coming? Are they coming? They must be delayed."

No; this was a military parade. At exactly nine o'clock a single cannon-shot boomed from some far place,

and down the winding avenue from the Capitol came the broad river of blue and steel. It was the Army of the Potomac, with General Meade at its head. The escort of cavalry, seven miles in length, preceded the infantry corps. Sheridan was not there,—he was already on his way to the Mexican border,—but General Merritt, who led them, was cheered warmly by the throng. The troops were worn and dusty and dingy, their faces bronzed by the wind and sun. For nearly two hours these swift and powerful warriors swept by the reviewing-stand, and as each regimental color came opposite him General Grant arose and saluted, and every cavalryman's eyes sought out the face of the commander whose word had been his absolute law for the last year.

The Ninth Corps of Infantry followed, under command of General John G. Parke. The columns filled the street —"a Niagara of men," streaming by endlessly, their worn and tattered battle-flags calling for a cheer for the dead as well as for the living. They came at "right shoulder shift" in cadenced step; and as they passed the chief their burnished muskets leaped to "present," and with "eyes left" they passed the stand, many of them looking for the last time upon their great commander. The Fifth Corps followed, led by General Griffin, marching in similar form, streaming by, hour after hour, till the Army of the Potomac, eighty thousand strong, had marched on from war to peace.

On the next day the "heroes of the West" took up their triumphant march before the President and the man of Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga. The interest in these men of the West was intense. They were already storied. They came from strange, far countries, these tall, grim, dingy, ragged, war-worn soldiers of Sherman's command; they came from the wonderful new States of Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and from the older States of Indiana and Ohio. Most of them had marched three thousand miles; some of them were said to have carried muskets seven thousand miles. They had desolated the Confederacy; they had forced every rebel flag to lower before their faces; and now they came to

see the capital of their country for the first time, and to enjoy the applause of their friends.

General Sherman himself led his hosts, erect, sinewy, bronzed of skin, and restless and haughty of eye. He had the poise and action of an eagle about to take wing. His face expressed pride and pleasure, but more of aggressive combativeness was there. He had not forgotten the insults and injuries placed upon him by the War Department at a time when its secretary should have been most grateful.

Beside him rode General Howard, with one empty sleeve pinned to his breast. General Logan, who had been with Grant almost from the first, followed on a magnificent horse, his long black hair and sweeping mustache realizing the Eastern ideal of the Western commander. General Hooker ("Fighting Joe"), General Corse, and other worn yet jubilant leaders followed.

The rank and file were not so well dressed as the Army of the Potomac. They marched with long, loping step, not so finely military, but which was as characteristic of their wide marches as the faded and dusty uniforms they wore. The artillery passed by batteries, six guns abreast, and the heavy jar and sullen rattle of the ponderous carriages made the pavements tremble. The ambulances were worn, and had many marks of hard service and long journeys. The old blood-stained stretchers, upon which the wounded had been carried to the rear from the battle-fields of the far West, were carried in the line as if for immediate use.

Sherman's "bummers" were there, leading all sorts of animals packed with all sorts of articles to illustrate the foraging which was a part of their great campaign. Old mules, jackasses, and broken-down horses carried goats, sheep, pigs, fowl, and camp utensils, to the mighty amusement of the people along the way. The men moved, not as an army under review, but as an army on the march. As the guns passed the President's stand, the horses were put into the gallop, and retired in a cloud of dust with a clamor of hoofs and a roar of wheels that shook the earth, giving a still further suggestion of the scenes through which they had passed.

In comparison with the Army of the Potomac, these Western men looked hard. "They were dingy, as if the smoke of many battles had dyed their garments, and the dust and mud of a dozen States had stained and faded them. Their wool hats, well worn and dirty, gave them a most somber coloring. The weather-beaten condition of the whole army was brought out mercilessly by the unclouded splendor of the sun. There was a look almost fierce and sullen on nearly every face. There was a rigidity of jaw and straightforward scornfulness of eye in every rank that no observer could fail to mark. The great gloomy masses marched as if in silent contempt of all such display, with a bitter, businesslike scowl, as if they might be going into battle."

These were they who had brought victory at times when victory was most needed. These men, under Grant, had won Vicksburg when the nation despaired, and with them Grant and Sherman had disenthralled Chattanooga when an invasion seemed to threaten. Under Sherman, they had taken Atlanta, and helped to elect Abraham Lincoln. They were opportune; they had always arrived at the critical time. Well might their shoulders stoop and their uniforms grow yellow and wrinkled. One cannot carry trunks and extra uniforms on raids whose circuit is five thousand miles.

All day on the 23d and all day on the 24th Grant sat at the President's side, watching his soldiers pass. He seemed entirely unconscious that he was the center of almost hysterical interest. He seemed conscious only that his boys were passing by. Every time he rose to salute the regimental flags, cheers uplifted like sudden bursts of music from an orchestra under signal of a leader's wand. His keen eyes studied every detail of the passing men. He wished to know the condition, not only of the commanders, but of the files. None knew so well as he what these soldiers were. He had been one of them. They were his neighbors, he had been their colonel and brigadier-general and major-general, and the intensity of his scrutiny seemed to indicate that he was looking for the men who had gained his attention and regard during

those early days in the West. During the whole review the expression of his face was grave, almost sad.

It meant much to him, this pageant of his old command. McPherson should have been there, and Ransom and Smith and many another brave man of lesser rank, to make the chief smile. He seldom spoke to any one, even to the officers of his staff, except in recognition of some favored regiment whose tattered colors waved while the "boys" broke into sudden convulsive shouts at sight of their old commander. The Twenty-first Illinois should have been there. They could have borne witness to the hard trials of Colonel Grant when struggling for an opportunity to serve his country as the commander of a regiment, just four years before.

Only once did the general allow the people more than a glimpse of him during this review. On the evening of the first day he mounted his horse and rode down the avenue. It was a business trip, and not intended in the least as a participation in the display; but it afforded the people an opportunity to see the general of the armies. As he rose to his saddle he seemed to be transfigured. From the compact, inert, and meditative man, he became the man who had pursued Lee pitilessly from Petersburg to Appomattox, who could ride all day and sleep on the ground at night, who had sent his army whirling against Jackson, only to turn and face Pemberton the next day at Champion's Hill. Here was the "man on horseback." His horse shone like burnished bronze; his uniform was new and well fitting and in perfect order; his new sugar-loaf hat added to his stature; and his gloved hands held the bridle-reins with the careless ease of a born horseman. He was in the prime of his life, and on the topmost pinnacle of martial fame.

The crowds broke into thunders of greeting as he swept by at a swift gallop, and the noise of their shouting announced his coming a half-mile in advance down the avenue. For the first time the people of Washington had seen General Grant, the soldier, as his men knew him on the field of battle.

CHAPTER XXXVII

GRANT PROTECTS HIS CONQUERED FOES

HAVING sent Sheridan to take care of things on the Mexican border, and having seen the volunteer armies begin to disband and take their way homeward,* the general permitted himself a short furlough. He was weary of war and all the signs and signals of war. He was eager to escape the sight of uniforms and great crowds. The commandant at West Point having invited him to be present at the close of the academic year, he consented, and on the way visited New York City, and permitted himself to be lionized a bit, for the first time.

Nothing in human history surpasses the vivid contrast between the arrival of the penniless and despondent ex-captain in 1854, and the return of General Grant, whose fame had gone around the world. In those earlier days the city knew no more of him than of one of its street scavengers. He was considered a bit of human driftwood. Now no cannon was loud enough of mouth to bid him welcome. The city swarmed upon him with a weight of numbers which threatened to crush the life out of his body. "Grant! Grant! Grant!" were the words which ran from lip to lip and from street to street. The whole populace roared a welcome. From the moment he landed from the train, multitudes attended his steps, calling for a speech at every street corner; but he only bowed and smiled, and, uttering not one word, marched straight ahead with the air of being only a part of the crowd itself.

* The plan by which the troops were mustered out was drawn by General Thomas M. Vincent.

At the Astor House, the same hotel where Simon Buckner had saved him from eviction ten years before, he now received the officials of the city and the throngs of prominent citizens crowding to greet him. Fifteen thousand people passed by him and shook his hand. He bore up under this as long as possible, although it became an intolerable burden. When some one asked him why he did not change hands, he replied: "Because I want one hand in good condition." He met every admiring remark with a modest reply. He took no undue credit to himself, and thought only of the pleasure of others. He said: "I wish I could stay longer in New York; I should like to gratify those who wish to see me."

Among these thousands of people there were not wanting some who said: "I greet you as our next President"; but to such indiscreet ones he replied in no wise, not so much as by the movement of an eyelash. To one lady who asked after his health he said dryly: "It is not very good, but I can ride all day on horseback and sleep all night on the ground very easily."

At a great meeting which developed spontaneously in the street before his hotel, nearly twenty thousand people lifted their voices in irresistible uproar for "Grant! Speech!" But when he appeared, the upturned faces, waving hats, and tossing arms of the throng seemed almost to scare him. He refused to speak.

General Logan took his place, and in alluding to his chief said: "He is now first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen"; and Senator Chandler, who followed, added: "We are assembled to do honor to the Wellington of the nineteenth century. I heard this man, in the spring of 1864, say to Abraham Lincoln: 'My objective point is Lee's army, and I inform you that there shall be neither truce nor peace nor rest until the army of General Lee or my army is destroyed.'" And lifting his voice with tremendous energy, Senator Chandler then said: "Fellow-citizens, General Grant fought it out on that line!" And the answering thunder of the crowd below said "Amen" to it.

On the same evening a monster meeting in his honor

was held in Cooper Union, and the audience waited hours for him to appear. He came at last, bearing no sign of military rank beyond a few brass buttons on his coat, and while the audience shouted itself breathless, he bowed and smiled with a quizzical look about his eyes. Without a shade of vanity, he consented to stand upon a chair, that all might see him. "No picture can denote the extreme modesty of demeanor," said one of the papers, "or the quiet, natural gentleness which characterizes every movement. He would be the last man in the world whom the casual observer would point out as a great general; but his clear blue eyes, high forehead, and determined look speak plainly of his innate greatness."

Escaping from the endless processions of people, he passed on to West Point, which he had not seen since he left it a brevet second lieutenant with high hopes of being a professor of mathematics in some Western college. He returned filling a position which had not been held since Washington's death. General Scott, the oldest living general of the United States armies, received him in his most resplendent undress uniform—a coat of blue, with lapels of yellow silk, and yellow buttons. His head was uncovered, and his white hair was peculiarly impressive. It was an unforgetable meeting—the gigantic old man, so venerable, yet so soldierly of mien, representing the military tactics of the past, greeting the simple and plain Grant, who represented what might be called the school of "common-sense war," and who seemed so small beside the famous veteran's heroic bulk.

General Grant felt a curious return of his old-time awe and admiration of General Scott, as well as of the professors and commanders of the academy, and it added a captivating shyness to his reserve.

From West Point he went to Chicago, in accordance with a promise he had made to attend a fair which was being held in the interest of the Sanitary Commission. At every point along the railway crowds gathered to see him pass. Everywhere the gratitude and love of the people flamed forth in greeting. It was a revealing and memorable journey to him. It made him suddenly aware

of the deep hold he had won upon the hearts of his countrymen. In the face of such demonstrations as these the words of his critics had no force.

Chicago was a repetition of New York in its outpouring of enthusiasm. All that a grateful people could do they did. They ran at his carriage-wheels. They hurrahed themselves hoarse. They blared at him with bands, and assaulted him with fervid orations. Mounted on "old Jack," the clay-bank war-horse who bore him to the field at Donelson, he made his way up the street in the procession, while the whole city, apparently, gathered on the sidewalks to see him pass. He was without spurs, and old Jack, grown deliberate with years and many wars, took his own time, which added to the general's embarrassment and to the delight of the cheering multitudes.

At a great meeting in the fair building he was again besought to make a speech, and again the people were astonished to find that the "silent general" was in reality silent. He said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I never made a speech myself, and therefore I will ask Governor Yates of Illinois to convey to you the thanks which I should fail to express." Immense and continued cheers and laughter followed this unexpectedly short speech of the general.

Governor Yates then came forward and spoke for him. He felt ill prepared, he said, but confessed it to be the happiest moment of his life. "Some four years ago, as you will see in a Vicksburg paper, it was announced that a certain Captain Grant had reported nine hundred rusty muskets on hand in the State of Illinois for the defense of the government of the United States. But before two years had elapsed that same captain stood under the Grant and Pemberton tree, smoking his cigar, while the stars and stripes floated over Vicksburg. I have often said before what I am proud to say now: these fingers"—holding up his hand—"signed the colonel's commission of the world's greatest commander. I did n't know he was to become so great a man then, or I might have been a little more complimentary." This provoked a burst of appreciative laughter.

Major-General Sherman, being loudly called for, came

forward and said: "I am here to-day as a mere visitor, and cannot be long-drawn into any speech whatever. Always ready, always willing, always proud to back my old commander-in-chief, I will do anything in the world which he asks me to do. I know he will not ask me to make a speech."

General Grant, being thus appealed to, replied: "I never ask a soldier to do anything that I cannot do myself"; and amid the laughter of the crowd the generals withdrew.

All this was a very pleasant escape from contention and thought of war, and Grant would gladly have prolonged his furlough had he not known that his presence was imperatively needed in Washington. At the end of less than two weeks' respite he returned to headquarters, and entered at once upon a contest with the President and cabinet, who had determined to arrest Generals Lee and Johnston on a charge of treason. This General Grant set himself at once to prevent.

From Raleigh, as early as the 26th of April, he had written a letter to his wife which showed that not even the murder of Lincoln had changed his sorrowful tenderness toward the Southern people:

> The people are anxious to see peace restored. The suffering that must exist in the South, even with the war ending now, will be beyond conception. People who talk of further retaliation and punishment, except of political leaders, either do not conceive of the suffering endured already, or they are heartless and unfeeling, and wish to stay at home out of danger while the punishment is being inflicted.

It was a singular condition which made this great warrior, who had sent armies crashing through and across the Confederacy, devouring wealth, destroying lines of transportation, and starving out armies, now the friend and protector of the surrendered people; yet this was the next development in the astounding career of Ulysses Grant.

Here again was seen the far-reaching significance of the life he had lived. All things had tended to make him

the man to rebuild the nation. His early life in a town half South, half North, his association with Southern men at West Point and in the regular army, his marriage with a Southern woman, his life in St. Louis—in short, till nearly forty years of age his way of life had led him among men of strong Southern sentiment, and being a man of naturally mild and gentle character, he had gone into the war without hate, and had conquered without malignity. He was not an extremist. From the very day of Lee's surrender he began to pacificate and to heal. Every word, every act, was kindly and considerate, although he was never weak or palliative.

In the few days which elapsed between Appomattox and the death of Lincoln the North was in jubilant and magnanimous mood; but after the assassination many men high in office grew bitter and revengeful. Men who had clapped their hands in consent of the generous terms granted to Lee began to grumble sullenly, and there were those in the White House who demanded the arrest and trial of all the leaders of the rebel army.

Abraham Lincoln's untimely death brought into the Presidential chair Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, a man who had been actively loyal at a time when loyal men in Tennessee were much to be desired. He had been put on the ticket with Lincoln for good political reasons, and up to this moment was very well regarded. He, too, was self-made. He had climbed from the tailor's bench to the governorship of Tennessee in 1853, and was afterward reëlected. In 1857 he had been made United States senator, and in 1862 appointed military governor of Tennessee, and had discharged his duties faithfully and well. He was called by a London paper "a very determined, a very original, and it may be a very dangerous, but unquestionably a very powerful man."

He was a man of the ranks, and he hated the aristocratic tendencies of the South. His sudden accession to power set his head whirling, and his first resolution was "to make treason odious"—to punish the Southern leaders, to let them feel the weight of his hand. He disapproved of the magnanimous terms which Grant had

written out for Lee. Davis had been apprehended, and was in prison; but General Lee, still relying upon General Grant's parole, was living quietly at home. Him Johnson and his cabinet threatened to arrest and try for treason.

General Lee, hearing of this, appealed to General Grant, through a friend, in order to be assured of his safety from imprisonment or death. He wrote:

Upon reading the President's proclamation on the 29th, I came to Richmond to ascertain what was proper or required of me to do, when I learned, that with others, I was to be indicted for treason by the grand jury at Norfolk. I had supposed that the officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia were by the terms of the surrender protected by the United States government from molestation so long as they conformed to its conditions. I am ready to meet any charges that may be preferred against me; I do not wish to waive trial; but if I am correct as to the protection granted by my parole, and I am not to be prosecuted, I desire to comply with the provisions of the President's proclamation, and therefore inclose the required application, which I request, in that event, may be acted upon.

To this Grant replied:

Your communication has been received and forwarded to the Secretary of War, with the following opinion indorsed thereon by me: "In my opinion, the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court-house, and since upon the same terms given to Lee, cannot be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole. This is my understanding. Good faith as well as true policy dictates that we should observe the conditions of that convention. Bad faith on the part of the government, or a construction of that convention subjecting the officers to trial for treason, would produce a feeling of insecurity in the minds of all the paroled officers and men. If so disposed, they might even regard such an infraction of terms by the government as an entire release from all obligations on their part. I will state further that the terms granted by me met the hearty approval of the President at the time and of the country generally. The action of Judge Underwood in Norfolk has already had an injurious effect, and I would ask that he be ordered to quash all indictments found against paroled prisoners of war, and to desist from the further prosecution of them."

I have forwarded your application for amnesty and pardon to the President, with the following indorsement:

"Respectfully forwarded, through the Secretary of War, to the President, with the earnest recommendation that this application of General R. E. Lee for amnesty and pardon be granted him!"

Certainly nothing could be franker, manlier, or more generous than this, but General Grant's protest did not end there. He followed the matter to the cabinet-room, and there took a firm stand. "The people of the North do not wish to inflict torture upon the people of the South," he said.

The President was still determined that these men should be punished. "I will make treason odious," he said. "When can these men be tried?"

"Never," replied Grant, with the most inflexible decision,—"never, unless they violate their parole."

Johnson persisted in the contention. "I would like to know," he said sneeringly, "by what right a military commander interferes to protect an arch-traitor from the laws."

This made Grant extremely angry, and he spoke with great earnestness and with the utmost plainness. He said:

"As general it is none of my business what you or Congress do with General Lee or other commanders. You may do as you please about civil rights, confiscation of property; that does not come into my province. But a general commanding troops has certain responsibilities and duties and powers which are supreme. He must deal with the enemy in front of him, so as to destroy him; he may either kill him, capture him, or parole him. His engagements are secret so far as they lead to the destruction of the foe. I have made certain terms with Lee—the best and only terms. If I had told him and his army that their liberty would be invaded, that they would be open to arrest, trial, and execution for treason, Lee would have never surrendered, and we should have lost many lives in destroying him. Now, my terms of surrender were according to military law, and so long as General

Lee observed his parole I will never consent to his arrest. I will resign the command of the army rather than execute any order directing me to arrest Lee or any of his commanders so long as they obey the laws."

Upon the rock of his inflexible resolution the rage of the President broke without effect. He had met a man he could neither wheedle nor intimidate. He knew something of the position to which General Grant had attained. If he did not fear him personally, he feared the people, whose love he held and whose will he represented. The indictments against Generals Lee and Johnston were dropped and never again referred to.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE GENERAL TAKES A SUMMER VACATION

AS the hot weather came on the chief felt the necessity of taking a genuine vacation. His trip to Chicago had not been long enough to afford him the change and relief he needed. Early in July, therefore, he set out on a long journey to the North and East.

He arrived in Boston on Saturday, the last day of July, and was received with the same fervor of admiration which had greeted him in every city in the North. He spent a quiet Sunday, attending church at the Old South Meeting-house with Mrs. Grant, and received a few callers. On Monday at noon a great demonstration was given him at historical Faneuil Hall. The sanded floor was packed, and the gallery filled to its utmost capacity, and thousands were compelled to wait without, unable to gain admittance.

The enthusiasm of the large audience broke forth in prolonged cheering as the great commander appeared, and continued for five minutes before quiet was restored. The general, with eyes twinkling with good nature, walked up and down the platform, that the audience might see him.

The mayor, in introducing him, said: "If our lips had been dumb, these very walls would have reproached us, and these pictured forms would have rushed from their canvases to bid General Grant welcome to Faneuil Hall." The general refused to make a speech in reply, but consented to shake hands for an hour.

The next morning he took the train for Portland, and rode out of the city of Boston standing upon the rear

platform, and bowing his acknowledgments to the immense crowds gathered to say good-by. In Portland he was received by the city government and a large escort of soldiers and civilians. His greeting was as hearty as in any other city in which he had been seen. At Brunswick he was received by the officers and students of Bowdoin College. He attended the closing exercises of the commencement at the church, where the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him. But not even this honor could extract from him a speech.

On Thursday, August 3, he visited Augusta. The governor welcomed him most cordially, and the general responded with most eloquent silence. That night he returned again to Portland, and at twenty minutes past one the next day started for Quebec. As the news of his trip got abroad in the land, it was conceived by certain shrewd minds to have a very deeply hidden significance. It was hinted that Grant was studying the defenses of Canada, and that it foreboded some international entanglement.

In Quebec he dined with the governor-general, and met the admiral of the English navy, who had just arrived with two war-vessels. From Quebec he proceeded to Montreal and Toronto by special train. He reëntered the Union at Detroit, where he met with one of the most hearty and informal receptions of his entire trip, for here he had many old friends and acquaintances.

He arrived on Saturday, August 12, and remained until Tuesday, the 15th. Here, as everywhere, he had scarcely a minute of time to himself. Every one wished to see him and to touch his hand. "The excitement on the street approached closely to wildness." Jefferson Avenue, through which he used to drive with his little Cicotte mare, was now densely packed with human beings, every face eagerly turned to catch sight of him. The formal reception took place in front of his hotel, in the presence of at least seven thousand people. The Hon. Theodore Romaeyne made a speech of welcome. Among other things, he said:

"You, sir, were always seen as a simple soldier, intent

on doing good duty as such. Your calm courage, your military skill, were understood and appreciated by your countrymen. They learned to look to you as the seaman looks to the polar star beyond the drift and shadow of the clouds, shining on in quiet and steady splendor. We knew that under your leadership the defeat and capture of Lee's army were mere questions of time."

The answer to all of this music, oratory, and huzzahing was given by the general in these words: "Gentlemen, I bid you all good night."

There were, of course, humorous incidents in all these receptions. It was impossible for the general to cross the corridors of the hotels without finding his way blocked by inquisitive admirers. When he put his boots out into the hall to be blacked, they were carried off as mementos. In every way that could be imagined the people expressed their love, admiration, and curiosity for a man who, if left to himself, would have been glad to pass through without the slightest fuss or display. In Canada his simplicity and uniform courtesy were much commented upon. He passed through Chicago as quietly as possible, and reached Galena eager for rest.

The return of the leather-clerk marks an epoch in the history of Galena. A little more than four years had passed since he fell in behind Captain Chetlain's company, lean carpet-bag in hand, unnoticed except by a few boys. Now cannon boomed welcome, bands were playing, the whole State and part of Wisconsin and Iowa seemed there to meet him, and the town was gay with flags and flowers and triumphal arches. Rawlins, the "charcoal-burner," was there with him as his chief of staff. Rowley, the clerk who had helped him tack the leather cover on the court-house table, was General Rowley, home on a furlough, and eager to welcome his old commander. Chetlain was a brigadier, and so was J. E. Smith. But there were many others who had not returned from the war, brave men whom Grant would have delighted to honor.

The Hon. E. B. Washburne, beaming with pride and satisfaction, made the speech of welcome, while Editor Houghton of the "Gazette," the man who earliest pre-

dicted Captain Grant's high command, kept modestly in the background with recording pencil in hand.

The people had erected two great arches over the principal street, on one of which the names of his great battles had been written, while on another were these words: "General, the sidewalk is built." Once, in 1864, when somebody had mentioned the possibility of his candidacy for the Presidency, he had replied: "I am not a candidate for any office, but I would like to be mayor of Galena long enough to fix the sidewalks, especially the one reaching to my house." The people had not only built the new sidewalk, but a new house at the end of it, where dinner was at that moment waiting him. It was a *home*, completely furnished, and ready for immediate possession.

The streets were filled with the plain people of the prairies and coulées round about, and as his carriage moved slowly past the little leather-store in which he had sold bristles and straps in 1861, the applause took on a singular note. Every mind was filled with the wonder of this man's achievement in four short years; every hand was eager to clasp his, every eye hungry to look into his face. When he lived there, four years before, scarcely a score of his townspeople knew him. Now the civilized world knew him. It was as mysterious as any tale of the "Arabian Nights." Had he been slain with Abraham Lincoln, he would have been a myth—a mysterious, epic figure like Charlemagne. Now here he was before them, just as unassuming as when he walked their streets four years before; and, with the perversity of those who do not easily grant greatness to others, they fell back in disappointment. His presence did not aid to make his deeds conceivable.

At the new house all the most influential ladies of the town were gathered, ready to serve him and his family with a Western dinner. Mr. McClellan—he who had encouraged him to stay in Springfield during those almost hopeless days of seeking—made the little speech presenting the house. Having occasion to turn to him in the midst of some oratorical figure, the speaker was amazed and deeply moved to see the tears coursing down the

general's cheeks, while his lips were quivering. He could scarcely reply. No honor ever tendered him affected him more deeply than this little ceremony on the part of the citizens of Galena. He was a man of the deepest affections, and had a singular love for localities in which he had lived. He remembered every place with tenderness, even Sacket's Harbor and Humboldt Bay, the scenes of his profitless barrack life; and to him Galena, and the people of Galena, were very dear.

He went forth in the days that followed, walking about the streets and entering the stores and offices like any other citizen. He responded to every greeting unhesitatingly and cordially. He shook hands with the men who drove the drays for the Grant firm in 1861. He spent long hours in the humble offices of his friends Rowley and Washburne. He enjoyed more deeply than any civilian can know the peace and the democracy of this little town. On Sunday he walked down to the little church with Mrs. Grant, and sat in the little bare board pew they had occupied four years before. It put the war far off, and brought the thrift, buoyancy, and democracy of the West very near to him. These live, liberal, and loyal citizens were his own type of men. His state of mind is clearly indicated by his reply to a friend who asked him if he were not going to a certain review of veterans. "No," he said decidedly; "I don't want to see another uniform as long as I live."

He spent several weeks in Galena, enjoying to the full its remoteness from war and politics. But the time came when it became necessary for him to start eastward. His presence was again demanded in Washington. At the station, while he was waiting for the train, he made one of his characteristically dry remarks. Calling the attention of a friend to an enormous truck-load of trunks, he said: "Do you see that pile of baggage? Well, that is the Grant baggage. Do you see that little black valise away up on top? That 's mine."

On his way back to Washington, he stopped at Cincinnati and Covington to see his father and mother. Here, again, the men who knew of his sorrowful return in 1854

met him with a feeling of awe. Try as they might, they could not understand the mystery.

He consented here to more receptions, and in these receptions his marvelous memory of faces began to be observed. Every man who had ever looked into his face, even for a moment, was remembered. To the most of those who passed he said nothing. He responded to no praise or prophecy. But if a little girl said, "I am Lily, Lucy Smith's daughter," he checked the whole line while he talked with her about her mother. Or if some humble citizen from Georgetown or Ripley said to him, "General, I used to know your folks," his face lighted up at once, and he returned the man's grip with cordial interest.

Uncle Jesse was glorified by his son's presence, and made the general uncomfortable by his grossly evident pride and pleasure. All the dark past was forgotten now; the sad days of his son's defeats eleven years before were as though they had never been. The mother, however, received Ulysses with unchanged manner. Nothing seemed to surprise her. His victories she accepted as matters of natural course, and she went about the house with the calm, unhurried step which had never varied from year to year. For all her mask of face, she was very proud of her boy.

The general took a team, one morning, and started to drive quietly to Bethel, some twenty miles away. But the people of his old homes in Brown and Clermont counties were astir. They got together, and hastily appointed a committee of prominent citizens to ride out and meet the illustrious soldier. After riding some miles on the road without seeing any signs of the general's party, they concluded he must have taken another road.

While discussing this, a smallish, care-worn man came jogging along the dusty road in a light surrey. To him they appealed:

"Did you hear anything about General Grant as you came along?"

"Yes; he 's on the road," replied the stranger, and drove on.

After he had passed out of ear-shot, some one said: "I believe that was Grant himself."

It was, and the deeply disappointed committee trailed into town behind their visitor. They were looking for a man in uniform with a glittering cavalcade of aides. They could not understand how sweet it was to General Grant to ride out along those familiar fields in fruity September, a civilian again, without reminder of war. The visit to West Point had not the deep-laid pleasure he found in this lonely drive.

The citizens demanded a speech; but he had no speech to make. He had no wish to meet crowds; he wanted to talk with the neighbors. From Bethel he drove on to Georgetown in the same fashion, and put up at the very humble little hotel of the village. Georgetown greeted him with very marked self-repression. A large number of the villagers were "peace Democrats," and were not prepared to throw up their hats for "Ulyss" Grant or any other Republican. They recalled Grant's dullness when a boy; they talked among themselves of his forced resignation from the army, and of his reported drinking at Shiloh and Corinth. There were those who said: "I 'll be d—d if I attend any meeting in his honor."

If the general knew anything of these unplanned criticisms, he made no sign of it. He met everybody with cordial hand-clasp, and threaded the paths which ran through vacant lots covered with cockle-burs and mullen stalks to call upon lonely old spinsters who had known his mother, and whom he remembered very well himself. He sat in their tiny little parlors, on their worn haircloth furniture, and ate of their indigestible cake and pie with ready cheer, and in one or two instances presented old friends with a big gold piece as a further mark of his regard. He seemed anxious to meet all the old people, no matter how surly and crabbed they might be. He had forgotten all their bad traits, and all their bitter words. They were all homely and good to him.

He was for the time being a citizen of the village, and there are not many social distinctions drawn in Georgetown, even to this day. They considered themselves as

good as Ulysses Grant, and quite capable of criticizing him and of giving him good advice. They did not stand in awe of princes or potentates of any sort, and Grant, in his dusty hat and cockle-bur-decorated trousers, was not imposing to them. The world from which he came was all too far away and its distinction too insubstantial for these old neighbors occupied with tilling the soil, with daily duty in shop and office. They could not appreciate the mighty power to which Ulysses Grant had attained. In their secret hearts many of them said: "It 's just blind luck; that is what it is. Circumstances made him. I could have done the same thing under the same circumstances."

The demonstration was carried to a reasonable stage, and the general made a lame little speech, the longest he had made in all these many receptions and ovations in cities East and West. He seemed more profoundly touched by the recognition of his services in Georgetown than by any other demonstration except that in Galena. He knew how skeptical all his old neighbors had been. He remembered how they had ridiculed his fond old father, and how they had wagged their heads at his failures. All this he knew, and, being human, he was glad to be able to demonstrate his power and fitness for command, after all.

Returning to Washington in October, he took up his home on I Street. In doing this he offered to surrender the house in Philadelphia, which had been given him with an understanding that he was to live there. But the citizens of Philadelphia very sensibly said: "We know you must live near headquarters, and we release you from all obligations. The house is yours to use as you please."

As the months passed the certainty that peace had returned, never to be broken, led the people, North and South, to turn their almost undivided attention to production and to trade; but the politicians began to plan for the next Presidential campaign, and statesmen in private gravely grappled with the puzzling questions growing out of the war. The government debt, the protection and enfranchisement of the negro, and the policy of reconstruction were the then almost insoluble problems to

which the lawmakers were forced to address their highest powers.

The question of who should be President also troubled a large number of patriots. Every man prominent in war or politics secretly wished to be President, if he did not actually set to work to secure the nomination; Johnson, Stanton, Seward, Sumner, and a score besides were all working to that end; but the "silent general" went about his duties without regard to fear or favor. His actions were rigidly non-political, though he had keen politicians in his family and on his staff. Rawlins began to fill his ears with disturbing words of political wisdom. It did not require much prophetic insight on his part to perceive that his chief was to become a candidate for the Presidency. The republic had always honored its great commanders, from Washington down to Taylor, and Grant, supreme as warrior, was in the logical line of succession. But, whatever his own feeling in the matter, he closed his lips even to his friends. He was a soldier, and waited for orders.

Johnson well knew all this, and all he did was done with an eye single to securing the glory to himself. When Grant's words and acts furthered Johnson's interests, Johnson used them; when they did not, he distorted them, and secretly undermined and discredited his general-in-chief. When he thought it might please the North, he cried out: "Treason is odious; punish it"; but when he saw the possibility of being selected for the Presidency by the aid of the Southern States, he reversed his policy, and began to truckle and trade for favor. He granted the most extraordinary privileges to the conquered States without the sanction of Congress. He appointed governors, and allowed their legislatures to assemble. He asserted, also, that when a State acquiesced in the abolition of slavery, it could send its senators and congressional delegates to Washington on the same terms as before the war; and upon these promises and policies of the President the South built, notwithstanding the bitter opposition of the majority of Northern people.

The President was eager to keep Grant near him in all

these plans. Congress could not meet until December, and meanwhile the South was under martial control, and he, as commander of the army and navy, had the fullest freedom to work out his plan, which he hoped would make the South solidly his and please the Democratic party in the North. Grant apparently acquiesced in this, because (as he said) he considered some government necessary, and believed that Congress, when it convened, would either support or reverse it. He, as a soldier, had nothing to do with civil politics. Before the 1st of October the President had "flopped" completely, and had become as deeply anxious to pardon the leaders in the Rebellion as he had been to hang them a few months before.

CHAPTER XXXIX

GRANT AND RECONSTRUCTION*

IN late November the general, at the request of the President, made a tour through the South to obtain a knowledge of the situation at first hand. He visited Charleston, Augusta, Atlanta, and several other cities. In some of the towns his presence escaped notice. In Charleston the papers referred to the demonstration in his honor as "gloomy" and "thinly attended." In Augusta they spoke of him as a "diminutive gentleman in black civilian dress."

In Atlanta, without the knowledge of the citizens, he took a carriage, and was driven quietly about the streets through the pelting rain, his slouch-hat drawn over his brow, studying the city and the people. The few citizens hurrying to and fro on that stormy day dismissed the silent figure in the carriage with a glance. They saw only a middle-aged man of business, driving about with an officer of the Union army. His careless attire, his apparently listless manner, made him quite inconspicuous.

But when the word was passed that General Grant was in town, Federal officers, ex-Confederates, Union sympathizers, and the unreconstructed, as well, came to talk with him at his hotel. To one and all he listened with grave attention. Indignant loyalists told him that the

* In writing this chapter, the author read the newspapers of the time, selecting three typical examples in the South and four or five in the North. McPherson's "History of Reconstruction," United States Executive Papers, Badeau's "Grant in Peace," and the memoirs of Sherman, Sheridan, and Schofield form the main references.

rebels hated the old flag, and threatened violence to the Unionists.

"It is natural," was his only reply.

Some wild schemers suggested confiscation, disfranchisement, and military rule. "We don't do that way in America," he calmly said.

An old man referred feelingly to the bad blood engendered by the war.

"It cannot last," said the general. And of this quality was his report. In it he said: "I am satisfied that the mass of thinking men in the South accept the present situation of affairs in good faith."

While he found universal acquiescence in authority, he thought it well to retain some small garrisons, and recommended that these details be composed entirely of white troops; that, under the circumstances, the presence of black troops would be demoralizing. He conceded that no thinking man would do violence toward any class of troops, but that the ignorant might. His conclusions were that the States were anxious to return to self-government, that they wished protection, and that they would follow out cheerfully any reasonable measure of reconstruction. He passed some criticisms upon the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau, and in conclusion said: "It cannot be expected that the opinions held by men of the South for years can be changed in a day, and therefore the freedmen require for a few years not only laws to protect them, but the fostering care of those who will give them good counsel and upon whom they can rely." His own suggestion (a very sound and reasonable one) was that every officer on duty with troops in the South "should be regarded as an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau. This would create responsibility and give uniformity of action throughout the South."

In the country at large the report of General Grant was taken to be an indorsement and support of the restoration views of President Johnson, and placed him in opposition to the party of Congress represented by Wendell Phillips and Senator Sumner, who called the President's message a "whitewashing message," and of course the same term

could be applied, and was applied, to General Grant's dispassionate report. According to one Southern writer, its effect was very great.

"It broke the full force of the cruel legislation then in progress, and the enemies of the South were compelled to change their attack. Demagogues were powerless when the man of Appomattox barred their reckless march."

This report brought order out of the chaos of public opinion. The people of the whole nation ranged themselves under leadership into two great parties—those who professed to believe in the policy of the immediate pacification of the South by the speedy restoration of their local governments, and those who advocated stringent and unrelenting military control for a few years at least. It was the war in a new form.

General Grant's report was quoted all over the South with approval in connection with the President's message. Johnson was glad of General Grant's unintentional support, and made the most of it. He no longer cared to emphasize differences between himself and his general. Within a few months a complete change had come over his mind. From permitting provisional governments to be established, he was coming to the point of upholding those governments, whether by Congress or not. He was a shrewd man, and an ambitious one. It was perfectly evident at this time that he was reorganizing the country in such wise as to become the leader of the ultra-liberal faction. He was looking forward to being the Presidential candidate of a new Democratic party, made up of a union between the reconstructed South and the Democratic party of the North.

He protested that he was not himself a candidate. "I am a Union man," he said. "It is my intention to restore peace, to build up the South, to liberalize the whole nation." He claimed to be a friend of the poor and needy. He did not think it wise or judicious to force suffrage on the negroes, and in this he had the partial support of General Grant. "In his haste to restore the Union, however, he forgot that he was not the government of the United States. He forgot the necessity of having Congress on his side, that his acts must have their approval."

It became apparent at once that his measures were not approved by a majority of the legal representatives of the nation, and a bitter and relentless war began between Congress and the President. By March of 1866 the drift of the Executive from magnanimity to leniency had become so apparent to General Grant that he found it necessary to begin to emphasize a little more markedly the difference between the President's plan of reconstruction and his own. It is probable, also, that Rawlins, Babcock, and others of the politicians on his staff had produced an effect by harping on the belief that he was to be the irresistible choice for the Presidency at the end of Johnson's term. This would have been very natural, and was probably true. He admitted his aspirations at this time, but said he was too young to become a candidate in 1868, but might think of it for 1872.

It was a time which demanded statesmen and men of high aims and equable temper. The whole country lay weltering in a chaos of plans and policies. It was a time for men to be unselfish and purely patriotic. The South clamored, with a certain justice, to be let alone. "We understand the negro," its leaders said, "and we will take care of him and ourselves too. We admit defeat; we accept the situation; but we do not wish to have our affairs managed by outsiders in the interest of an ignorant and venal race." It was equally natural that the North should insist on keeping close watch on these States for a time. They were not prepared to believe that the South would take care of the negro; they were quite certain the South would abuse the negro. They said, in effect: "It is too much to expect that a conquered people should so soon recover self-government after so great and bitter a conflict." They believed that justice would more certainly be secured if the Northern government should continue to be represented through its army and the Freedmen's Bureau, which was organized for the very purpose of assisting the blacks.

In this matter of opinion General Grant remained of steadfast mind. He was not impatient; he was very hopeful. He did not incline to severer measures, but rather believed in slowly releasing the military hold on the

conquered States. He refused to aid any faction by the presence of troops. He wished only to keep the peace. On the surface, President Johnson's attitude was wise and reasonable; but those at the center, being skilled in political warfare, understood his specious phrases. His perilous concessions to the South could only make trouble. General Grant now stood between the President and the South with a new duty to perform, which was to see that dangerous concessions were not made, nor the extremists of the South correspondingly encouraged to treasonable action.

The President, well knowing his great need of General Grant's support, honored him above all other men by his presence. He wrote him familiar, unofficial notes; he granted him unexpected favors, treating him not merely as an equal, but as a personal friend. He appeared unexpectedly at a reception held by the general and Mrs. Grant, and stood at the general's side, dividing the honors of the evening. In the country at large this course of action produced the effect desired by Johnson. General Grant was believed to be the President's supporter, and was placed in a very painful position—an almost intolerable position for a direct and honorable soldier. He was violently assailed by the press. He was accused of playing a double game. He suffered under this most keenly. Sherman said of him at this time:

"I have been with General Grant in the midst of death and slaughter; when the howls of people reached him after Shiloh; when messengers were speeding to and fro from his army to Washington, bearing slanders to induce his removal before Vicksburg; in Chattanooga, when the soldiers were stealing the corn of the starving mules to satisfy their own hunger; at Nashville, when he was ordered to the 'forlorn hope,' to command the Army of the Potomac, so often defeated; and yet I never saw him more troubled than since he has been in Washington and been compelled to read himself a 'sneak and deceiver.'"

It seems impossible that so soon after Appomattox any reputable citizen could have applied such terms to Gen-

eral Grant; but so it was. Such is the desolating power of political ambition. Grant loomed every day larger as candidate for the Presidency, and the need of getting him out of the way, or of discrediting him, became each day more imperative.

The fundamental problem before Congress was that of protecting the black man in his rights as a free man, and of insuring that he should have his proper representation in the State legislatures and in Congress, without enlarging the political power of the Southern white man. All other differences between the President and the radical Republicans were of small consequence compared with this. The President was accused of exceeding his powers —of going too fast. He was too ready in compliance with Southern plans.

Johnson, in defending himself, said:

"I came to Washington under extraordinary circumstances, and succeeded to the Presidential chair. The Congress of the United States had adjourned without prescribing any plan. I therefore proceeded in the reconstruction of the government. How did we begin? We found that the people had no courts, and we said to the judges, district attorneys, and marshals: 'Go down and hold your courts. The people need the tribunals of justice.' Was there anything wrong in that?

"What else? We looked out and saw that the people down there had no mails, and we said to the Postmaster-General: 'Let the people have facilities for mail, and let them again understand what we all feel and think—that we are one people.

"We looked again, and saw that the custom-houses were all closed, and we said: 'Open the doors; remove the blockade.' And so we traveled on, appointing collectors, establishing mail routes, and restoring railroads. Was there anything wrong there?

"What remained to be done? One thing more. We found they were denied representation, and, like our forefathers of old, they complained of taxation without representation. There remains this one thing more: to admit them to representation, by which we mean representation

in the constitutional and law-abiding sense which was understood at the beginning of the government.

"Oh, but some one will say: 'A traitor may come in.' The answer to that is: Each house must be the judge of it, and if a traitor presents himself, they can kick him out of doors, and drive him back to the people who sent him, saying, 'You must elect a loyal man.'"

Upon the mere face of it this position was just and reasonable; but the radical Union men saw in such appeal the possible return to power of the South, and the overthrow of all that they had fought for during the last four years. General Grant, so far as possible, kept free from the clash of spears, passing calmly on his way, doing the South good wherever possible, but never for one moment releasing his hold upon the military control of the conquered States.

In the early spring of 1866 there was a notable upwelling of appreciation of his courtesy and kindness on the part of the South. Speaking upon the text of his reported release of General C. C. Clay, whom Johnson had ordered under arrest, in opposition to or in spite of his possession of a parole, the Atlanta "Intelligencer" said:

"While it is true that to General Grant the South owes her defeat in her attempt to establish an independent government, it is also true that at the surrender of General Lee, and ever since, up to the present time, his conduct toward the South has been most generous and in individual cases most magnanimous and just. The South owes much to General Grant, and its press has been too chary and tardy in its acknowledgment of the favors bestowed by this general upon the leaders of our armies. We should now make the amends. History does not make record of greater magnanimity than that displayed by General Grant to General Lee and the forces under his command. The faith plighted by him on the day of Lee's surrender has been kept inviolate."

This acknowledgment on the part of the "Intelligencer" was taken up, quoted, and approved by many of the most influential papers in the South, though even then they did not realize to the full the service which General Grant had

rendered them. He had done much more, of which they knew nothing. Every word that he spoke was to their good, and his mere presence was a stay and shield against hasty or malignant action. Too high praise cannot be given to him for his conduct during this uneasy time. As he was the leader during the war, so he remained the leader during reconstruction.

"My views are that district commanders are responsible for the faithful execution of the Reconstruction Acts of Congress," the general wrote to General Pope, "but in civil matters I cannot give them an order; I can only give them my views for what they are worth."

His views, so far as they can be read in his orders and telegrams to the district commander, were sound and considerate of civil liberty at every point, without hint of tyranny. The civil government was interfered with only when absolutely necessary to preserve the peace. It would have been criminal to desert the black man at this point in the war. "The blood of every slain soldier in the Northern army would have cried 'Shame!' to such indifference." The war, fought primarily to preserve the Union, had taken on larger significance. It was perceived to have been a war for the rights of man.

All through the summer of 1866 President Johnson continued to give utterance to the finest and loftiest principles. He stood, he said, for the whole Union, and not a part of it. He stood opposed to the radicalism, expressed by men of the stamp of Sumner in the East and Logan in the West—men to whom the war was not yet ended, who could not forgive the South nor trust it.

He still kept, so far as he could, close to the elbow of General Grant. He was eager to have it known that the military was on his side, that its chief was his personal friend and supporter, and throughout the South this continued to be the understanding. The Southern papers, wherever they alluded to Johnson, now spoke of him as the "great defender of our rights and liberties," and included General Grant in their praise.

But underneath there was developing a feeling on the part of General Grant and those whom he represented that

the President was more than generous: he was perilously compliant. The general became disgusted at last with the President's attempt to use him, and was annoyed by his familiar notes and unexpected visits. He perceived the design of this, and rebelled at it. It was only a question of time before there should come a division between the general and his chief. The Southern press grew bolder each day, relying on Johnson and his office-holders. During September the President made a trip to Chicago, ostensibly for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the Douglas monument, but in reality for the express purpose of justifying himself before the people.

From the comparative calm which had followed close upon Appomattox, the country was in tumult. The "black Republicans," angered by Johnson, were threatening with clenched fists to force negro suffrage upon the South, and were insisting upon military control until every right of the negro should be recognized. The South, on the other hand, minimized the racial disturbances, and promised that in time, when he had qualified himself, they might even permit the negro to vote. They were, however, exceedingly bitter against any assumption of social equality on the part of the black man, and wherever some ambitious and stiff-necked freedman attempted to assert such rights, he met with abuse and in some cases with assault.

Thus the two sections were again at war, but at war in a new way. The North said: "You shall not come back into the Union with increased powers." The South claimed that, according to the Northern statement, the Southern States had never been out of the Union, and having accepted the verdict of the North, and having given in their allegiance once more to the stars and stripes, they were entitled to full representation, as the articles of the Constitution provided. The policy of the North was to grant as little as possible, and that of the South to secure as much as possible.

President Johnson took the position that the latter were entitled to representation, and the fury of the extremists in the North broke over him like a flood of flame. He

was called a traitor, an ingrate, a miscreant, and a perverter of justice. Naturally he was appalled by this storm of opposition, and it was to put himself right before the Northern people that he set out upon this trip to the West, speaking at every available point; and in order to have the apparent acquiescence and open support of General Grant, he requested the general-in-chief to accompany him.

The political friends of General Grant saw the cunning design of the President, and besought the general to break with him and refuse to go; but the general replied in substance: "I am a soldier; he is my superior officer. So long as I retain my present position, it is my duty to obey." At the same time he said: "I am not a politician; I am not a candidate for office; and therefore it can do me little harm."

The President began his tour late in August, passing to Baltimore and Philadelphia, speaking along the way. It became evident at once that General Grant was the chief personality in this tour. The heartiest cheers were for him; the receptions were for him. Everywhere he went, the people cried: "Grant! Grant!" and never once did the President's clique dominate this cordial appeal from the people who loved Grant. At New York the President made a very skilful speech, referring now to General Grant on his left, and now to Admiral Farragut on his right, succeeding thus in implicating them both in his policy. To this Grant made no allusion whatever in his short speeches, except at Albany, when he humorously said:

"All I can say is, if the President and his cabinet had kept their resolution, made in secret session, to leave the admiral and myself to do all the talking, we would have let you off to go to an early bed." He never got nearer to a political discussion than this.

As the President went westward the receptions grew ever cooler in temper. There were great crowds, but they were by no means friendly to him or his policy. "The real Cæsar was General Grant. The calls for the President were languid and perfunctory, but the cries for

Grant came straight from the heart." When he did not immediately show himself, "the shouts became short, sharp, and angry, which signified it was the people's will that he should appear."

At Auburn, a little boy, in attempting to touch General Grant's hand, fell under the carriage and had his leg broken. Shortly afterward, from his home, the poor little sufferer sent word that he wished very much to see General Grant; and the general, being exceedingly sorrowful concerning the accident, visited him, and did everything he could to comfort and console him.

At Cleveland the indifference manifested toward the President was very great, and he there made the angriest and most imprudent speech of his tour thus far. "It was a most painful spectacle to see the President of the United States standing on the platform, facing a laughing and indifferent crowd, his face flushed with passion, his hands clenching and waving in mad gesticulation." General Grant was ill and unable to appear, and his absence chilled the eager throng, which dwindled away.

In Chicago discussion waxed bitter. The radical newspapers ridiculed and denounced the President's speeches at Detroit and Cleveland. It was with difficulty that the board of trade and the city officials were brought to proffer decent welcome. It was said boldly that public interest would center in General Grant and Admiral Farragut. Their marvelous faculty of silence was alluded to with joy. The President, Seward, Welles, and Randall occupied the foreground; but the cry, amid all the blare of formalities, was for Grant.

At the same time that President Johnson was making his attempts to reinstate himself with the people of the North, a convention of the loyal men of the South was arraigning the President, accusing him of profligacy in the use of the public money, and charging him with the responsibility of the murder of more than a thousand Union men. This same feeling found expression in hisses among the crowds in Chicago. But there were no hisses intended for General Grant. His wonderful popularity overshadowed every other demonstration.

At Springfield, Illinois, the calls for Grant were so insistent and powerful that the President quite lost his head, and cried out, "We are not here in the characters of candidates for office running against each other!"—which was a very dangerous and injudicious remark. Again, to those disposed to create a disturbance, he shouted: "I am in the line with General Grant, contending for the union of the States."

The tour from Chicago through Illinois to St. Louis was a gloomy one. Everywhere Johnson was given a cold reception, while Grant's simplicity of manner and judicious reserve added to his popularity, although the people were impatient of his silence.

From St. Louis the President and his party swung round through Indianapolis and Louisville to Cincinnati. The meetings in Indianapolis were very turbulent, amounting to riot. General Grant rebuked the disturbers by saying: "Gentlemen, I am ashamed of you. Go home and be ashamed of yourselves." In Cincinnati the demonstrations for him became so marked, and the defection from the President so great, that the general was obliged to utter himself upon the subject. He here said that he stood next to the President as the head of the army of the United States, but that he was not the leader of a political party; that he did not consider the army a place for a politician, and would not, therefore, be committed to the support of the present political party, or consent that the army should be made a party machine. He would not allow anything to be said which would seem to foreshadow his resignation from the army and his candidacy for political office.

During the entire trip the President and Mr. Seward gave out implications and innuendos designed to convey the impression that General Grant was a political approver of the President's policy, while the radicals everywhere sought out ways to honor him and to humiliate the President. They were determined to force a break between them. All this made matters extremely difficult for General Grant.

The meeting in Pittsburg was stormy, almost as riotous

as that in Indianapolis. At times the noise became too great for the President to be heard. Cries for Grant prevented the President from speaking, and he was obliged to beckon to the general, who stood near, to come to the front of the platform. Cheers broke forth as Grant appeared, and continued as long as he stood there; but when he bowed and retired, the President found it impossible to get a further hearing, and was forced to say "Good night" and withdraw.

On September 15 Johnson returned to Washington. To the throngs assembled to greet him on his safe return he said:

"Such a welcome from the people who have been eye-witnesses of the manner in which I have daily discharged my duties is peculiarly encouraging. I believe I can testify that the great portion of your fellow-citizens I have seen—and I have seen millions of them since I left—will accord with you in sustaining a free government in compliance with the Constitution"; which was a very hopeful view to take after the stormy meetings which had greeted him on his circuit. Even his supporting journals conceded that his trip had been a gross blunder and his speeches in bad taste.

General Grant returned to his multiplex and pressing duties, from which he had been taken by the President's command. His pay now was nearly twenty thousand dollars a year. His children were well and at school. He was at home in the capital of his nation, and the cup of his prosperity was level to the brim. He had good horses in plenty, a house in Philadelphia and one in Galena. If happiness depended upon things exterior, he was happy and quite content. He had a life position, and could grow old honorably and without financial care.

He had been made full general in the previous May by a bill reviving the grade of general in the United States army. This bill was originally drafted by Mr. Washburne of Illinois as a means of promoting General Grant. Thad Stevens, in speaking to the measure, said:

"Sir, I agree with the gentleman from New York in being willing to promote General Grant, not only to the

office of full general, but also to a higher office whenever the happy moment shall arrive."

The struggle between the President and Congress grew each month more bitter. The election strengthened Congress, and the plan decided upon by the Republican members was expressed in an amendment to the Constitution, known as "Article XIV," of which the main intent was the protection of the freedmen. It provided also, in a rider, that in case any Southern State admitted to representation under the clauses of this article should deny the right, under any pretext, of a black citizen to vote, then the basis of representation of that State should be the white citizenship alone. In this way the white South could never become a dominant power in Congress.

As soon as it became evident that the South would reject this, then a far more severe and arbitrary measure was designed, called the "Military Bill." This was held in reserve till the South, influenced by the President, rejected Article XIV. It was then passed over the veto of the President. The North had become convinced by the legislation of the State governments of Mississippi and South Carolina that the negro needed the most powerful protection.

The bill assumed that there were no just and adequate governments in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas; and in order that peace and good order should be enforced in these States until loyal and republican State governments could be legally instituted, it provided that five military districts should be established, under the command of officers not below the rank of brigadier-general, appointed by the President; and that it should be the duty of these officers to protect the rights, life, liberty, and person of all citizens; that no unusual or cruel punishment should be inflicted; that no sentence of death should be carried into execution without the approval of the President; etc.

The milk in this cocoanut was contained in the final paragraph, which provided that "whenever these States should have formed a constitution and government in con-

formity with the Constitution of the United States in all respects, framed by a convention of delegates elected by the male citizens over twenty-one years of age, of whatever race or color," and should ratify the Fourteenth Amendment by a majority of the qualified voters, then the Military Bill should become inoperative in that State.

It will thus be seen that the Military Bill not merely insisted that the South respect the civil rights and enfranchise the negro, but set a military government over the people to induce them to accept the inevitable. The North was determined. It said: "You must respect the rights of the negro; you must include him in your basis of representation, and you must admit him or his representatives to a share in your State deliberations, and to your delegations to Congress."

Naturally, the South cried out against this "terrible measure." It claimed that the premises of the bill were utterly wrong; that the fires of hate and rebellion were not still burning in the South; that Union men and negroes were not persecuted; that while occasional instances of assault and terrorism occurred, still they were the exception, and not the rule. The press all over the South claimed that the people were eager for peace, and eager for a return to perfect union with the North. They did not, however, admit the right of the national government to pass upon the qualifications of their voters, and they could not bring themselves to a consideration of placing the ballot in the hands of the poor, ignorant, simple-minded Africans among them.

In the midst of the almost universal dissent of the Southern leaders, General Longstreet upheld the measures which were included under the Reconstruction Acts and Military Bill. In a letter to a Unionist in New Orleans, he said:

> I shall be happy to work under any measure that promises to bring the glory of peace and good will toward men. The sword has decided in favor of the North, and what they claim as principles cease to be principles and are become law. It is, therefore, our duty to abandon ideas that are obsolete, and conform to the requirements of law.

Here was a man, not only brave and outspoken in his own right, but a man who stood close to General Grant, and knew to the full his fairness and justice. Could all the leaders of the South have taken General Longstreet's view, reconstruction would have been possible without further bloodshed. It was not to be. The waves of war must break and die again and again on the beach of time.

Wendell Phillips well expressed the extreme radical Northern position in a speech in Chicago:

"Had Jefferson Davis succeeded, he would have had a right to enforce his doctrine. We conquered, and we have a right to enforce ours. Our President is a traitor. He is laboring to save the South from the consequences of her defeat. Once put Southern statesmen inside the Capitol, and we give them power to fight the battle over again inside the government. I do not want to punish Johnson; all that I want is his room. The seeds of reconstruction will not grow in a day; the South is not going to give up the struggle in a day. What we need is Northern men at the seat of government."

Referring to Grant's repeated utterances that he was a soldier, and not a politician, Phillips savagely said:

"Grant, the most loved man in America, when he said, 'I put on the uniform of no party,' fell in the estimation of the people. He is the high constable of the nation. He is paid to make our flag respected in New Orleans. If he does not do it, he fails in his duty."

The orator ended by calling the bill for the military government of the South "a makeshift and a thing of no account."

In such a time as this no living man could have pleased all parties. Bitter and burning passions were uppermost, both North and South. General Grant continued to hold the balance between the extremists. His natural temperament was that of calmness and justice. He angered many Northern friends by his mildness and tolerance, while every military order he issued looking to the better government of the Southern States was resented and criticized. With all his gentleness and dislike of armed battalions, he did not allow himself to forget that a bloody war had just

ended, and that firmness and decision of action were absolutely necessary in dealing with the conquered States.

He was even then the chief man of the nation, and no Southron of importance since the close of the war had visited Washington without presenting himself to General Grant. To all these he had proffered the same advice. To every one he had spoken very plainly. He had declared himself to be their friend, and as their friend he had warned them that the North was aroused and determined, and if the Fourteenth Article were rejected, harsher terms would surely follow. He had entreated with them, for the sake of the Union, for the sake of peace, to accept the situation.

As the Military Bill originally passed the House, the power of appointing the commanders was arbitrarily taken from the hands of the President and given over to General Grant; and it was further provided that the general should not be removed during the term of Andrew Johnson's presidency. It was designed to make the operation of the bill entirely independent of the President, whom the Republicans considered a traitor, and whom they were even then planning to impeach. They were unwilling to trust his rule, and were unable to bring him to trial. But their faith in General Grant knew no limit. They were quite willing to give him the most dangerous degree of power ever intrusted to an American.

This final clause, however, at the general's own request, was stricken out by the Senate, and the appointments left where they belonged, in the hands of the President and the Secretary of War, with the advice and consent of General Grant. Even then Grant's power was almost absolute over eleven States of the Union. By the terms of the bill he held in his hand the fate of every officer, almost of every individual, in these States. With any other man at the head of such a system the South might well have been alarmed. They seemed not to have been profoundly uneasy so long as Andrew Johnson and General Grant controlled the actual working out of the measure. They feared no tyranny at the hands of the general-in-chief, though they cried out against the rule of the

" understrappers " and " buckle-polishers " of this military despotism. They did not know until long after that the bill was drawn with the advice and consent of General Grant.

When the bill passed by a heavy vote over the veto message of President Johnson, the South accepted the defeat. " We are powerless now under the heel of military despots. We must accept the situation as it stands. Resistance would be worse than folly; it would be madness. The issue before our people now is not whether the negro shall have the right of suffrage extended to them, or not; that has been settled by stern decree, and we must govern ourselves accordingly."

Other papers contained articles headed, " General Grant the Hope of the South." " Our only resource now is the magnanimity of those who know the perils of battle and the trials of the camp. They alone can estimate rightly the blessings of peace and harmony. Grant is endeared to them by all the associations of successful war. His dauntless courage is written in the history of bloody campaigns. His magnanimity at Lee's surrender touched every Southerner. Repeated acts of generosity and kindness adorn his intercourse with us. In the midst of troubles and anxieties and menaces he has been just. His love of constitutional liberty is not less than his valor and magnanimity. When the enactment of Congress vested in him the sole power to enforce the existing military law, he voluntarily subjected all acts and all proceedings to the approval of the President " ; and looking forward to his possible candidacy for the Presidency, one article concluded by asking: " Could there be a greater peace-offering by the soldiers of the South to their victorious brethren in the North than Ulysses S. Grant? "

This article was also quoted with approval by other papers, and at about the same time General Lee publicly expressed a decided hope that the Union of the States might endure for all time, and further declared that he regarded the course of President Johnson and General Grant as liberal and humane. He also counseled submission to the law. He could have done much to restore good feeling, but he remained coldly negative.

General Grant's course continued to be conservative and just. The military commanders selected by him, with the advice of Johnson and Stanton, were considered wise, and in his instructions to these commanders, and in all subsequent letters to them, he counseled moderation and forbearance toward the people of the South. No assault upon his action, and no exasperation of turbulent mobs in the South, could render him vindictive. His whole mind seemed set on rebuilding the nation, with the least military interference consistent with insuring peace and tranquillity to both races. When the provocations to arbitrary exercise of power were greatest, the Southern press was forced to acknowledge that no man had suffered a deliberate injustice at the hands of General Grant. That the malcontents held him in wholesome respect is also certain. He admitted no trifling.

At the same time the Northern radicals looked to him to check the reckless course of the President. The first collision between them had taken place in October of the previous year, just before the autumn elections. At the time trouble seemed likely to follow between the State authorities of Maryland, which were friendly to Johnson, and those of the city of Baltimore. The governor had appealed to the President for armed assistance, and Johnson had made several attempts to induce General Grant to send United States troops into the State. Grant had protested very earnestly against this, declaring that no reason existed for giving or promising military aid to support the laws of Maryland. He had then visited the city and conferred with the police commissioners, and through his influence the questions in dispute had been left to a decision of the court. This incident, however, had convinced Grant that Johnson was quite capable of a dangerous, if not disloyal, act.

In a confidential letter to General Sheridan, he spoke of the violent differences which had grown up between the President and Congress, and said:

> I very much fear we are fast approaching the time when the President will want to declare Congress itself illegal, unconstitutional and revolutionary. Commanders in Southern States

will have to take great care to see, if a crisis does come, that no armed headway can be made against the Union. For this reason it will be very desirable that Texas should have no reasonable excuse for calling out the militia authorized by their legislature. Indeed, it should be prevented. I write this in strict confidence, but to let you know how matters stand in my opinion, so that you may square your official acting accordingly. I gave orders quietly, two or three weeks since, for the removal of all arms in store in the Southern States to Northern arsenals. I wish that you would see that those from Baton Rouge and other places within your command are being moved rapidly by the ordnance officers having the matter in charge.

Johnson would have removed Grant, had he dared to do so. He well knew the danger of antagonizing Grant's friends, however, and determined, therefore, to send him on a pretended mission to Mexico, and to put Sherman, for the time, in his place. He supposed that Grant, because of his profound interest in Mexican affairs, would accept this mission at once, and would be absent during the elections in Maryland, which, for some reason, he desired. But the plan did not work out. Grant understood too well the aims and character of the President. He politely declined. He wished to be on the ground, to prevent trouble, if possible.

At a meeting of the cabinet to which he was summoned, his detailed instructions were read to him by the Secretary of State, precisely as though he had not refused the honor. He was now thoroughly aroused, and before the whole cabinet declared his unwillingness to accept the mission.

The President became very angry. Turning to the Attorney-General, he inquired: "Mr. Attorney-General, is there any reason why General Grant should not obey my orders? Is he in any way ineligible to this position?"

Grant started to his feet at once, and exclaimed: "I can answer that question, Mr. President, without referring it to the Attorney-General. I am an American citizen, and eligible to any office to which any American is eligible. I am an officer of the army, and bound to obey your military orders. But this is a civil office, a purely diplomatic

duty, and I cannot be compelled to undertake it. Any legal military order you give me I will obey, but this is civil, and not military, and I decline the duty. No power on earth can compel me to it."

He said not another word. No one replied, and he left the cabinet-chamber.

The President then telegraphed for General Sherman, who was in the mountains of New Mexico. Sherman returned at once to Washington, but reported directly to General Grant. He found Grant very much moved by what he called the plot of President Johnson to get rid of him. He again denied the right of the President to order him on such a mission, and said he had determined to disobey the order and stand the consequences.

Having the matter thoroughly in hand, General Sherman went to the President, who greeted him with great cordiality. "I sent for you, general, to command the army in General Grant's absence." He then explained his wishes.

Sherman not only told him that General Grant would not go, but said: "You cannot afford to quarrel with General Grant, Mr. President. I can be spared much better than he."

With the two greatest soldiers of the army opposed to his plan, the President decided to submit gracefully. "Certainly," he said; "if you will go, that will answer perfectly."

In this wise did the loyal Sherman repay his chief for his consideration and kindness when Stanton and the President were perfectly certain he was arranging treasonable terms with General Johnston.

CHAPTER XL

GRANT AS SECRETARY OF WAR

ON August 5, 1867, only one cabinet officer representing the Union sentiment of Abraham Lincoln remained in office. This was Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War; and Johnson determined to make a clean sweep by removing him. He addressed to him the following curt note:

SIR: Public considerations of the highest character constrain me to say that your resignation as Secretary of War will be accepted.

To this note Secretary Stanton replied:

Public considerations of the highest character constrain me not to resign the office of Secretary of War before the next meeting of Congress.

General Grant, being informed some days before of the President's design to remove Stanton, had written a letter remonstrating, wherein he had reviewed the splendid work which the Secretary had done for the Union, and spoke of his incorruptible and zealous spirit. The general had not expected to check Johnson, but had wished to put himself on record in opposition. He had been in controversy with Stanton over the question of the power of the War Department, but he recognized his loyalty and zeal at this point.

After a week's notice, the President issued an order suspending Secretary Stanton, and appointing General Grant Secretary of War *ad interim*.

This placed General Grant in the most delicate and trying position of his public life. His letter remonstrating against Stanton's removal was not made public at the time, and neither Stanton nor the radical Republicans understood his position. They were determined that he should be a politician, and he was equally sure that his position was that of a soldier under command of his superior officer. It was not for him to question the legality of President Johnson's removal of Stanton, or of the Tenure of Office Bill (which had been passed to prevent just such removals), but it was his duty to shut out some less loyal man. Therefore, he assumed the office of Secretary of War, and said nothing, not even to Stanton, and for a time the two men misunderstood each other.

Encouraged by his success, President Johnson passed at once to the removal of Generals Sickles and Sheridan, two of Grant's most trusted district commanders. He was resolved to stop "reconstruction by military means" so far as possible by putting in the places of these loyal and soldierly officers men who would less stringently uphold the claims of the negro, and more fully recognize local white authority and local government. He was now thoroughly enraged, and determined to assert himself as against the power of General Grant, or the loyal North, or of any one whomsoever.

Within a week he sent a letter to General Grant, wherein was inclosed an order removing General Sheridan as commander of the Fifth Military District, and substituting General George H. Thomas.* He also invited suggestions from Grant, who immediately replied:

I am pleased to avail myself of your invitation to urge—earnestly urge, urge in the name of a patriotic people—that this order should not be insisted upon. It is the will of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his present command. This is a republic, where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard. General Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the

* General Thomas declined on the score of his health, and General Hancock was substituted.

laws of Congress. It will be interpreted by the unreconstructed . . . as a triumph. It will embolden them to renewed opposition to the will of the loyal masses, believing that they have the Executive with them.

General Grant loved Sheridan, and could not sit quietly by and see him humiliated. He wished, also, to have him close to the Mexican border, ready for an emergency.

To this letter, which had its weak points, the President replied with great boldness and energy, considering his long silence:

I am not aware that the question of retaining General Sheridan in command of the Fifth Military District has ever been submitted to the people themselves for determination. . . . General Sheridan has rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious by the manner in which he has exercised the powers conferred by Congress, and still more so by the resort to authority not granted by law. . . . His removal cannot be regarded, therefore, as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress.

He ended by asserting his Presidential prerogatives.

These letters (though Grant's was private) were made public not long after, and were taken to be of enormous importance in the South. The Southern press exulted, saying, "President Johnson has at last asserted himself," and that "in an unguarded hour the inevitable cigar has fallen from General Grant's lips, and his real mind has been revealed." On the other hand, the extremists of the North regarded Grant's letter as an expression of weakness. He was accused of having surrendered to the President. He had pleaded when he should have commanded. It really showed his regard for law and order.

Wendell Phillips issued a manifesto, in which he said:

"Grant has at last spoken, and blundered. This was our St. Michael, whose resistless sword was to mow down the Satan of the fallen host. . . . The general of the United States is to-day a weed caught in the Presidential maelstrom. Let no Grant man, after this, call Johnson a clumsy knave."

Others said: "Grant has surrendered to the President"; and even his friends admitted that he had greatly disap-

pointed the American people at this point. It was observed at the time that the Southern press was very much emboldened by the President's successful opposition to Grant, and the corresponding weakening of the Military Department, the very thing Grant had feared.

Finding this letter (which sprang from his love for Sheridan) misunderstood, Grant immediately resumed his cigar and his silence, enduring all the misinterpretations which were to be borne during the four months in which he filled the complicate positions of Secretary of War and General of the Army. He did his duty faithfully and well. He privately opposed every measure of the President's which he regarded as unwise or unwarranted, but retained the office to prevent some one more in harmony with Johnson from taking his place. He continued to carry out the laws of Congress. He repeatedly overruled General Hancock, who had succeeded to Sheridan's district, and who seemed quite as ready to carry out the will of the President as the will of Congress.

In all the orders sent out to the district commanders, General Grant endeavored to maintain a strictly neutral position. His orders were:

> Preserve the peace. . . . The military cannot set up to be the judge as to which set of election judges have the right to control, but must confine their action to putting down hostile mobs.

Again he said:

> You are to prevent conflict. Your mission is to preserve peace, and not to take sides in political difference. You are to prevent mobs from aiding either party. If called upon legally to interfere, your duty is plain. . . . The military cannot be made use of to defeat the executive of a state in enforcing the laws of a state.

He kept the duties of his twofold office distinct during all this time, and gravely wrote orders as Secretary of War Grant to General U. S. Grant, and made reports as General Grant to Secretary of War Grant. The two offices were on opposite sides of the street, and to play the two parts he was obliged frequently to cross and recross the intervening space. Badeau remarks that he

seemed to be a bit more formal when on the cabinet side of the avenue, and that he called his aides by their first name, or at least spoke to them without the use of their title, when at army headquarters.

It was not without its humorous complications, but it was too wearisome and galling for the general to perceive much fun in it. He hated the wrangling to which he was made party as a member of the cabinet, and he asked to be excused from the purely political part of his position. He was a soldier discharging his duties, and did not think the President had a right to demand that he should be detained and badgered by questions relating to party policy.

He waited patiently for Congress to assemble, hoping to be then released.

At last the Senate took the matter in hand. Grant, during his entire five months of retention of the office, had neither affirmed nor denied the legality of Johnson's position; but as the Senate began inquiry, he gave the President to understand that, in case Stanton was sustained, he would immediately resign in Stanton's favor.

To this Johnson verbally replied that he desired General Grant to retain the office in order to test the legality of the act, and that he would be responsible for Grant's action, and pay all fines which might be imposed. To this Grant replied asking for written instructions concerning his duties.

On January 14, being notified that the Senate had not concurred in the removal of Stanton, General Grant made good his word, turned the key in the door of the War Department, and sent a note to President Johnson, as follows: "My functions as Secretary of War *ad interim* ceased at the moment of the receiving of the within notice."

Stanton immediately resumed the office, and sent a very brusque note to General Grant, saying that he would like to see him. There was nothing in Stanton's words or actions to show that he appreciated the delicacy and courtesy on the part of General Grant during this long and troublesome period; in fact, he renewed his claims to command in the field.

President Johnson was thoroughly enraged, and immediately claimed that General Grant had violated his promise to give due warning, and that he had all along acquiesced in Stanton's removal, and that he had not properly notified the President of his change of opinion in the matter. "Therefore," the President concluded, "I am taken by surprise by your sudden surrender of the keys of the office."

To this Grant replied:

> The course you would have it understood that I agreed to pursue was in violation of law and without orders from you, while the course I did pursue, and which I never doubted you fully understood, was in accordance with law, and not in disobedience to any orders of my superiors. And now, Mr. President, when my honor as a soldier and integrity as a man have been so violently assailed, pardon me for saying that I can but regard this whole matter from beginning to end as an attempt to involve me in a resistance of law for which you hesitated to assume the responsibility, and thus destroy my character before the country.

This led to a heated public controversy between General Grant and President Johnson in respect of a final cabinet meeting on a Saturday, wherein Johnson reasserted that he had promised to take all the imprisonment and pay all the fines that might be imposed upon General Grant for retaining the office in opposition to the congressional will. "When he arose to leave the room, I repeated the remark, for I wanted to know whether or not he intended to hold on to the office, designing to relieve him if it was his purpose to yield it."

To this letter General Grant replied, saying that he had requested the President to give him instructions in writing of what he wished him to do.

> I stated that I had not looked particularly into the Tenure of Office Bill, but that what I had stated was a general principle, and if I should change my mind in this particular case I would inform him of the fact.
>
> Subsequently, on reading the Tenure of Office Bill closely, I found that I could not, without violation of the law, refuse to vacate the office of Secretary of War the moment Mr. Stanton was reinstated by the Senate, even though the President should

order me to retain it, which he never did. Taking this view of the matter, and learning on Saturday, the 11th instant, that the Senate had taken up the subject of Mr. Stanton's suspension, after some conversation with General Sherman and some members of my staff, I stated that the law left me no discretion as to my action, should Mr. Stanton be reinstated, and that I intended to inform the President. I went to the President for the sole purpose of making this decision known, and did so make it known. In doing this I fulfilled the promise made in our last preceding conversation on the subject.

The President, however, instead of accepting my view, . . . contended that he had suspended Mr. Stanton under authority given by the Constitution. . . . I stated that the law was binding on me, constitutional or not, until set aside by the proper tribunal. An hour or more was consumed, each reiterating his views on this subject, until, it getting late, the President said he would see me again.

I did not agree to call again on Monday, nor was I sent for by the President until the following Monday. With Mr. Stanton I had no communication. On Tuesday General Comstock, who had carried my official letter, and who saw the President open and read my communication, brought back to me from the President word that he wanted to see me that day at the cabinet meeting.

This meeting opened precisely as though he were a member of the cabinet (Grant went on to say). It was Johnson's intention to ignore all that he had said and written in opposition. The conversation was practically a review of all that had gone before.

To Grant's letter President Johnson replied, saying the interview had terminated in a distinct understanding that if, on reflection, General Grant should conclude it his duty to surrender the office upon action in Mr. Stanton's favor, he should return the key, in order, if he desired to do so, that the President might designate some one to succeed Grant. He boldly said:

It was my purpose to relieve you from the further discharge of the duties of Secretary of War, and to appoint some other person in that capacity. . . . It was then understood that there should be a further conference on Monday, by which time I supposed you would be prepared to inform me of your final decision. You failed, however, to fulfill the engagement.

As a matter of fact, Stanton forestalled Grant by going at an early hour to the adjutant-general, and demanding the key. When Grant arrived Stanton was in possession of the office, and Grant made no further effort in the matter.

The issue was now straight and clear between Grant and Johnson. In plain terms, it was a question of who lied in the matter, and with regard to the larger number of people in the Union decision was prompt and immediate. If there was one thing for which General Grant was noted, it was for his truthfulness of speech. With the exception of the copperhead press and the more extreme papers of the South, the country declared in favor of General Grant, and he came out of it strengthened rather than weakened in the judgment of the unprejudiced.

This controversy was most important; it not only vindicated General Grant in the opinion of the loyal men of the nation, but brought him fairly and squarely into politics. He could no longer remain a simple soldier doing his duty under command of President Johnson. He was forced to take sides. He then and there joined the Republican party.

There can be no question of his pleasure at being set right before the loyal people of the country. He was tired of occupying a false position, and his letters made his position plain with the Northern people, though it drew the line sharply between his friends and his enemies. In proportion as his position became defined in the public mind, he was accused of departing from his stand at the close of the war, and from the gentle policy of Lincoln. "The rebels and copperheads opened their batteries on him during January all along the line," but this only rallied his friends around him the stronger.

The impeachment trial long threatening now came forward with a rush. The whole land was turbulent with discussion. Originally General Grant had been very much opposed to this measure. He was now convinced that events justified it. Johnson's removals of Sheridan and Stanton, and his perfidious course toward himself, had convinced him that the President was a very dangerous man, and should be removed.

He was called before the committee, and gave his testimony without anger and without the slightest distortion of the facts. He repeated what his own words had been as clearly and as simply as ever in his life. He was not capable of deceit in matters of this kind. At the same time, he was accused of urging senators to vote in favor of impeachment.

He was at first much disappointed at the failure of impeachment proceedings, but, as usual, remained discreetly silent. "Afterward his judgment changed, and he came to think it better for the country, on the whole, that the President should remain in office until the end of his term." He was heartily glad when the turmoil of the impeachment ceased. Johnson was profoundly instructed by the close vote, and was saved from utter ruin only by promise of a change of policy.

"The result of the trial was a crushing blow to Stanton," says Badeau. "It implied that he should not have remained in the cabinet against the will of his chief, and it became necessary for him to at once resign." General Schofield was made Secretary in his stead. At first Grant was opposed to Schofield's acceptance of the position, but, after some thought, revised his opinion, and the new Secretary entered the cabinet in full harmony with the general of the army. This ended the contest over the war office, and prevented any violent measures on the part of the President toward General Grant and the officers commanding in the districts of the South.

The lenient policy which Johnson had pursued with regard to the military districts under the peculiar political conditions then existing had led to the formation of secret bodies of men in Alabama and Mississippi, whose purpose was to intimidate the negro and drive out the Republican partizans of these States. Early in the year the first notices of the famous Kuklux Klan began to appear. In the Richmond "Examiner," in March, appeared an article wherein great delight was expressed over the coming of the famous raiders to Virginia. The Klan had sprung up in the West, but now it had crossed the mountains.

It was too much to expect that the people of the South should in one year, or in two years or a score of years, be able to eradicate from their midst all the hate and bitterness and lawlessness engendered by four years of war. The Kuklux, and all that it meant, was simply the surviving spirit of the war carried forward in new forms. Opposition to the power of the United States was now secret, scattered, nocturnal, and disorganized, but none the less effective.

General Grant understood the meaning of this thing, and at once directed the commanders to ferret out and crush, if possible, these bands of lawless men; but he was not aided by the Executive as he should have been, and the trouble spread.

Late in the year an article appeared in the Louisville "Journal" which was largely quoted in the South, and changed the whole tone of discussion. The heading of this article denoted its character: "General Grant the Father of the Reconstruction Scheme." The cause of the article was the publication of a paper (written nearly two years before) by General Grant as indorsement of a letter by General Sheridan, wherein he said:

> In my opinion, the great number of murders of Union men and freedmen in Texas (which are not only unpunished, but uninvestigated) constitutes practically a state of insurrection; and believing it to be the province and duty of every good government to afford protection to the lives, liberties, and property of her citizens, I would recommend the declaration of martial law in Texas.

"This letter was dated January 29, 1866, and on the 6th of February Mr. Thaddeus Stevens reported the Reconstruction Bill"; and this, the Louisville "Journal" now informed the South, was largely due to General Grant. "General Grant undeniably stands confessed as the father of the reconstruction scheme. He belongs to the radicals. Their title to him is clear. Let them take him; they are welcome to him. He is a stupendous humbug. There is a meanness in his mousing for the Presidency which is inexpressibly sickening."

In comment upon this, the "Intelligencer" said:

"The whole country has wondered at the reticence of General Grant. It will wonder no longer. The game he has been playing is now exposed. He has unwarily shown his hand. We look to the National Democracy of the North and West, and the white race inhabiting every section of the United States untainted with negro radicalism, to accomplish the overthrow, not only of General Grant, but every other candidate who does not stand upon the platform on which is inscribed: 'This is a white man's government, and must be maintained.'"

CHAPTER XLI

GRANT SAVES THE UNION PARTY

TWO days after the acquittal of President Johnson, the Republican party assembled in convention in Chicago to nominate their candidates for the next campaign. Six hundred and fifty delegates, representing every State in the Union, including the unreconstructed States of the South, presented their credentials and were accepted. Only one name was seriously mentioned for first place on the ticket, and that was General Grant's. His fame was overshadowing. There were five candidates for the second place.

The city was tremendously excited, and vast crowds of people poured in from all the surrounding country with something of the same fervor of interest that had been exhibited in the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the first time. Indeed, these men considered that they were again met to save the nation and all they had fought to secure.

It was, of course, a convention dominated by the military spirit. Nearly all of the great commanders of the Northern army were there, enthusiastic for their chief. The hall, decorated for the purpose of expressing the patriotic zeal of the delegates, made lavish use of the red, white, and blue of the Union flag, and every allusion to the war and its successes gave rise to the most fervid applause. The members could hardly wait until the ordinary formalities were over, so eager were they to honor Grant.

At length the point was reached where nominations were in order, and General Logan, rising, said:

"Then, sir, in the name of the loyal citizens and soldiers and sailors of this great republic, in the name of loyalty, liberty, humanity, and justice, I nominate as candidate for the Chief Magistracy of this nation Ulysses S. Grant."

This speech, made, with propriety, by the man who had introduced Colonel Grant to his first regiment, aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The audience rose with tumultuous cheers for Grant. No other name was heard. So great and so instantaneous was the emotional response that a delegate from South Carolina, as soon as he could be heard, moved that the vote be taken by acclamation. "No, no!" was the reply. The States wanted an opportunity to speak, and the roll was called.

Alabama gave eighteen votes for Grant. California shouted: "We come here six thousand miles to cast our votes for General Grant." Colorado said: "The Rocky Mountains of Colorado bring General Grant all they have —six votes. Florida, "the land of flowers," gave six, and Georgia, through Governor Brown, cast her eighteen votes for General Grant, "heartily desiring to speed the restoration of the Union, harmony and peace and good government." Kansas, the "State of John Brown," gave him six votes. Louisiana said: "We propose to fight it out on that line, if it takes all summer." Ohio, which had the honor of being the mother of the great leader, cast "forty-two votes for her illustrious son." Virginia, "rising from the grave that General Grant dug for her at Appomattox in 1865," came with twenty votes to enlist under his banner. "We propose next autumn 'to move on the enemy's works,'" its spokesman concluded. And so the roll went on, every State presenting all she had with boundless good will; and then the president announced the result:

"Gentlemen of the convention, the roll is completed. You have six hundred and fifty votes, and you have given six hundred and fifty votes for Ulysses S. Grant."

The audience again arose in a transport of harmonious enthusiasm, and cheered themselves hoarse, while the new drop-curtain in the rear of the stage was uncovered, pre-

senting a fine portrait of the general, supported by the Goddess of Liberty, with the motto above: "Match him!"

As soon as the convention reached a measure of quiet, the election of Vice-President went forward, and the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, was selected to be the second on the ticket.

Old Jesse Grant, the father of the future President, was on the platform, overwhelmed by the enthusiasm for his son. He had addressed the convention of soldiers and sailors the evening before. In his speech he asked: "What have I done, that I should be called upon by the braves of the nation to speak to them?" Some one in the audience had called out: "You had a son; that is enough." This allusion had so filled his eyes with tears of pride and joy that he could not go on, but had retired amid the cheers of the convention. Now, as he sat before the national convention, his tongue, commonly so ready, failed him utterly.

With regard to the doctrine upon which they were to make their fight, the Republican party said: "First, the regulation of the suffrage in all the loyal States belongs to the States themselves; second, in the States that attempted to secede, the general government must give the suffrage to all loyal men, whether they had it under State laws or not, on the ground that 'every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice demands that they should have it.'" That is to say, broadly speaking, the Northern States could regulate their suffrage for themselves, but that the Southern States could not be trusted to deal justly with the negro, and that suffrage should there be determined by the power of the general government.

The situation which they had to face was this: Three years had passed away since the close of the war, and though every measure had looked to the restoration of the Union, the Union was not restored. The Southern States were still outside the halls of Congress; they had no representation and no voice in the making of laws. This, however disappointing at the time, was a perfectly natural situation. War is not so easily forgotten. Racial antipathies are not so quickly legislated out of existence.

Society is an organism, history the story of its development. In the course of the growth of a nation a year is but an hour. Little could be expected in so short a time.

As General Grant had said in Atlanta, it was natural that friction should continue after the war. It was natural that the hotheads, the extremists, the prejudiced at the North as well as in the South, should claim the larger share of public attention. It was natural that every vicious editorial written in the South should be copied in the Northern press, and that every hateful speech in the North should be reported in the South. It was natural that politicians should make use of all sectionalism to further their own ends.

The time needed a strong man, a man about whose course there could be no question. The South needed a man like Grant, whose words were few and to be depended upon. His nomination gave tranquillity to both sections at once. The tone of the Southern papers almost instantly changed. While continuing to criticize him, their words had little of the fierce energy with which they had urged on and sustained the vacillating and unwise policy of President Johnson. Nevertheless the "solid South" lined itself up against the solid North. The war of words began.

Meanwhile the nominee was quietly going about his duties as general of the army. But a few days later, the Republicans of the city arranged an impromptu serenade, and about a thousand people gathered before his house, calling for "Grant! Grant! General Grant!"

When the general appeared, Governor Boutwell made a brief congratulatory address, alluding briefly to the general's military career.

The general appeared very much embarrassed when it came his turn to speak, but he made a very considerable address, for him. He ended by saying: "All I can say is that, to whatever position I am called by your will, I will endeavor to discharge its duties with fidelity and honesty of purpose. Of my rectitude in the performance of public duties you must judge for yourselves from my record, which is open to you."

A few days later the committee of the National Repub-

lican Convention called upon their candidate at his house, and formally presented a report of the proceedings in Chicago. To them he replied, expressing his gratitude for the confidence they had placed in him, and thanking them for the unanimity of their action:

If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me, I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit, and the same will that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved upon me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform these duties to your entire satisfaction time will determine. You have truly said, in the course of your address, that I shall have no policy of my own to enforce against the will of the people.

In his letter of acceptance, which soon followed, he indorsed the proceedings of the convention, which seemed to him to have been marked with wisdom, moderation, and patriotism. He said it was impossible, however, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years.

New political issues not foreseen are constantly arising, and the views of the public on them are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people.

After finishing his letter, which was short and simple, he laid down his pen. After a moment's thought of the torn and tortured South, he took up the pen again, and added four significant words: "Let us have peace."

These words were at once taken up and echoed from one end of the country to the other. They were called "treacherous words of peace" by his enemies, but for the most part they expressed the great longing which the people had for tranquillity and deliverance from war and the vengeance which follows war.

Interest in his daily doings became greater than ever before, and reporters, friendly and unfriendly, were constantly at his door. His home was described at this time as an "agreeable one, plainly showing the nature and

tastes of the occupant. Tall walnut bookcases surround three sides of the library. Everything relating to the business of war is there, with histories in abundance. On the mantel is a cigar-stand, a bronzed statue of a drummer, and another of a bugler. Engravings of Washington, Lincoln, Sherman, and Sheridan are on the walls. Easy-chairs and lounges are placed carelessly about the room, and the library is, without doubt, the most cheerful and inviting apartment in the house. An oil-painting of Sheridan and one of McPherson are prominently hung in the parlors, and a marble bust and an engraving of President Lincoln are also conspicuous."

Early in July the Democrats, assembling in New York City, nominated Horatio Seymour of New York for President, and General Frank P. Blair of Missouri for Vice-President. The convention and its platform were almost as completely Southern in sentiment as the Chicago convention had been Union in sentiment. As the conspicuous figures at Chicago had been Logan and Sickles, it was natural and appropriate that General Wade Hampton, General N. B. Forest, and General Thomas L. Price should be prominent in New York; and, naturally, General John A. McClernand was there to shake hands with Hampton over plans to defeat Grant. The Democratic party had no hope of success in the future without the aid of the South, and every concession that could be safely made to them appeared in the platform. The convention declared against negro suffrage as a basis of reconstruction, but admitted that the question of slavery and the question of secession were settled for all time.

The platform was, in fact, a mixture of good and bad, like the Republican platform. Neither party had a monopoly of all the virtues. It had its appeal, this Democratic pronunciamento, and it had its short-sighted and violent prejudices. The convention reflected as in a mirror the venomous hatred of the "copperhead Democracy" of the North for the "black Republican" party. It was notable that the Northern men were the most bitter and outspoken. Johnson's policy was in a sense supported, but Johnson himself ceased to be a factor. He was a political outcast;

he had betrayed his own party, and failed to win the favor of the other. The ticket was foredoomed to failure at the start.

As the contest went on it became exceedingly acrid. Nothing was too mean to be said. Grant was called the "drunken tanner," the "butcher," and the "man on horseback." According to the enlightened views of opposing editors, the contest narrowed down to a choice between a drunkard and a lunatic, and the nation was again about to be lost.

Many of the Democratic papers in the North had persistently upheld Grant so long as they supposed him to be still Democratic in feeling and closely in union with Johnson. His nomination, however, by the Republican convention, by all the laws of political warfare, made every Democrat the devoted and irresponsible assailant of the head of the opposing ticket. Grant was appalled at the storm which followed.

All over the nation, scavengers, unclean of mind and purchasable of conscience, delved deep among the saloon-keepers and pot-houses of the cities wherein he had lived, and pretended to bring to light stories of his drunkenness and profligacy. The city of St. Louis furnished the larger share of these stories; but opposition politicians in Cincinnati, New York, Galena, Sacket's Harbor, San Francisco, and Portland added their contribution to the growing collection. His life, according to these reports, had been monstrous in its degrading acts. He was accused of associating with the lowest and most drunken reprobates in St. Louis and in Detroit. An article written by "An Officer of the United States Army" appeared in a magazine published in New York, which restated with brutal plainness the cause of his return from California in 1854. The Chicago, New York, and Cincinnati papers gave ready assistance in spreading these tales abroad over the land, and one journal went so far as to detail a man to follow General Grant about and secure damaging evidence against him. Through the work of this man, every story by every political jackal and road-house loafer was scraped from the mire and given to the world, gleefully, and

without a word in deprecation or in question of its truthfulness.

It was to be inferred that the Confederate brigadiers would make unexpectedly mild speeches, and that all the bitter invectives should be left to their copperhead brethren in the North. This was the case. Hampton, Forest, Gordon, Lee, left vitriolic vituperation to the leaders of the North, who improved the opportunity to the full. All was of little avail, however. The current of the time set hard at the keel, the winds of fortune filled the sails of the Republican craft, and it swept forward in irresistible majesty.

Grant himself took no part in the campaign. As he had not sought the office, so now he declined to work for it. His party managers were much troubled by his course. Nearly all his friends thought it unwise, and those who were intimate enough to speak to him advised against it. The entire party, they said, needed his advice. It was a momentous struggle, and he should take the most active part in it, being its leader in fact as well as in name.

He replied: "I do not care to give advice. If the people wish to make me President they will do so." He set out for his little home in Galena, leaving directions that no letters should be forwarded to him (at least, such as were political in character), and there spent the intervening weeks in comfort and peace. He did not return East until November. In all this period only one or two of the political people of consequence ventured to write to him. Sherman, too, had determined to keep out of politics, and so uttered no word in favor of his friend and chief. His silence provoked criticism from others, but it did not trouble Grant; he considered Sherman's position quite right; he even defended it. He attended no political meetings, and went about the country very little. His mornings were passed in reading and answering letters, or giving Badeau directions in reply to letters. He read the newspapers closely, and talked freely concerning the election. With intimate friends he went over the map of the United States, saying quietly, but with perfect certainty in his voice: "We shall carry this State, and that

State, and that State." He became profoundly convinced that he was to be elected. He never questioned it.

In the afternoon he drove or walked about the streets of the little town like any other citizen, sat down with his friend Rowley, or McClellan, or Chetlain, and talked over neighborhood affairs as well as national affairs. He took tea with the families of his old neighbors in the simple, homely, Western fashion. Many transient visitors called and were entertained at his house. There was no ceremony in anything he did. It was a wonderful thing to his neighbors—almost unrealizable—to think of him quietly going about the streets of this little Western town, bearing such high honors, and being the subject of such mighty controversy in the nation.

On the day of election he accompanied his neighbors to the polls, and cast his ballot for the entire Republican ticket except for President.

"At about ten o'clock in the evening he went to Washburne's house, not far from his own. Arrangements had been made to receive the news, and there were in the room a dozen citizens of Galena, and one or two correspondents. Every man present seemed more excited than Grant. He did not pretend to indifference, but I often saw him show more interest over a game of cards than in his election that night," writes Badeau.

At about two o'clock it was considered certain that the Republicans had carried the day, and, standing on his doorstep, General Grant addressed a little company of his friends and fellow-citizens. He was perfectly calm and unaffected in manner, but he used one expression which those listening did not soon forget: "The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear."

CHAPTER XLII

GENERAL GRANT LAYS DOWN THE SWORD

THE President elect did not resign his commission as chief of the army until he took the oath of office as Chief Executive. He considered that the act of taking the oath as President annulled his commission as general. He was still the head of the army by the express terms of the Constitution.

Inauguration day was cold and cloudy, but the streets were almost as crowded as upon the day of the grand review four years before. The feeling among the spectators gathered from all parts of the United States was one of joy and hope. They firmly believed the nation had been a second time saved by General Grant. By mid-forenoon the sky began to clear, and those who were a bit fanciful said one to the other: "It is going to clear; it will be a fine day yet. Just so will it be with Grant's administration. The general will carry us forward into the sunlight of peace and prosperity."

At eleven o'clock, exactly as the general stepped out upon the porch, the sun suddenly broke forth, flooding the Presidential party with warm light, which symbolized the vivid rays of fame which now beat hard upon the "Little Man of Destiny."

He entered his own carriage, an ordinary park phaëton, in company with General Rawlins. He had declined to be accompanied by Andrew Johnson, who remained behind signing papers until twelve o'clock. Speaker Colfax, with several members of Grant's staff, filled the second carriage. The band of the Fifth Cavalry struck up "Hail to the Chief," the mounted column escort wheeled into

column, and upon the signal of a cannon-shot the procession moved up the avenue toward the Capitol.

The coming President was unimposing, as usual. He wore a suit of plain dark clothes. His expression was grave and his mood self-contained. The public was again at fault. Many of the sight-seers had expected to see him pass in full uniform, in a carriage drawn by six horses, followed by his staff. They had expected a great historical moment when the general of the army would lay down his sword to become the President. Again General Grant neglected his opportunity.

On the eastern side of the Capitol a broad platform had been erected for the inauguration ceremonies, and before it a vast throng had waited for hours the coming of the President elect. At last the Supreme Court, filing out with preternatural dignity, led the way for General Grant, who walked forward to the little table at the center of the platform. Behind him came Mr. Colfax and as many of the senators as could find room.

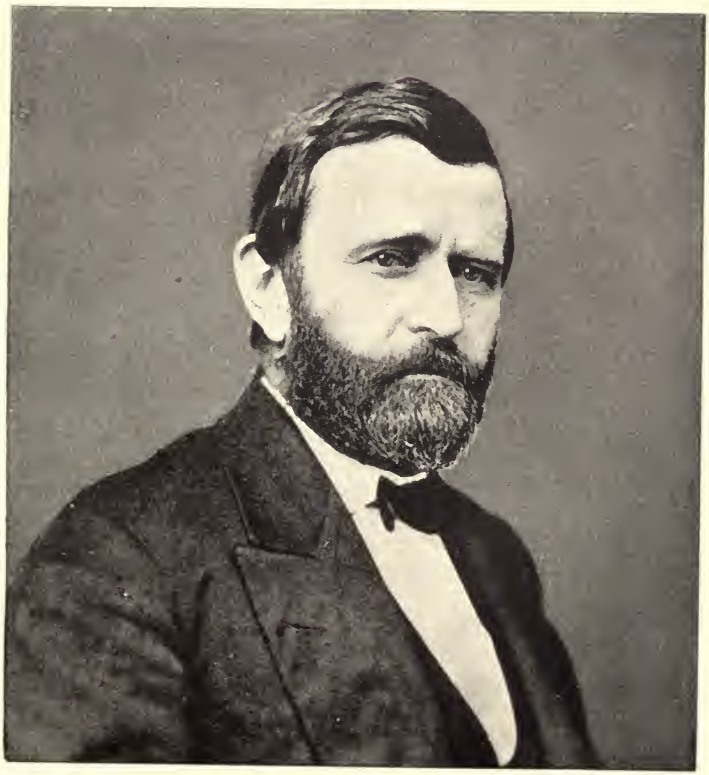
As soon as the military organization drawn up below in front of the platform obtained a sight of their general, they raised a cheer, which was caught up and carried forward by the waiting populace until lost in distance.

At this moment, standing at the topmost dizzy pinnacle of national fame, a point to which he had climbed by virtue of his own honesty, persistency, and courage, Ulysses Grant betrayed no embarrassment and little emotion. No twitching muscle or flush of blood externalized whatever he may have felt. With one foot a little advanced, and head slightly bowed, he waited until Salmon P. Chase, once his rival, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, stepped forward and held out a Bible. On this General Grant laid his right hand reverently.

The chief justice then read the solemn words of the official oath, and General Grant repeated them: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

The chief justice slightly raised his hand. The general

U. S. Grant not long before his first election as President, age 46 years.



U. S. Grant soon after his first inauguration as President, age 47 years.

bent his head, lightly touching the Bible with his lips. Ulysses S. Grant had ceased to be general of the army, and had become the Chief Executive of the nation. The boom of the cannon announced for miles around the triumphant tidings that he who had saved the nation in time of war had sworn now to preserve it in peace.

He began his inaugural address by saying that he would express his views to Congress, and urge them according to his judgment, and would use the constitutional privilege of veto to defeat measures which he opposed, but that all laws would be faithfully executed, whether they met his approval or not. "I shall have a policy to recommend," he said, "but none to enforce against the will of the people." He knew no method to secure the repeal of bad laws so effective as their stringent execution. The country, just having emerged from a great civil war, naturally had questions to meet which other administrations had not dealt with, and it was desirable to approach these questions calmly, without hatred or sectional prejudice, striving always for the greatest good to the greatest number.

He touched also upon the heavy debt which had been contracted, and suggested that every dollar of the government's indebtedness should be paid in gold unless otherwise stipulated. How the public debt was to be paid, or specie payments resumed, was not so important as that a plan should be adopted. A united determination to do was worth more than divided counsels upon how to do it.

He promised to do his best to appoint to office those who would execute all laws in good faith, and collect and disburse all revenues honestly.

With regard to his foreign policy, he promised to deal with nations as equitable law requires individuals to deal with each other, and to protect all law-abiding citizens, whether native or of foreign birth, wherever their rights were jeopardized and the stars and stripes floated.

The proper treatment of the Indian, he said, was one deserving of careful study. "I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization and ultimate citizenship."

With regard to suffrage, it seemed to him very desirable that the question should be settled at once, and he entertained the hope and expressed the desire to see the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. In conclusion, he said:

"I would ask patient forbearance one toward another throughout the land, and a determined effort on the part of every citizen toward cementing a happy union, and I ask the prayers of the nation to Almighty God in behalf of this consummation."

The President commenced reading his address in a voice of ordinary conversational key, but soon allowed it to drop so low as to be unheard even upon the platform. During the whole of the reading, Mrs. Grant, her daughter, and several ladies sat cramped up behind the judges of the Supreme Court. At last the little daughter Nellie, becoming tired of her position, made her way to the President's side, and stood beside him for several minutes while he read. At length, a chair being given her, she took a seat just behind the general.

The crowd, divining this to be his daughter, was profoundly moved by the contrast of the delicate little girl standing beside the stern commander of the Wilderness while he proclaimed in severe Anglo-Saxon speech the policy by which he would be guided during his administration of the affairs of the United States.

After the delivery of the speech, President Grant and Vice-President Colfax returned to the White House, and were received by Secretary Schofield, General Grant's staff, and a few friends. In answer to an inquiry, the President said he would not hold a reception. He was very grave, very reticent even with his intimate friends. In that way alone he expressed the deep emotion he felt. The throngs without would not accept this word as final, and remained for hours waiting about the gates; but at last they came to understand that President Grant wished to become President as simply as possible.

In the evening a grand inauguration reception and ball was held in the north wing of the White House. Every military, naval, and political man of note was present.

There was no exclusiveness; it was a national gathering. It represented all classes of society, all sections of the Union, and almost every race on the face of the earth. Whether it added to the happiness of General Grant is doubtful. Without question it was the supreme moment in the life of his loyal wife.

The President's address excited the most intense excitement. It was at once seized upon and twisted hard to wring some sinister meaning from it. Mainly it was approved. It was considered to be like him, firm, but gentle, sincere, and perfectly lucid. Only one paper in the North considered it "empty and self-confident, and at the same time servile." To others it read "like the bulletin of a great general." In the South it was well received. Naturally the Southern editors could not be expected to cry out in admiration, but they acknowledged that the document "manifested a most catholic and winning spirit toward the whole country"; nor did they fail to remark the "absence of the familiar vocabulary of the radical party." Every one knew exactly what the President meant; he had intended to express, not to conceal, his ideas.

For just one week this calm and beautiful period of almost universal approbation lasted, and then the pickets of the opposition began firing again. One by one, the regiments behind took it up, and before three months had passed the roar of assault was again sounding throughout the entire Democratic army.

There had been a most intense curiosity concerning his cabinet. It could not be anticipated, for he had taken no one into his confidence, not even Mrs. Grant. Rawlins was almost heartbroken over this silence on the part of his chief, for he had expected to be appointed Secretary of War. He became ill in his anxiety, and Washburne of Illinois, who wished to be Secretary of the Treasury, but to whom Grant uttered no word of promise during this time, also became much depressed. Nothing but the faintest rumors of the men Grant had selected were obtainable up to the very moment of his message to the Senate.

Most of the nominations were a surprise. For Secretary of State he had named his friend Washburne of Illinois. For Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great merchant of New York City. It was expected that Washburne would be nominated for some office, but the selection of Stewart was wholly unanticipated. He had been chosen because it seemed to Grant that a successful man of business ought to be successful in taking care of the financial affairs of the nation. For Secretary of the Navy he sent in the name of Mr. A. E. Borie, a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, who was more completely surprised than anybody else in the nation. He was not an intimate friend, but he was a man of high character, and had been a warm supporter of the Northern cause. Ex-Governor J. D. Cox of Ohio as Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. H. A. Creswell of Maryland as Postmaster-General, and the Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar as Attorney-General, completed the list. General John M. Schofield, who was serving at the time as Secretary of War *ad interim*, was retained in that position for a week, with the understanding that John A. Rawlins was to take his place. Schofield had proved himself his friend in his position, when he might have been an enemy, and in recognition of this he was made the first Secretary of War.

As a matter of fact, the whole cabinet in less than a week was disintegrated. Mr. Stewart, according to an old clause of the Constitution, was found to be ineligible unless he surrendered his private business. Washburne, who had asked to be appointed Secretary of the Treasury, had been given his second choice, which was to be minister to France, with the further compliment of being Secretary of State for a week. He wished to be counted in historically with the Grant cabinet, and argued that to hold the position of Secretary of State even for a week would give him greater consideration abroad. This, out of consideration for Washburne's loyal friendship in the past, the President agreed to, although it brought him much trouble and criticism.

At the end of the week the position was offered to James F. Wilson of Iowa, who declined it because it was

too expensive. Grant then sent General Babcock to urge ex-Governor Hamilton Fish to accept it and save the administration from further embarrassment. This he did, after some hesitation. George S. Boutwell was hurriedly selected to fill Stewart's place in the Treasury; but as he and the Attorney-General were both from Massachusetts, the critics began to grumble.

The whole matter of getting the cabinet together was very annoying and embarrassing, and the trouble arose from General Grant's military habit of secrecy, from his idea of command, and also from his slight acquaintance among men of large affairs. His life in the army and in the West had not brought him in contact with many men of national reputation. He knew soldiers; he did not know statesmen. As for politicians, he disliked and distrusted them, and in his attempt to establish a cabinet without scheming politicians he became entangled in worse mistakes.

With his cabinet at last in position, he began his work. The administration was military at the start; there was no question about that; the times were military. Generals were the President's secretaries, and colonels were his messengers; the White House became his headquarters. He went further: he regarded even his cabinet ministers as staff-officers, who should be his personal friends, ready to carry out, with him, the orders of the people. All of this, of course, provoked immediate criticism, and certain senators objected strongly to receiving messages at the hands of an officer in the regular army, who should be attending to his military duties. They forgot that, as constitutional head of the army and navy, the President had a right to command his subordinates to serve him.

Among the first acts of his new office was to send in nominations for promotions in the army. Just as in days before, when, having moved up a notch himself, he had lifted others, so now he carried Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield, and Rawlins with him. Sherman was made general, and Sheridan became lieutenant-general in Sherman's stead. Schofield, leaving the War Department to Rawlins, became major-general in Sheridan's stead, while

C. C. Auger (one of Grant's old classmates), who had long been in command in Washington, slipped into Schofield's vacant room. Another early order, and a very significant one, restored Sheridan to his command at New Orleans, from which he had been removed by Johnson. General Terry was sent to command Georgia, and General J. J. Reynolds (the professor who recommended Captain Grant for county engineer in St. Louis) was sent to command in Texas, while General Frank P. Blair was relieved of command on the coast. The radical North felt a thrill of jubilation at the news of Sheridan's reinstatement. Andrew Johnson and all that he represented had passed away.

Among his earliest civil acts was the nomination of General James Longstreet to be surveyor of the port of New Orleans. This did not please the radicals so well as Blair's removal, but it was, in point of fact, an excellent thing to do. It was not only the recognition of a great and honorable soldier, but it tended to show that President Grant was not to be the ruler of one section of the country, but of every State in the Union. In the South General Longstreet was quite generally abused for accepting the position at the hands of his late adversary; but the broad-minded citizens everywhere took it to mean friendship and good will and confidence on the part of the President. The appointment of Sheridan was taken to mean that if States were to be in the Union, they must conform to its laws, and that if they conformed to its laws they would not be disturbed.

The wind of politics is fickle. Not two months had elapsed before certain of the Republican journals were sharply criticizing the administration. They accused each other of "trying to run Grant" after he was elected. Some of them claimed that Washburne, Rawlins, the Dents, and the Caseys had been let in a private way before the public door to the feast had been opened; that Washburne had staggered off with the *pièce de résistance;* that the Dents and Caseys had secured the pâtés and the pastries; while Russell Jones and a few other Galenaites had moved upon the charlotte russes, and little but crust was left for the after-comers.

Mr. Washburne was accused of naming forty-eight foreign appointees on the strength of a mere personal compliment. As the names of other appointees began to go to the public press the charges of nepotism were seriously made. The President was accused of appointing all his brothers-in-law to office. The opposition papers called attention to this fact, with facetious remarks concerning the "plague of Dents." "As a matter of fact he has appointed very few of his own people to office," said the friendly journals. It might be said with greater justice that he has appointed his wife's people to office." The Dents were said to be "worse than the Todds in the Lincoln administration."

The President was accused of making friendship the test of fitness for office (and there was truth in that), and of giving offices to men who had made presents to him, which was not so true. He gave the appointments to men because they were friends, and not because they gave gifts. He was incapable of supposing his friends to be selfish. The tests which he applied to a man were not always sufficiently searching. If a man was his friend, and could do some one thing well, he was apt to think that he could do greater things equally well. [Friendship was one of the strongest forces in Grant's character, and now that he had the power to reward those who had been true to him in his adversity, he had the will to do so. He had the will to be loyal in his prosperity. This may not have been the attitude of the ideal statesman, but it was very human.]

His election to office was due to great ability and to a great national uprising. He had no social claims whatever. He came of the common people, and his civil life had been among men of small concerns. He, rising to a peak from these low levels, moved by some elemental force beneath, carried with him his friends and neighbors, among them men like Rawlins and Webster and Sheridan and McPherson, and scores of civilians. They were not necessary to him, but he was necessary to them, although he would have been the last to say so. Every man who had stood by him when he was in shadow had an indisputable claim upon him now that he was in sunlight, and he turned

naturally to them in dispensing the rewards of office. He lifted hundreds from obscurity and poverty to well-paid official positions. Offices must go to some one, and why not to honest and faithful friends of our adversity? On the basis of this argument, he made Charles Ford collector at St. Louis, he sent Russell Jones to Belgium and General Chetlain to Brussels, and made editor Houghton consul to Lahaine in the Sandwich Islands. He listened to the voices of those whom he had known and respected, and granted their requests. This was not criminal in itself, but it turned out badly in some cases, and gave rise to scandal. Some of these appointments came about directly; most of them were made by congressmen and senators. He did not like to have his friends apply for office, but politicians thought to ingratiate themselves by advocating those who stood near him. His friendships were traded upon shamelessly, that must be admitted.

He was a most loyal friend, but he was also a good hater. He often held out amazingly, almost criminally, in favor of an accused friend; but when he knew a man had played him false, he became granite and iron. Treachery he never forgave. An open enemy he honored; duplicity he abhorred. In the distribution of favors during his term of power, he never forgot a friend, and he seldom forgave a man who had deliberately deceived or betrayed him. It was on this principle that he made General Longstreet surveyor of the port at New Orleans, and relieved General Frank P. Blair of command.

It was a year of most desperate office-seeking. The close of the war had let loose a flood of men who had lost their grip on civil life, and who found it impossible to return to the ordinary humdrum ways of getting a living. These men now swarmed around the hotels of Washington, and invaded the White House like the plague of locusts. Spoliation of public funds seemed to have become suddenly the chief ambition of thousands.

In a letter to his sister Mary, before the end of March, the President said:

> I scarcely get one moment alone. Office-seeking is getting to be one of the industries of the age. It gives me no peace.

These political beggars not only besieged him, but they alighted upon Jesse Grant and his wife, and upon every second and third cousin. Grant had been very careful of using his influence while general of the army, even to aid his most intimate friends. He did not like to have men appeal to him for office, and this was generally known; therefore until he became President he had not become fully aware of this office-seeking horde. His principal task for the first year was the sad task of turning back the lean and hungry kine who wished to feed at public expense.

His critics had said: "Grant is not fit to govern, for he has no idea of a republican form of government." But in this lay a gross exaggeration. It is true his mind was essentially military, and his government, so far as the executive department was concerned, was personal and absolute. He made it evident at the start that he was in very fact the head of the executive, but he was careful to maintain the distinction between the legislative, judicial, and executive departments. He was ready to consider the acts of Congress binding upon the Executive as well as upon the nation, for he regarded congressional enactment as the direct expression of the will of the majority. If he interposed a veto, it was to show his personal views. If the measure passed over his head, it became law, and he executed it as promptly as though he had himself formulated it.

He was never anxious to escape responsibility, and did not expect the country to hold his cabinet responsible for his personal opinions. Conversely, he did not care to have dissensions within his official family. The cabinet was not a place for a dissenter. He would not endure a man who assumed to dictate, and, above all, he held in detestation a man who played two parts. These considerations will explain much of the shame and most of the weakness of his cabinet. He chose the members as friends and subordinates rather than as statesmen and advisers.

CHAPTER XLIII

GRANT IN THE WHITE HOUSE

FROM the very moment of General Grant's acceptance of the oath of office, it became evident that another great commoner had entered the Presidential Mansion. Everything he did was marked with the same simplicity and lack of display which surprised and pleased the people when he was chief of the army. He continued to come and go about the streets alone and unattended, looking just the same, acting quite the same, as when general-in-chief at City Point, with, however, something intangible added to his mien to speak subtly of the great experiences he had been through and the great command he had exercised. He was often to be met driving his horse along Pennsylvania Avenue, or in the early morning taking a brisk walk to Georgetown and back.

Stories abound with regard to his simplicity and sincerity of manner. While it is true that he accepted the society of the rich, at the same time any old friend from Georgetown or St. Louis, or any old soldier, was sure of a hearing, and if their requests were proper they were granted instantly and as a matter of pleasure. He gave away large sums of money to people who made some sentimental demand upon him. He assisted wherever his soft heart was touched, and he assisted unworthy people at times; but he did not like to have people apply for office.

There is an element of pathos in the fact that his mother was not present at the inauguration. She never saw Washington, never saw her son surrounded by the evi-

Hannah Simpson Grant, mother of General Grant.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

dences of his great power and attainment. Uncle Jesse was present, with his daughter Jennie, but they were not marked figures. Not for them were the splendors of the White House. It is related of the general's mother that a friend, calling upon her at about the time of inauguration, found her moving quietly about the small home in Covington, Kentucky, which she kept in order with her own work-scarred hands. When the friend said, "It must make you very proud to think of your son being made President," she murmured an inaudible word; and when asked the direct question, "Would n't you like to be present at the ceremony?" she looked as though she had not heard the visitor's voice, and did not reply. She was the mother of the man.

The Dents, however, were in evidence. Naturally, Mrs. Grant desired her family to be with her, and her sisters, Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Casey, as well as her father and brother, became residents in Washington, and were often at the White House. Colonel Dent, old, gray, irascible, and unreconstructed, was able at last to sit under the roof-tree of his "no-account son-in-law," and find that roof-tree one under which a long line of Presidents had lived.

Old Jesse Grant occasionally came on during the administration, and put up at a cheap hotel not far from the Executive Mansion. He called on his son, or went driving with him, but did not seek close companionship with autocratic Father Dent. They remained irreconcilable, and mutually pitied and despised each other. They represented widely separated ideals of citizenship.

During the first summer the President spent some weeks at Long Branch, exposed to all the gaieties, forms, and ceremonies of fashionable society, which he bore with most patiently, even to attempting the lancers. It was a hard situation for a plain old soldier whose lines of life had lain far from such scenes. It brought out a curious phase of his nature: it defined his limitations. "Madam, I had rather storm a fort than attempt another dance," he once said to his partner.

The many receptions to which he was subjected during this time brought out one of the most marvelous of his

mental endowments—his memory. He seemed to forget nothing. He never seemed to scrutinize any person or thing, and yet he remembered, without effort, everything which passed before his eyes. He never forgot a face. A thousand cases might be cited to show his astounding memory for faces; nothing in history exceeds it. He could remember every one he had ever seen, even for a moment, though scores of years might have intervened, and a million other personalities have filed before him. This power cannot be exaggerated, nor the value of it overestimated.

In Washington during the second winter society continued to be a secondary thing. The war had not yet passed away as a visible presence, and the general was almost as military in his daily habit as when a commander-in-chief; that is to say, he attended strictly to his work, and his work was the need of governing a nation nearly half of which was under martial law.

His summers were spent at Long Branch, which he liked exceedingly. During the second year he purchased a couple of plots of land there, and built two modest cottages, one for his own use, and one to rent. He took his horses with him during his second year, and his principal amusement was driving. Each day he whirled away into the country, and soon came to know every lane and by-way for miles. This diversion was innocent enough, one would think, but it did not escape the attention of his enemies.

His turnouts were described as the most magnificent ever seen. Each brass mounting became solid gold. His little cottages were exaggerated into mansions, and every possible epithet was employed to make it appear that he was addicted to fast horses and fast living. He was said to "show already the effects of the larder and the wine-cellar." The cartoonists represented him as a heavy, sullen man, followed about by two equally sullen bull-pups. He was called the "dog-fancier," when, as a matter of fact, he had never owned a dog in his life, and could not bear to have them around him.

On his part, he said he went away from Washington in

the summer to escape the persecution of office-seekers and newspaper men, but found little freedom even there. He was suffering the penalty of being President in a land of free speech and free press. After a few weeks of this partial escape from care, the papers began to howl about "seaside loiterings" and "absenteeism." He was forced to return to Washington, even though nothing could really be transacted there.

Notwithstanding all the talk about military sentinels, secretaries, and forms, he remained the most absolutely accessible President in a long line of Presidents. Any one could reach him and talk with him, and everybody did—Indians, negroes, Southerners, Northerners, beggars, everybody, anybody. True, he did not talk to them, but he listened to what they had to say patiently, if not courteously. He was always impatient of injustice and sympathetic of the poor. His friend George W. Curtis considered him generous to a fault, and tried to keep beggars from him.

He was absolutely non-esthetic. In his world the word "art" had very little meaning; of painting, sculpture, he knew nothing, of the drama next to nothing. He did not cultivate the society of writers or scholars, and was not at ease with them. His life had been serious, but it had led along roads far separated from art and music. The political world has no need of and little tolerance for the finer qualities of life, and the four years of the war and the three years of reconstruction had added little to General Grant's acquirements in ways that would fit him for the social duties bearing upon the head of the nation. He was dignified and self-contained always, but never what could be called polished or courtly in manner. When his thought might offend, he kept silence, speaking only when it became necessary to do so. He was always considerate and deferential to women, but in no sense gallant. He had never had, even in youth, the slightest touch of the manners of a beau.

Mrs. Grant was almost equally plain and simple in her manners. Her education was even less liberal than her husband's. St. Louis in her youth was a small Western

town, and its educational facilities were not high. Her schooling was all attained before she was seventeen years of age. Thereafter she was, like the general himself, self-educated. She had, however, the American woman's power of adaptation, and she had, also, the early training of a Southern woman in hospitality, and had the desire to use and enjoy all the social pleasures connected with her husband's high office. She delighted in receptions and parties, and was never bored or wearied by them. Even before election, as General Grant's wife, she had begun to hold successful receptions, and had managed by some means to make the general take part in them.

Grant was not a reader; that is to say, he read for information—to obtain light on the subject in hand, not for general information. He made a point of going to the bottom of every subject upon which he was called upon to render judgment, and often amazed specialists by the width and accuracy of his information; but all this was not reading in the ordinary sense. He studied the newspapers with keen scrutiny, but he was too busy and too much involved in practical affairs to sit down of an evening in his library and read on general lines of culture and for enjoyment. He played cards for diversion, or sat in conversation with his friends. He enjoyed talk and conversation, even when he did not join in it. He was an extremely social man. He had few intimate friends, but those few he loved to visit. "He was absolutely unapproachable, save by his friends," said Colonel Nicolay. "Any one could come into his presence; he had no forms or ceremonies; but only a few people could get at his thought. . . . I have seen a man talk to Grant listening in rigid irresponse till, in sheer self-defense, the visitor was forced to rise and flee from the President's terrible accusing silence."

Society in those days in Washington was divided very markedly into two classes—the Republican and transitory society, and the resident society, which was almost entirely Southern in sentiment. During the Lincoln administration the aristocratic secession families held no intercourse with the "vulgarian who occupied the White House";

and during the Grant administration most of these rebellious ones continued to hold aloof. The White House was called the "Dents' Retreat." In their estimation, the Grants were very plain and unimposing people indeed. According to sly remark, they were "distressingly bourgeois." Their plain, homely Western manners were ridiculed. "What a pity we have not a gentleman in the White House!" deplored some of the plain-spoken dames to whom Lincoln had been the "boor," the "gorilla," and to whom Grant was the "dummy" and the "smoky Cæsar." He was openly called a "rude man of vulgar tastes," an accident of war, and the tool of a military ring. These critics lashed themselves into a fury which is wonderful to read about.

The White House receptions were attended, therefore, very largely by the officers of the army, the office-holders, and the visiting Republicans. Those who had been prominent at public functions in Buchanan's time knew nothing of what went on there, except by hearsay. They were quite ready to believe (and to spread) the stories of drunkenness on the part of the President, and the reported blunders in etiquette committed by his wife. Everything he did was exposed to the most devouring light of publicity. No President had ever had the search-light of reportorial curiosity so vividly cast upon him.

It will be seen that the position carried with it certain social difficulties. The President was unfitted by all his training for the niceties of social intercourse. He had refused to take dancing-lessons at West Point, and his life had been spent far from cities and among the rude surroundings of camp and cantonment life. Forms and ceremonies faced him now at every turn, and had it not been for the manly seriousness of his thought and the inherent considerateness of his nature, he would have been unpleasantly brusque in manner. As a matter of fact he was never awkward, never flurried, though he might be distrait and unresponsive and sometimes inelegant. He was always the same in public—reserved, composed, self-restrained.

When he first came East to receive his nomination as chief of all the armies, his look and bearing—as John

Burroughs testified—were distinctly countrified. This appearance had partly worn away. He had gained greater self-control under social pressure, and had attained a conception of what was due him in his position. He had great native dignity, also, though it was unobtrusive. His voice, so soft and gentle, was very impressive, was capable of inexorable inflections.

"At first he was inclined to make a visit upon any one whom he liked, whether they had first called upon him or not. It was some time before he consented to wear the conventional swallowtail coat, and the white tie he particularly disliked. But when he discovered that it was easier to conform than to hold out against these regulations, he acquiesced. When he ascertained the importance put upon visits, in this world of high officialdom, he insisted they should be paid and returned punctiliously. He considered his friends in this more than himself. He had no wish to neglect or offend."

While sphinx-like and austere in public, he was in private a very social man. He delighted in the presence of brilliant talkers. He enjoyed the company of bright women. He was a hard man to entertain, however. "He would sit *and listen and listen*, without saying a word, having a good time all along, but letting his companion do the talk." He liked young people, and the boys playing ball behind the White House sometimes had him for spectator and made him umpire in their games. Occasionally he took a hand at the bat, to the delight of the boys, who loved him and had no awe of him. "After playing awhile, he put his hands behind him, and strolled away down the avenue. He seemed a kind and fatherly man to us."

Very early in his career in the White House, an old friend from Cincinnati, in making a call upon him, saw the two natures of the man most dramatically set forth. They were in full tide of talk. The President, very easy and genuine, was voicing reminiscences without the slightest assumption of reserve. His face was aglow and his voice tender. There was nothing to remind his visitor that he was talking to the President of the United

States—to the "sullen bull-dog warrior," or to the "sphinx."

A visitor was announced in the outer chamber. A delegation, perhaps, of politicians was waiting. Grant arose, walked through the open door into the public office, and faced his callers. In those few steps he was transformed into the "enigma" and the "man of iron." With head slightly bent, with thin lips closed, he listened in absolute silence during the strenuous statement of his callers. Then, uttering a few words in a low voice, he turned abruptly on his heel, reëntered the private office, took his seat opposite his friend, and entered again upon an animated conversation concerning old times and old friends in Ohio. "He could be granite—by the Lord, he could be granite," said an old subordinate; and many an office-seeker found this out.

He still continued to walk in the street like any other citizen, but there were certain things which he no longer felt free to do. "He did not ride in the street-car while he was President, although often before he had mortified his staff and his family by using that democratic conveyance," says Badeau. "He was careful whom he visited, and regarded etiquette scrupulously in this matter, selecting the company and arranging the order of seats at his dinners."

He was not responsive. He had no light talk. He very seldom helped people out of conversational difficulty. As we have shown, he waited for them to finish; he did not help them to speak. In his public receptions he shook hands with all, but no word of his aided them through their embarrassments. This, however, was negative. On his positive side, he was careful not to injure the feelings of others. He never gossiped, neither would he permit it about him. No one presumed to become obscene in his presence. At the same time, he was not a man of keenly sensitive presence. He reeked with tobacco. He was the most appalling smoker of his time, with Edwin Booth a close second. His cigars were black, rank, poisonous, and he consumed immense quantities of them. Aside from this habit, his presence was pleasant. His hands were well cared for and his clothes in order.

A correspondent from the Old World was surprised to find the Capitol grounds unguarded, the gates unlocked, and the ruler of the nation dwelling in an open palace, as if the United States were peopled with none but honest men and friends. The White House seemed a shabby residence for a great ruler, but the President made himself so agreeable that the visitor soon forgot the discomforts of the house.

> Like all great men, he is simplicity itself. I had heard a great deal of the gallant soldier, but I never felt more impressed. He talks little. If possible, he receives every one. I found this great man affable and just in his remarks, courteous in his demeanor, and the mode in which he shakes hands told me at once of his sincerity and honesty. None of his portraits do him justice. His head is larger than any of the portraits represent. His beard is fair, and there is a peculiar softness in his eyes. And in the few sentences with which he favored me I perceived the most robust common sense. I left the Executive Mansion convinced that the United States had an honest man at its head —a soldier with an iron will.

And with a flash of prophetic insight, the writer concluded:

> And God knows how soon his skill may be required to put down enemies at home or abroad.

He was very considerate of his wife. Within certain well-defined limits, he deferred to her judgment. He did whatever was possible to add to her comfort and happiness. She came first in all his thoughts. He was accustomed to come down to the drawing-room on the days when she received her friends, and move about among them most informally and with apparent pleasure. He was entirely devoted to his children, and when they were at home often denied himself to the public in order to enjoy their presence to the full. More than once these days of seclusion with his family gave rise to unjust suspicion and cruel comment on the part of his enemies.

One day Mrs. Grant, after describing a cameo which a

friend had just shown her, and which she much admired, said to the President: "Ulysses, I want a profile of you."

"Oh, have n't I had pictures enough taken?" he protested.

"No," replied Mrs. Grant; "you have n't a single profile view, and I want one."

After a moment's hesitation, and with a little sigh, he said: "Very well; you shall have one."

A day or two later the family was appalled to see the President of the United States enter the room wearing English mutton-chop whiskers, and looking like an Episcopal clergyman. His mustache was shaved away clean, and his chin completely exposed. For an instant they hardly knew him; he seemed like another person.

"Why, Ulysses, what have you been doing?" cried Mrs. Grant, in vast astonishment and dismay.

"I 've been having a profile taken," he replied.

In his absent-minded simplicity, and with his accustomed thoroughness, he had fought the battle clear through. He had given her a genuine profile, unobstructed by a single hair! Thus it happens that there is at least one picture of General Grant in existence which shows the rugged line of his profile face.

CHAPTER XLIV

GRANT'S REËLECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY

THE administration pushed steadily forward along the lines of the first message. Civil-service reform was persistently urged upon Congress, and the President's peaceful Indian policy was put into effect. His recommendation that the Fifteenth Amendment be adopted had carried it triumphantly through. General amnesty was recommended. Virginia was admitted early in 1870, and was followed by Georgia, Mississippi, and Texas; and the Union was nominally restored, but only nominally, for the South was determined to exclude the carpet-baggers and the negroes from their legislative halls, and to stop the reckless legislation which had already buried them beneath a load of debt. It was manifest that a condition which sent Northern politicians and presiding elders of the colored church to represent the South in the United States Senate could not last.

Meanwhile, some of Grant's great companion figures were passing away. Rawlins lived only till September; Stanton died early in the new year, and so did Thomas. The friends of Thomas always claimed that their hero had been neglected by Grant in favor of Sheridan and Sherman, and that the "Rock of Chickamauga" was the great soldier of the war. General Meade died not long after, and his son claimed that Sheridan had been promoted in the regular service over his father's head. Stanton felt that his work had never been fully appreciated by the nation, and probably Grant sympathized with him in this

feeling, for he appointed him to a seat on the supreme bench. Stanton's gratitude was deep and outspoken. He was unable at the time to leave his room, but he wrote a beautiful letter of acknowledgment. He died soon after, with a feeling that Grant, at least, had not neglected him.

The claims of the friends of the great generals and public men whom Grant had defeated or supplanted were perfectly natural and unavoidable. They arose out of the inability of an unsuccessful candidate to admit the entire worthiness of the successful man.

Early in his term the President appointed a commission to study Santo Domingo and report on the advisability of annexing it. He moved in this vigorously, because he considered it important in its bearings upon the conditions of the South. He conceived that the acquirement of this island by the United States would afford an outlet for the negroes, and so compel better treatment of those who remained. It would be an open doorway for possible escape. He met with the most violent opposition, however. Charles Sumner became his most violent assailant, charging corruption and an imperial use of power on the part of the President.

The annexation plan was rejected, but five months later the President brought the matter up again, and recommended the investigation of the whole matter by a committee. He had been accused, and he demanded that Sumner's accusations be taken up and sifted. Congress authorized the commission, and the President appointed Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, Senator Wade of Ohio, and Dr. S. G. Howe (a close friend of his accuser, Senator Sumner) as the members of the commission. As the commission was about to set forth, he called Andrew D. White aside, and said, with the sternest yet most quiet inflections:

"As President of the United States, I have no orders to give you. My duty as President ended with your nomination. As a man, I have a right to give some instructions. It has been publicly charged that I am connected with transactions in the island of Santo Domingo

looking to my personal advantage. Now, as a man, I charge you strictly that if you find that I am, directly or indirectly, in the least degree connected with any such transactions in the island of Santo Domingo, drag me forth and expose me fully to the American people."

The commissioners unanimously sustained the President in their report, and completely exonerated him from the slightest complicity with any doubtful transaction; but Sumner, embittered because Grant refused to accede to his demands for office for his friends, and for other reasons, kept up his relentless warfare to the end.

The President was called upon at once to deal with the Kuklux Klan, which had grown to enormous and widespread power; and at last, at the request of the governor of South Carolina, he summoned the Klan to disperse within thirty days, and sent a message to Congress, asking for specific legislation to enable him to enforce the constitutional amendment. The lower house passed a bill which gave him power to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* wherever he found it necessary to keep the peace, and substitute therefor martial law. The Senate concurred in the act. This was a dangerous and arbitrary measure, and likely to be misused under any man's hand, but it seemed necessary at the time. Grant was in earnest in his determination to stop murder and intimidation.

In the main the administration kept in line with popular wish. So far as he knew, the President conformed to the will of the majority. It was the desire of the North that the negro should be protected in all his civil rights; that he should be educated; that he should hold office, when qualified; and that the spirit represented by the Kuklux should be crushed out.

All these were undoubtedly war measures, which Grant was as eager to leave behind as any individual patriot could possibly be. Beyond such enactment, the better citizens of the nation desired to see the public debt reduced, government service economized, and all forms of transportation and industry encouraged in order that the new lands of the West might be settled and improved. They had little complaint to make of the President. Only

the idealists had any honest grievance against Grant, and their mistake consisted in applying the judgments of peace to a time of warfare; for while the South was conquered and nominally at peace, the war spirit survived naturally in other forms. The conditions demanded of the constitutional head of the army and navy a larger exercise of the purely military side of his official nature than would have been called out ten years later.

The first serious charge made against him personally arose in September during his first year. A clique of stock-brokers arranged a corner in gold, to the dismay and panic of trade. The general had indiscreetly allowed himself to partake of the hospitalities of Mr. James Fisk, Jr., and Mr. Jay Gould, two of the leaders in this movement. It also appeared that Mr. A. R. Corbin, who had married the President's sister, was concerned in this gold speculation, and therefore the ready enemies of the President boldly announced that he himself was implicated, and that he had given to these men private intimations of what was to be the policy of the government with regard to gold.

To this serious charge the general was obliged to reply. He admitted that he had accepted the hospitality of Mr. Fisk, and that Mr. Fisk had attempted to secure from him private information, but that he had rebuked him by asking, "Would that be fair?" and had further said to Mr. Fisk: "You will get your information in precisely the same way that the whole country will be informed,—through the notice of the Treasurer of the United States to the newspapers,—thus excluding any possible charge of favoritism."

His friends also claimed that not only had he refused to give such information, but that immediately upon learning the condition of affairs he had ordered the Treasury to sell five millions of gold, which at once relieved the market and stopped the rush. He was at the time visiting a cousin in Washington, Pennsylvania, a little town some distance from the railroad, and knew nothing about the panic until it was at its height, but acted instantly upon being informed.

All this was finally believed, not only by the President's friends, but by all his honorable enemies; but even his best friends were forced to admit that he had not used good taste in allowing himself to be seen socially with Mr. Fisk and his like.

One of his most merciless critics said:

"General Grant is unfortunate. He has degraded himself by his too ready acceptance of gifts, which a more chivalric character would have proudly spurned, or, at least, have courteously declined. A man in his position should be above the necessity of explaining. A President notoriously loaded down with presents is at an unfortunate disadvantage when the web of circumstances seems to connect him with a doubtful transaction."

There was a sting of truth in all this which the friends of General Grant could not but feel. His unsuspicious good nature and his easy valuation of money had led him to accept favors which a more scrupulous man might have refused. This did not arise from his love of gold, for he gave as freely as he received. He accepted a gift in the direct and whole-souled way in which he would make one, but there was too much truth in the critic's word. General Grant should have been above the necessity of explaining his connection with Fisk.

He came out of the whole transaction the victim of men who had imposed on his peculiarly amiable and confiding nature, but some of the criticisms remained. He had associated himself with rich men, rather than with statesmen and patriots. In his desire to avoid politicians, he seemed likely to fall among thieves.

As the third year brought no diminution of Grant's popularity, and it was seen that he would be a candidate for a second term, the opposition (which had been growing naturally out of the wish of those who were out to oust those who were in, and from the restless desire of a certain type of voter to try some one else) became really formidable, and found its expression in the speeches of men like Carl Schurz, B. Gratz Brown, and Charles Sumner. Under their leadership was seen a curious coquetry on the part of the "Liberal Republicans" with the "Bour-

bon Democracy," and at last they united under one banner, with one war-cry: "Anything to beat Grant!" Thereafter his administration was searched with malignant care, and every possible effort made to discredit it. Men like Sumner seemed more eager to destroy Grant than to uphold measures to reunite the nation under a common constitution.

The peace which the country enjoyed was called a "bayoneted peace" and a "fawning upon power" by these critics. Grant was said to be "wax in the hands of evil counselors," and it was said that he could not say no to his friends, while others, with equal decision, denounced him as "usurper Grant," the "man of iron," the "man on horseback." According to these prophets of evil, he was surrounded by a "military ring" composed of Generals Babcock, Porter, Belknap, and Ingalls. His acts of usurpation were detailed. He had usurped power by suspending, under the Kuklux Bill, the right of *habeas corpus* in the Southern States, and substituting therefor military arrest. He had usurped the judicial power by enlarging the number of judges on the supreme bench for political purposes, and had violated the rights of the Senate by "discarding" Senator Sumner from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and accepting the counsels of Porter, Babcock, *et al.*, who wished to perpetuate him in power for their own ends. He had violated the rights of Congress, to which is intrusted the sole power of making war, by forming an illegitimate alliance (through a military member of his household) with the usurper Baez of Santo Domingo, and by defending him from the action of Spain, with which the United States was at peace. Furthermore, he had attacked the vital powers of the people by overawing a peaceful assemblage of voters with the presence of United States troops in the State of Louisiana.

These were a few of the charges of the press; but it was reserved for Senator Sumner, the "discarded chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations," to give the final death-dealing blow to President Grant. On the last day of May, in the fourth year of the administration, the

senator, rising from his seat, launched his long-threatening imperial thunderbolt. It was carefully planned and malignantly executed. It was his deliberate intention to destroy General Grant's chances for reëlection. He had waited till the nominating convention was about to assemble. The excitement of the people in the North was intense. The Senate was crowded; the reporters, with sharpened pencils, leaned forward to catch every word. Outside in the streets, the word ran from street to street: "Sumner is attacking Grant." It produced almost the effect of a personal assault with physical means.

The philippic was worthy of the man. It was long and it was brutally direct. It may be taken to sum up every indictment against the President's administration which had any possibility of being sustained. It omitted nothing; it glossed nothing.

According to the embittered senator, the nation was in great peril from the ambitious desire of President Grant to be and continue the absolute dictator of the nation's policy. The President had trodden the Constitution under foot. He had treated the Presidential office as little better than a plaything or perquisite. His exalted trust had been made a personal indulgence, wherein palace-cars, fast horses, and seaside loiterings had figured more largely than attention to duties. He had used the office to enrich his own family on a scale of nepotism hardly equaled in the world. The vast appointing power conferred by the Constitution had been employed to reward his friends, to punish his opponents, and to advance his election to a second term.

"The President now challenges inquiry," continued the senator, "and I meet the challenge, selecting two typical charges. Thirteen relations of the President are billeted on the country, not one of whom, but for this relationship, would hold office. Beyond this list are other relations, showing that this strange abuse did not stop with relatives, but widened to include relatives of relatives. In the matter of gift-taking, the President has notoriously taken gifts. He has appointed to his cabinet Greeks bearing gifts, apparently without seeing the indecorum, not to say indecency, of the transaction.

"Nor did the case of the first Secretary of State, appointed as a personal compliment, differ in character from the appointment to the custom-house of New York City of a man who had no other recommendation than that he had brought acceptable gifts to President Grant.

"His government has been a personal government, semi-military in character, abhorrent to republican institutions. The White House has become a military headquarters, and the strange spectacle was daily seen of messages borne to the Senate by officers of the regular army. Other Presidents had entered upon office with a certain modesty and distrust; but this soldier, absolutely untried in civil life, entered upon the sublime duties of President saying: 'The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear.' In his cabinet-making he has discarded all tradition, usage, and propriety. To the dishonor of the civil service, and in total disregard of precedent, he has surrounded himself with officers of the army, substituting military forms for those of civil life, although Congress had shown a purpose to limit the employment of military officers by three statutes.

"As a candidate for reëlection, he now invites judgment. Can Republicans, without departing from all obligations, whether of party or patriotism, recognize our ambitious Cæsar as a proper representative? Can we take the fearful responsibility of his prolonged empire? There is a demand for reform in the civil service, and the President formally adopts this demand; but he neglects the first step, which depends on himself. If he is sincere, he will declare against a second term.

"He has become the great Presidential quarreler, with more contentions than all other Presidents together, all of which began and continued from his dictatorial spirit. It might well be asked whether the American people were ready to submit to the domination of one man, and that man a soldier without experience and without even successful business ability."

In alluding to the nation's foreign relations, the senator could not forbear to say that never before had the nation's management been so wanting in ability and so absolutely without character. In every direction, inter-

national affairs were inextricably muddled. "Not without anxiety," he concluded, "do I await the national convention. But I have an earnest hope that the men there gathered together will bring the Republican party into its ancient harmony, saving it from the personal pretensions of one man."

This speech became the book and precept of the opposition. No charges went beyond it in scope; few exceeded it in bitterness. The friends of the administration, however, professed to find in it very little that could be taken seriously. It had long been known that Senator Sumner was a violent opponent of the President, and that he was ambitious to be President himself, and it was slyly insinuated that this lofty statesman had come to perceive the danger of retaining Grant in office upon being "discarded" from the Committee on Foreign Relations. He was placed in the snarling group of disappointed applicants for office, and his whole assault discredited. The friends of the President said the charge of nepotism was absurd; that it was not a question of whether these thirteen office-holders were brothers-in-law to General Grant or not, but whether they performed their duties acceptably. The charge was puerile at its best, for out of sixty or seventy thousand offices, some twelve or thirteen only were filled by persons in some way related to the President. This could not be held to be a very grave offense, although called the "grossest nepotism" by the senator in opposition. It was true that the President's father was a small postmaster in Kentucky, but he had been appointed under Johnson, and it was not alleged that he was either incapable or dishonest. The mere fact of being related to President Grant was not in itself exactly criminal.

With regard to the charge that his was a personal government, they would call attention to the fact that one man in America could rule only because a majority of people thought as he did. The President in his public acts had represented the majority of the people, and the coming convention and the succeeding election would prove this to be true. If the President had quarreled with Sumner, Motley, Chase, Greeley, Schurz, and Trum-

bull, he had probably done so with good reason, the truth of the matter being that all of these gentlemen considered themselves "bigger men than Grant," and some of them had secret hopes of being Presidential candidates, or, at least, "cabinet timber," at the coming convention. Senator Sumner, by his violence, by the too evident malice of his attack just before the convention, had done only injury to himself. The friends of General Grant would rally all the closer to him; and as for the senator himself, he had committed political hara-kiri. He was as dead as Julius Cæsar. Grant would be nominated by acclamation.

This is exactly what happened. The convention, meeting six days later in Philadelphia, came together roaring with enthusiasm for the "man of Appomattox." Of course the opposition papers made light of the meeting. It was called the "feast of Lupercal," the "howling farce," and the "meeting of the Grant office-holders." Its members were called the "Grant strikers" and the "faithful." It was said, "They come a-purpose," for it was evident at the start that the President was to be renominated. "They Present a Crown to Cæsar" was one of the famous newspaper headings.

The orators at this convention also used the speech of Senator Sumner as a text, and continued to state the other side. Attention was called to the fact that after four years of trial there was more enthusiasm than when General Grant's name was first presented for the Presidency. "One good term deserves another" was inscribed on their banners. "He has blessed the country, and we will honor him." They wished to give him time to finish his work of crushing out the Kuklux and saving the negro. He had made some mistakes, but the country wanted him four years longer. He was doing well. No serious charge against him had been sustained.

Senator Morton arose, and, in effect, replied to Sumner: "The President has not abused law; he has only executed it. The Kuklux Law was passed to insure fair and honest elections, and to prevent persecution of the negroes. In that spirit it has been enforced." The President had committed errors, but most of them were trivial.

Four years ago the President had said, "I have no policy to urge against the wishes of the people," and in all essential matters he had fostered and protected the interests of the people. "No man is greater than his party," concluded Senator Morton. "Whenever General Grant shall betray the principles of the Republican party, whenever he shall become recreant to his high duties, he will pass away, as other men have passed away. He will be condemned by the popular breath, as other leaders have been condemned."

To this other speakers added that it was of no value to call the President the "dog-fancier," the "dummy," the "butcher," and other names of that character. Calling names was not argument, particularly on the part of those who had been his friends in other days, and who were now disappointed office-seekers. "Who is this man," they asked, "who is called the American Cæsar?" He is the man who disbanded more than five hundred thousand men in 1865, all armed and under his absolute command. Was this done like Cæsar? He is the man who, when the war was over, instantly began cutting down the expenses of the army, and reducing its numbers with a rapidity hitherto unparalleled. Was that the way of military tyrants? No man in the world had ever held such power and used it with greater moderation, and the American people would justify him. "This convention," they said, "will acquit him of every charge."

This the convention did. It threw every vote to Ulysses Grant, seven hundred and sixty-two in number, and made him once again the absolutely unanimous candidate of the Republican party; and Sumner was defeated. His vaulting ambition had overleaped itself and fallen on the outer side.

It was a pathetic and regrettable sacrifice of a good and simple-hearted man when Horace Greeley consented to accept the nomination of the Liberal Republicans and the Bourbon Democracy. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter. The Democratic party knew perfectly well that it had not the slightest chance of success with a straight nomination, but it hoped by seconding the nomi-

nation of "honest old Horace" to catch the Liberal or dissatisfied Republican votes. It is doubtful, however, whether any leader of the party, except Greeley himself, expected to win. It was this very hopelessness of their position which gave such relentless ferocity to their assaults upon the good name of General Grant.

In the interval between June and November the President's life was scrutinized as never before. Every minutest act, every slightest word, was seized upon and distorted into the semblance of duplicity or crime. Cartoonists went to the farthest reach in delineating him as a man growing sodden and bestial in habit. All the reckless wits of the nation were again turned loose upon him, to ridicule him as a man of no address, as a vulgarian, and of no ability in any direction whatever, except, possibly, in hurling great masses of men upon a barricade. His military career was attacked. One journal never failed to picture him as a reeling despot wearing an imperial crown. All sense of decency was lost. The privacy of the President's home was invaded by these unclean spies.

During all this period, the general, though he suffered acutely from this abuse on account of its effect on his children and his wife, remained silent. He made no excuses nor apologies. He asked for no mercy. He did not insist upon his record, either in war or in peace. He left that for the honest and considerate citizens of America to study for themselves, expressing confidence in their verdict. Most of the charges he considered it beneath him to publicly notice. "I am willing to put my acts against Charles Sumner's words," he said.

One of the most absurd of the charges against him was that he was already the richest President since the time of Washington. As a matter of fact, his salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year went the way of all his other salaries. He saved comparatively little of his share, though Mrs. Grant laid something by, and induced him to make some purchases of land and houses. His principal speculation was the Dent farm on the Gravois, which he had bought in, and was using for fancy stock-raising at ruinous expense. This farm was listed by his

enemies at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, which was about three times its value. In a letter in 1874, he speaks of wishing to put out five or six thousand dollars on the farm, but would have to borrow it first. It never became a paying investment; on the contrary, it was a constant drain upon him. Ultimately he was forced to sell out all his stock at sacrifice sale, and rent the place.

Letters written at this time to his agent, John F. Long, make no evasion of the fact that he was generally without ready funds. Many of the letters refer to the sale of part of the stock. Some of them detail with considerable minuteness the particular parts of the farm which the President considered best fitted for certain sorts of grains. In general they were curiously serene and unhurried, and contain no hint of the storm of opposition going on around him.

A Western correspondent, writing of him at this time, pictures him as a plain, sad-faced man, absolutely without military surroundings or formalities of any kind, bending over his desk in the Executive Chamber. He had grown ten years older in appearance, and there was little in his manner to suggest the successful candidate for reëlection, much less the imperial Cæsar of the opposition press. Those who met him at this time speak of him as retaining all his gentleness and considerateness of manner. He was provoked into replying but once or twice. Once he talked upon the attitude of the Southern people, and expressed again with great emphasis his wish to see perfect harmony restored between the sections, and expressed also his determination to carry out the law impartially. A reporter visited the home of the President's father in Covington, and found it to be, not the palatial mansion delineated by Sumner and Dana, but a plain, two-story brick house with green blinds. Everything had the peculiarly plain and simple character of an American workingman's home. The floor was covered with a well-worn carpet. The table was set for tea with the simplest china and cutlery. A few unpretending pictures were on the wall.

Uncle Jesse himself at this time was reported to be a

stooping old man walking with a crutch. He was also exceedingly hard of hearing. He had suffered from a stroke of paralysis some six months before, and, although slowly recovering, was unable to talk or think very clearly on any subject. He was seventy-eight years of age, and had little hope of a speedy recovery. In reply to a question whether he thought his son would be elected again or not, he replied: "Well, I don't know much about it now. My eyes are so weak I can't read any more. But Mrs. Grant reads, and interests herself a good deal about politics. She is very reticent, though, just like the general. You never can tell what the general is going to do about anything. But let 's go into the parlor and talk it over with Mrs. Grant."

The visitor found Mrs. Grant a rather small, thin, clear-visaged and well-preserved old lady. She was knitting stockings while she entertained a visitor in a calico dress. Mrs. Grant talked freely and with great shrewdness upon the political situation. She commented with some indignation upon the number of people who were claiming relationship with the general. She said: "I don't doubt but what every one of the people Ulysses has appointed were highly recommended to him by people who ought to know better. After all, they tell me generally that he has given the country a good administration."

Ex-Governor Wells of Virginia, in a speech at Petersburg, well expressed the popular feeling aroused in the country at large by Grant's enemies in their unscrupulous attacks upon him. He spoke in reply to the sneer of Ex-Confederate Major Kelly of Richmond, who had alluded to Grant as the "dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach."

"I am surprised that he, of all men, the chief magistrate of the queenly city of Richmond, who knows so well what decent respect requires, should have been betrayed into the use of such grossly improper language; but as he has asked the question, I reply:

"Who was the matchless hero of Donelson, Shiloh, Chattanooga, and Vicksburg?

"*The dummy who drives his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who was it that led a hundred thousand heroes to victory over Lee and his before unconquered army from the Rapidan to the Wilderness, to the James, to Petersburg, to Richmond, and the old apple-tree at Appomattox?

"*It was the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who was it that planned, that fought, that flanked, that shelled, that charged at Steedman, at Fort Hell, and Fort Damnation?

"*It was the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who was it that seized the tiger of secession by the throat, and, holding him there, said to those who caviled, to those who hoped, and those who feared, 'I 'll fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer'?

"*It was the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who was it, after the victory was won and the Union safe, said to Lee and the conquered army, whose courage, honor, and manhood he respected, 'Return to your homes, and you shall not be disturbed by the United States authorities so long as you observe the laws of the place where you reside'?

"*It was the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who was it that said to Lee, 'Let the soldiers of your army who own the horses in their charge take them home with them, for they will need them for the spring plowing and other farm work'?

"*It was the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who was it, when Lee, Wise, and other Confederate generals were indicted by a Virginia grand jury, said: 'The officers and men paroled at Appomattox cannot be tried for treason; good faith as well as true policy dictates that we should observe the conditions of that convention'?

"*It was the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who was it that said: 'Six years having elapsed since the last gun was fired, is it not time that the disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment should be removed?'

"*It was the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who was it that restored Virginia, and reclad her in the full, bright, shining garb of a sovereign State, and now, calm and serene, unangered, patient, and faithful, dares, unmindful of the threats, the abuse, and the living slanders heaped upon him, to do his duty alike to friend and foe, to God, his country, and himself?

"*It was the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*

"Who is it that will live in the hearts of his countrymen, revered at home and abroad,—the great soldier, the modest citizen, and the faithful public servant, unostentatious, unassuming, brave, without ambition, forbearing, resolute in doing what he deems right, but never offensive in asserting himself as soldier, general, or chief,—for a thousand years after his poor detractors have gone down to a forgotten grave?

"*It is the dummy driving his horse along the Jersey beach.*"

Against the irresistible force of such hero-worship detraction made no head. The leaders doubted, but the people believed. They lifted their hands in applause, and shouted back the single word, "*Grant!*"

If a triumphant reëlection can be taken as a refutation of charges against a President, then the first administration of General Grant was cleared of all serious indictment. It closed triumphantly. It was a good administration. It is true that disorder still existed in the South, where a ferocious and implacable minority opposed every effort at education, and every attempt on the part of the negro to acquire political rights. But whatever of this warfare existed, it was necessarily secret, scattered, and disorganized, for Grant stood in stern though unangered opposition to it. In spite of all the political entanglements, in spite of the war of the carpet-bagger and the rebel briga-

dier, Grant continued his calm, undeviating course. "He was a force in the right direction," admitted one of his bitter rivals.

He stood for education, for the use of the ballot according to the law on the statute-books. As Senator Morton said, he had striven to execute the law; he had not abused it. No period in American history was ever so difficult, so intricate, and so liable to perversion and violence. It is probable that the angel Michael himself would have been sharply criticized, if not accused of injustice, in applying the rules of high heaven's court to the Southern States. Measured by the fate of conquered people in the past, the South had no right to complain. The rule of the North was unprecedentedly pacificatory. No such situation had ever before existed. A part of the Union, the Southern citizens, were not only a conquered people, but a people having among them six millions of black men who had lately been their slaves, for whose rights the North had fought, and whose care it was the bounden duty of the conquering people to assume. The South expected too much; the radicals of the North expected too much. Only a few who had risen to a perception of the racial difficulties involved comprehended that the problem demanded, not years, but generations, for solution. The laws of growth, of social evolution, are unhasting, but sure.

Grant's own feeling continued unchanged. "It is natural," he said in Atlanta, in 1865. It was natural that disorders should continue: they were merely the ebbing tide of war, each wave rising less high than the one which preceded it. He believed it to be his duty to hold firm government over the people, being not impatient of the slow progress. He had no hates; that was his strong point. If he had neither the profound legal knowledge of Seward, the crafty statesmanship of Charles Sumner, nor the wide historical reading of Motley, he possessed what the people regarded as of more value: he had a thorough knowledge of the Southern people and of the reconstruction situation, and he had the mind and will to carry out his policy, no matter how the storm of politics

raged around him. As the tangle of lesser controversies melted away, Grant's larger policies stood revealed.

There had been progress in the settlement of the social question,—that he knew,—and he approached his second term with a feeling of confidence. The time had come for a decisive advance. In his annual message at the opening of Congress in 1871 he had said:

> More than six years having elapsed since the last hostile gun was fired between the armies then arrayed, the one for the perpetuation, the other for the destruction, of the Union, it may well be considered whether it is not now time that the disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment should be removed. . . . I do not see the advantage or propriety of excluding men from office merely because they were, before the Rebellion, of standing and character sufficient to be elected to positions requiring oaths to support the Constitution. . . . It will be a happy condition of the country when the old citizens of these States will take an interest in public affairs, promulgate ideas honestly entertained, vote for men representing their views, and tolerate the same freedom of expression and of ballot in those of differing political convictions.

This was certainly a very creditable sentiment for a "military despot" and a gloomy tyrant to utter, and those in the South who were inclined to a certain fairness of judgment could not but feel that they still had a friend in President Grant. Through his influence general amnesty was granted to all who were politically disabled, excepting to a few who were considered to be outside the pale of pardon. He ended his first term with a decided gain in the good will of the Southern people.

CHAPTER XLV

GRANT'S SECOND TERM

DURING the first year of Grant's second term, Jesse Grant died, in the eightieth year of his age. Though the President took a special train, he did not arrive in time to see his father alive. Old Jesse was reported to have said proudly: "I am the only man who ever lived to see his son twice elected to the Presidency." His last days were peaceful, though full of pain. He had long been a familiar figure in Covington, and his large frame, old-fashioned dress, and abstracted air had for many years attracted the gaze of the curious. He grew more eccentric as he grew older, but those who knew him best considered him a man of real power, an honorable man, and one who had given many strong traits to his son. After the death of her husband, Mother Grant went to live with her daughter Jennie in Orange, New Jersey.

From all the reports of Grant during this time, it would seem that he remained essentially the military commander, having few intimate friends outside Sherman, Sheridan, Ingalls, Beale, Babcock, and other of his trusted subordinates. Utterly simple and democratic, he was also sole executive. He took a useful hint, no matter whence it came, but he called no councils of war. He decided all questions for himself, and is to be held responsible for his decisions. His mind was essentially military, but he hated all tyranny or injustice. He had no inordinate ambitions, but he came naturally to enjoy the honors of his high position. He had the pride of a soldier in doing his duty well, but the thought of going outside his duties did not find lodgment in his brain. He hated war, and the

Jesse Root Grant, father of General Grant, age 69 years.

From an original photograph owned by Helen M. Burke of La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Napoleonic idea of conquest for personal or national aggrandizement was entirely outside the circle of his mind.

As he rose to read his second inaugural address, the general again faced a throng too great to hear a word he uttered. Again he stepped forward alone, but with less emotion than four years before. The fine exaltation of the first experience was gone. He looked older—much older—and heavier. He read no better than before, but his address was better composed, though not finer of spirit.

He said it had been his endeavor in the past to maintain all the laws and to act for the best interests of all the people, and that he would continue on the same line. When he entered upon his first term of office the country had not yet recovered from the effects of a great revolution, and three of the former States of the Union had not been restored. It seemed to him that no new question should be raised so long as that condition of affairs existed, and that, so far as he had been able to control events, the policy of the last four years had been to restore harmony and the public credit. He believed that our great nation was to be a guiding star to the other nations of the world which were struggling toward a republican form of government.

He alluded with candor to the defeat of his Santo Domingo plan, and said:

"In future, while I hold my present office, the subject of the acquisition of territory must have the support of the people before I will recommend any proposition looking to such acquisition. I have no fear of the government becoming weakened by reason of extension of territory. Intercommunication by telegraph and steam has eliminated that. The great Governor of the world is preparing the nations of the earth to become one nation, speaking one language; and the time is coming when armies and navies will be no longer required. . . .

"My efforts in the future will be directed to the restoration of good feeling between the different sections of our common country, to the restoration of our currency, to the construction of cheap routes of transit throughout

the land, to the maintenance of friendly relations with all our neighbors and with distant nations."

In closing, he said:

"I look forward with the greatest anxiety to the day when I shall be relieved from responsibilities that at times are almost overwhelming, and from which I have scarcely had respite since the firing upon Fort Sumter. My services were then tendered and accepted under the first call for troops. I did not ask for place or position, and was entirely without influence or the acquaintance of persons of influence. But I was resolved to perform my part in a struggle threatening the very existence of the nation. I performed a conscientious duty, without asking promotion or command, and without a vengeful feeling toward any section or any individual.

"Notwithstanding this, throughout the war, and from my candidacy for my present office in 1868, I have been the subject of abuse and slanders scarcely ever equaled in political history, which to-day I feel that I can afford to disregard, in view of your verdict, which I gratefully accept as my vindication."

His long silence was broken. When it might have looked an appeal for mercy, or a bid for votes, he had remained silent; but now, upon his second inaugural day, when about to take the office of President for the second time, he uttered the plain and simple words of a man who had been slandered, who knew he was wronged, and who earnestly desired to be set right before the world. Every word that he had uttered was perfectly true. He had been unselfish; he had been dispassionate; and yet he had been tortured and calumniated beyond any other President in the history of the nation, except Washington and Lincoln. And whether in perfect taste or not, this reply was a frank and natural outcry of an honorable soldier and citizen.

Immediately upon the assembling of Congress, the cry of salary-grabbing arose. The bill for increasing the pay of congressmen, senators, judges, and also that of the President, was introduced into Congress by General Nathaniel P. Banks, who had been Grant's bitter political opponent

U. S. Grant at the beginning of his second term as President, age 51 years.

From a photograph by Brady.

during the Presidential canvass, but wished, when all was over, to extend the hand of friendship to his old comrade-in-arms. This he did by the presentation of the Salary Bill. Soon afterward a representative called upon the President, and stated that there was no question about raising the President's salary, but that there was a division of opinion with regard to the other officers of the government.

To this Grant replied: "If the bill comes to me with a proposition increasing my own salary, and leaving out that of the cabinet officers, the judge of the Supreme Court, and members of Congress, I shall feel called upon to veto it."

This statement, carried back to Congress, had great weight. The bill passed, and when it came to the White House the President signed it. The bill was called the "Salary Grab," and a great deal was made of it by the opposition. Perhaps a more sensitive man would have vetoed it, but every one of his critics knew that twenty-five thousand dollars a year had long been insufficient to pay for the expenses of entertaining and maintaining the dignity of the Presidential office. Grant's pay as general of the army had been almost as much, with expenses very considerably less.

The second cabinet was considered better than the first, but there were many changes made. The general still maintained the military idea of subordination with regard to the members of the cabinet, and when he found any department taking undue power to itself, or assuming to be the government, he requested the resignation of its head without a moment's hesitation. In reply to a journalist who asked him why General Cox, his Secretary of the Interior, had left the cabinet, he said: "The trouble was that General Cox thought the Interior Department was the whole government, and that Cox was the Interior Department. I had to point out to him in very plain language that there were three controlling branches of the government, and that I was the head of one of these, and would like so to be considered by the Secretary of the Interior."

For these reasons there was almost continual change in

the personnel of his cabinet, Fish, the Secretary of State, being almost the only member who remained throughout. For him the President retained the highest regard.

There were several important questions, aside from the ever-present Southern problem, which Grant settled with apparent wisdom. One of these referred to what was called the "inflation of the currency," and though a veto of the bill to increase the currency seemed likely to split the Republican party, the President vetoed it. It is a capital commentary on Grant's rugged sincerity to know that he first wrote a message agreeing to the bill, but that, upon re-reading with care the arguments he had used, he concluded that his deductions were false. He tore up this message, and rewrote it entire, reversing his judgment. He thus aligned himself with the conservative forces in society. Whatever may be thought now of the wisdom of his position by reformers, at that time he was commended for his wise measure by the strongest and most conservative thinkers of every State. Probably the more advanced thinkers of to-day would say that his position, while conservative, was fallacious.

Everything he did was criticized. Under his administration, and by reason of his vigorous advocacy of improvement, Washington was changing from a squalid Southern town with unpaved streets and ramshackle buildings to a city really creditable to the nation. The plans drawn long before by a man of genius needed only to be carried out to make the city a worthy capital of the nation; but it was claimed that great jobbery and favoritism connected itself with the work of improvement, and "Boss" Sheppard was held to be high in favor with Grant. It was believed that Grant must naturally be sharing some ill-gotten gains.

In the spring of his second year his daughter Ellen, a girl of nineteen, married a young Englishman, and, to the deep grief of her father, went to England to live. He had not approved of the engagement at the first, but when it became evident that his daughter's happiness depended upon the marriage, he consented, though he foresaw the long separation which followed.

The Southern problem seemed to be increasing in difficulty. At the very hour in which he was reading his inaugural address, and alluding to the peaceful condition of the country, the people of Louisiana were rioting in the streets of New Orleans, and the two factions, one composed of the white Democracy of the South, and the other made up of the "carpet-bag" element from the North, combined with the negro voters, were ranked against each other as if for war. This condition continued during 1873–75, and the enemies of the President held him responsible for this as for other evils.

The position which the President immediately assumed in this affair was precisely that which he had held while general of the army. He insisted on the recognition of the Kellogg, or "black Republican," government in Louisiana, because, according to all the laws, and by the verdict of the returning-board, that party had a majority of the votes, and must be sustained. It was not his business to pass upon the legality of an enactment. He sternly insisted that all men should keep the peace, and once, when requested to proclaim martial law, he replied: "The whole public is tired out with these annual outbreaks in the South, and the great majority are ready now to condemn any interference on the part of the government. I heartily wish that peace and good order may be restored without issuing the proclamation, but if the proclamation must be issued,"—here he uttered his stern word,—"I shall instruct the commander of the forces to have no child's play." In reality the race war had reached a malignancy very discouraging to the lovers of peace. The situation demanded severe measures. At Vicksburg, as well as in New Orleans, in Texas, and in Carolina, the trouble approached open warfare. The white citizens of the South, groaning under the burden of the "carpet-bag" and "scalawag" government, were determined to throw it off.

The President recognized the injustices which gave rise to this feeling. He said: "I sympathize with you, and I will do all in my power to relieve you. You have had most trying governments to live under; but can you proclaim yourselves entirely irresponsible for this condition?

While I remain President all the laws of Congress, including the recent amendment, will be enforced with rigor. Let there be fairness in the discussion, let the advocates of all political parties give honest reports of occurrences, condemning the wrong and upholding the right, and soon all will be well. Treat the negro as a citizen and a voter, for such he is and must remain, and politics will be divided, not on the color-line, but on principle."

The President saw that the Southern whites were not to be altogether blamed in the premises. Under the lead of men who had no permanent interest in the country, ignorant and childish negro legislators had combined to pass the most ruinous and scandalous appropriation bills. These acts intensified the determination of the white race in the South to regain its natural supremacy. It is but fair to say that no State in the North would have submitted to similar legislation on the part of a class of voters so ignorant and so venal.

Nevertheless, as President Grant had indicated, the South could not reasonably complain. They had brought the condition on themselves by refusing to recognize the civil rights of the negro, and by rejecting the Fourteenth Amendment with its necessary and just diminution of Southern political power. They knew Grant well enough to properly weigh every word which he spoke, and when he said, "Henceforth there will be no child's play; the laws will be executed, and the peace will be maintained in every street and highway of the United States," the malcontents gave up the fight, the reasonable men took up the suggestions of the President, and the reign of violence ended in the South.

Meanwhile, as the months of the new second administration dropped away, the cry of imperialism and of Grantism arose. A large number of people professed to believe that Grant was plotting secretly to secure the nomination for a third term, and that if he secured the third term, he would be able to continue for a fourth term, or for life, and possibly to establish himself as dictator. At this distance the cry is absurd, but in that fevered and corrupt period the fear was not without something to feed upon.

Nothing could have been further from Grant's thought than the assumption of any power outside of that granted to him by the people. He was surrounded, however, by a crowd of parasites who had no more sense or patriotism than to say, with winks and nods, or even with a gesture of the clenched fist, "The old man is the best President we ever had; he 's the greatest man in the nation; he 's the man for the place, and we will keep him there."

From the obscure hints or open boastings of such men the enemies of Grant deduced their inflammatory charges. It was always the peculiarity of General Grant to decide upon a question only when the moment most proper for the decision had arrived. He was too proud to defend himself from charges of any kind, and he declined to either accept or refuse a nomination for a third term before it had been offered to him. He did not care to gratify his enemies by taking any account of their furious charges. He remained perfectly silent, and no assault of an enemy or petition of a friend could draw one word from him, either for or against the third term.

But at last, in the summer of 1875, when, by reason of a resolution introduced into the Republican State Convention at Philadelphia, the question assumed sufficiently definite shape so that he could properly reply to it, then the President spoke. He called a cabinet meeting to consider it. Mrs. Grant happened to be in the room at the hour of assembling, and the general was too considerate of her to ask her to leave the office. As the cabinet assembled he became very uneasy for fear she might gain an inkling of what was about to be discussed. At last she perceived his uneasiness, and left the room, saying: "Well, if nothing exciting is to take place, I 'll go."

After she had gone, the general told the cabinet that he was about to reply to the chairman of the Pennsylvania convention, outlining his position. This he did after the meeting was over. In this letter he said:

> The idea that any man could elect himself President, or even renominate himself, is preposterous. Any man can destroy his chances for an office, but no one can force an election or even a nomination. I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for

renomination. I would not accept the nomination, if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise.

This letter he wrote with his own hand, and carried out to the postal-box himself; and it was well he did so, for, on his return, Mrs. Grant asked him what was going on in the cabinet meeting.

He hesitated a moment, and then replied: "Well, my name is being mentioned for a third term, and I 've been unable to answer until the nomination was offered; but to-day the question came up in such form that I have written a letter against the third term."

Mrs. Grant was very much excited. "You must not send it."

"But I have sent it."

"Well, go get it back instantly."

The general smiled, and said: "No; it is in the hands of Uncle Sam."

There were those among his implacable enemies who professed to believe that this letter was a declination with a string to it, but for the most part it was taken to mean just what it said, and the fury of opposition was immediately allayed. It gave instant hope to all the prominent leaders of the Republican party, and pipes began to be laid in every direction. From being a question of Grant himself, it became a question of "Grant's man." The question was, "Whom will our Cæsar indorse?"

CHAPTER XLVI

DAYS OF GREAT TRIALS

AS Congress assembled in the fall of 1875, and the President presented his seventh annual message, abuse of him had practically died away. He had demonstrated his strength and his consistency, and had lived down very much of the opposition. His letter defining his position on the third term had made the assaults upon him as an "ambitious Cæsar" of little account, although the fear still existed that he felt the people behind him, and might go before the country for a third term.

The country at large was more at peace than had been hoped for three years before. The Kuklux had felt the strong hand of the Chief Executive, and the Southern leaders were beginning to plan another mode of evading the negro ballot. Force having been found dangerous and ineffectual, they determined now to rule by craft. The spirit of physical violence was dying out. For all these reasons the annual message of the President dealt almost entirely with the money question, with telegraphic and railway communication, and with other purely commercial matters.

The President stated his belief that the time had come for withdrawing federal interference from the Southern States, leaving them to work out their political problems in their own way. He well knew that force begot force, and was eager to announce the moment when the South could be completely freed from federal interference, and should turn itself unreservedly to upbuilding its industries.

The message was considered wise and strong. It was

spoken of as the "ablest message he has yet written." For the moment the friends of General Grant could safely express their admiration of him, and analyze with a great deal of just pride his action as President. His closing days promised to be peaceful.

But at the very time that he was writing this message, disgrace and despair, like twin vultures, were hovering over his head. For nearly three years obscure intimations and even open charges of corruption had been made against the revenue department, especially in Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. And at last, in the second year of his new administration, in response to a demand from every well-wisher, he had appointed Benjamin H. Bristow Secretary of the Treasury for the set purpose of casting out the thieves. But the year passed, and little was done. Some months later a friend in St. Louis had written to President Grant, detailing the insinuations being made by influential critics in that city, not only against officers high in the administration, but against the President himself. This letter Grant had turned over in his hand, and covered with this vigorous indorsement:

> Referred to the Secretary of the Treasury. . . . I forward this for the information and to the end that, if it throw any light upon new parties to summon as witnesses, they may be brought out. Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided. Be specially vigilant against all who insinuate that they have high influence to protect or to protect them. No personal considerations should stand in the way of performing a public duty.

There was in this command the same grim challenge which ran through his word to Andrew D. White. "If you find me guilty of any share in a dishonest act, drag me forth and expose me," he said then; and so, when charged with shielding malefactors, he said: "No personal consideration should stand in the way of performing a public duty"; and from that moment the prosecution against the thieves had taken on vigor and direction.

The Congress which listened to his message indicated great political changes. It contained a Democratic majority. It had admitted to representation one hundred

and twelve ex-Confederate officers, who, combined with the anti-Grant Republicans, were formidable in power. The overjoyed Democrats determined at once upon making the most of their opportunities. They appointed committee after committee of investigation, with the plain purpose to "smell out" frauds, and expose and weaken the administration and the Republican party before the country. They made great show of being virtuously indignant at the reign of corruption in high circles, whereas, in fact, it was merely political warfare. Every committee had an eye to the coming Presidential election.

On the other hand, the leaders of the Republican party had long known of these frauds in the revenue department,—as far back, indeed, as the elections of 1872,—but had refrained from investigation because the offenders were known to be high in the favor of the administration, and their prosecution would endanger the party's success.

Now that the President had uttered his vigorous word, and the Democratic Congress threatened exposure anyhow, and for the reason, also, that Secretary Bristow saw his opportunity to make a name for himself, the prosecution went forward with a rush. The trials of certain officials came on first in November at St. Louis, and Grant, having in mind the possible criticism of the opposition, named ex-Senator John B. Henderson (well known as an opponent of the administration) as prosecuting attorney. Mr. Henderson had voted against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, had failed of reëlection to the Senate, and was in the mood to push every case to a finish; and Grant's enemies acknowledged that he had forestalled criticism.

The prosecution had not gone far before it became evident that General O. E. Babcock, the President's private secretary, had been on terms of extraordinary intimacy with the chief offenders; also, that Supervisor John A. McDonald, one of the men under indictment, was a friend of the President, and had been seen often in his company. These things the opposition press took up and handled freely.

Incriminating telegrams from General Babcock were read before the jury, and published abroad over the land.

Babcock immediately asked the privilege of explaining these messages, and, upon being refused, appealed to the President for a military court of inquiry. He was an officer of the United States army, and his request was entirely proper. It was granted. But before it began its sittings, the grand jury of St. Louis indicted him as a conspirator in the frauds against the government, and summoned him to appear at St. Louis and show cause why he should not go to jail.

Grant's enemies were mad with glee; they were, indeed, dazed by their sudden good fortune. The third-term discussion was again becoming bitter. Four or five of the great papers of the country professed to believe that Grant was still plotting to spend his last days in the White House. They knew his tenacity of purpose, and their feeling of uneasiness, whether genuine or not, was flaming high again. Their opposition had assumed the unreason and vehemence of monomania. They were wolfishly avid for any sort of material which could be used against the "dread military dictator." "Grantism still walks abroad," they said.

Ex-Senator Henderson, as one of the most rancorous of all the anti-Grant men, well knew the value of every stripe laid upon the back of the administration, and in speaking before the jury took occasion to reflect with great force and directness upon the President himself. After detailing the plan of Commissioner Douglass to uncover the St. Louis frauds by changing Supervisor McDonald to a Pennsylvania district, he repeated the charge that Grant, at the request of McDonald (or his friends), had personally revoked this order, thus thwarting the investigation in St. Louis.

Raising his voice, and speaking with fierce heat, Mr. Henderson inquired: "What business had the President to interfere with Douglass's order? . . . Why did Douglass bend the supple hinges of the knee and permit any interference by the President? This was Douglass's own business, and he stood responsible for it under his official oath. He was bound to listen to no dictation from the President, Babcock, or any other officer, and

it was his duty to see that that order was carried out, or resign."

When the report of this speech reached the press, the reading public divided itself into two camps—those who commended the boldness of the attorney, and those who believed he had gone out of his way to make political capital against Grant. Some days later the cabinet unanimously voted to remove Mr. Henderson; and it was currently reported at the time that Grant had exclaimed, in roused indignation: "I am not on trial!" Henderson's place was filled at once, on Grant's order, by a pronounced Democrat, Mr. Broadhead of St. Louis, and the trial proceeded.

This impolitic act of the President and his cabinet opened the flood-gates of invective. All that had gone before, in way of abuse, was but the babbling of children in comparison with the shrieks of madmen. Open charges of thievery were made against the President. It was boldly asserted that he had made use of his great office to pile up millions of secret wealth. Cartoonists delineated him in the act of throttling Justice to save his pet child Babcock. Demands for his impeachment were made, and regrets were expressed that his great office prevented his immediate arrest and trial. There were men eager to see him stripped of his honors, manacled, and clothed in a convict's uniform. The hate expressed in these cartoons and editorials is almost inconceivable to one who dwells outside the insatiate vengeance of political warfare.

These were terrible days for the hero of Vicksburg and the friend of peace. He loved Babcock, and he had trusted McDonald and McKee. It seemed impossible that one so close to him should be guilty, and he not merely let the trials go on—he stood at Bristow's right hand and strengthened him throughout. It was reported that there was "great dissension in the cabinet," and that "Bristow would go next." Others better informed said: "It is a mistake to infer dissension in the cabinet. Its members are united and harmonious." In fact, President Grant considered Bristow a political enemy, but retained him in office to finish his work.

Grant again showed his obstinate purpose never to desert a friend under fire by retaining Babcock in his service up to the day of his trial. To have done otherwise would have been a confession of belief in his friend's guilt, and would have prejudiced the jury against him.

Few men in the history of the nation ever had such an experience as now fell to Grant's lot. Adherents fell away on every side. From being one of the strongest he suddenly became one of the weakest public men of his time. If he had gone before the people at that moment as candidate for Chief Executive, he would have been defeated by his own party. Even his stanchest friends were annoyed and irritated beyond measure at his course. He had no legal right to employ Babcock as his secretary. He had been too much seen in the company of men like McDonald. He had not exercised proper care in his selection of officers, choosing them because he fancied them personally rather than because of their proved public worth. He was too unsuspicious and confiding. Shrewd as he was in certain directions, he was now seen to have been imposed upon throughout.

McDonald, Joyce, and McKee were convicted and sentenced to State's prison, and as Babcock's trial came on in late January, it became clear that an attempt would be made to involve and impeach Grant himself. The trial filled the whole nation with apprehension. To find the President guilty of even a knowledge of this widely extended fraud against the treasury would be not merely a national disgrace—it would be a national calamity. And yet, with ferocious joy, the leaders of the anti-third-term movement seized upon and held high in the light every shred of evidence against him. The trial of the secretary came to be a trial of the chief, and proceeded in a city filled with Grant's enemies.

With that peculiar, immitigable, almost sullen constancy which he displayed on occasion, Grant stood by his friend. The virtue might have been a mediæval one, as a critic said, but it was nevertheless a virtue. He walked with the accused man down to the crumbling verge of ruin with the same courage with which he fought his great battles. If

he knew Babcock to be guilty, the courage was none the less great. So far as the outside world was concerned, he seemed to fear no assault and dreaded no epithet, but he grew old under the weight of universal censure, and a hunted look came into his face. He had come a long way from the halcyon days of 1868, when universal praise bent over him like a sunny sky.

When it was announced that the President himself would appear as a witness in Babcock's favor, the excitement became painfully intense. It was known that his purpose was to shield Babcock and, his enemies said, to vindicate himself. His deposition was taken at the White House.

In answer to inquiry, the President said that he had known General Babcock since Vicksburg; that he was at present his private secretary; that his relations with him were very confidential; that he had regarded him as efficient and faithful; that his reputation was good; that General Babcock had not, to his knowledge, influenced his action with reference to the appointments at St. Louis. He did not remember that Babcock ever spoke to him concerning any charges against Joyce or McDonald. He stated positively that Babcock did not seek in any way to influence him with regard to investigation of the whisky fraud.

He had no recollection, he said, of having any talk with McDonald on any matter touching his official position or business. "He certainly did not intercede with me to prevent investigation," he definitely said.

In answer to a question concerning the order changing the supervisors around from one district to another, he replied that, some time before Mr. Bristow came in, Commissioner Douglass expressed the idea, and thought it would lead to the discovery of any frauds that might be going on. He expressed himself favorable to it at the time, but nothing was done until it became evident that frauds actually existed. After the order was finally issued, strenuous objections were made by prominent public men. He resisted the effort to have the order revoked until he became convinced that it should be revoked or suspended in the interest of detecting frauds that had already been

committed. In a conversation with Supervisor Tutten, these things were gone over, and Mr. Tutten said: "If the order were revoked, it would be looked upon as a triumph by the thieves, and would throw them off their guard, and special agents could then make successful raids upon the suspected distilleries."

"This argument was so good," the President continued, "that I suspended the order right there, writing the directions on a card with a pencil."

Returning to General Babcock, he said he did not remember that Babcock had spoken to him about the order, or exhibited any special interest in it, but he had complained very bitterly of his treatment after Mr. Henderson's speech in the Avery trial. He stated that no one had presumed to approach him to endeavor to prevent the trial of the guilty persons from St. Louis or elsewhere, and that if there had been any misconduct on the part of General Babcock, he would have known it.

The effect of Grant's testimony was very great. It undoubtedly served to acquit General Babcock of complicity in the frauds. McDonald and his friends claimed that the President had perjured himself to save a friend. Grant's friends said: "This is impossible. Ulysses Grant is, above all else, a truthful man. It is hard for him to dissimulate—impossible for him to lie, even in a case like this." Nevertheless, there were those who continued to insist that he had committed the most colossal perjury, and this belief continued to be reflected in bitter articles and cartoons in the opposition press.

There were more things hidden beneath all this than any one man knew. Every office-seeker who had a difference with the President, every politician who wished to advance his own or a friend's chances for office, every leader who envied Grant, and every sensational correspondent of the metropolitan papers, stood ready to connive in the great soldier's downfall.

All this contention had a singular opportuneness. It came just in time to affect the political situation, which was as full of passion as in 1864, when the perpetuity of the nation seemed to depend upon Lincoln's reëlection.

And yet, in spite of the enormous political pressure, in spite of a hostile majority in Congress, in spite of the malignant desire of the most skilful and designing political leaders, paid lawyers, and in spite of the personal enemies of the President, *not one line of direct evidence was ever developed which pointed to his complicity in these frauds.*

The bitterest of his critics at last took this stand: "We do not believe the President has been in the slightest degree party to these frauds. On the contrary, he meant every word he said in his famous edict, 'Let no guilty man escape.'"

He meant to the full, also, his reply to Secretary Bristow, who insinuated that he had something to tell, but cabinet courtesy forbade. "I beg to relieve you from all obligations of secrecy on this subject," Grant immediately wrote to Bristow, "and desire not only that you may answer all questions relating to it, but that all members of my cabinet and ex-members of my cabinet may also be called upon to testify in regard to the same matter." He flung his gauntlet down in right knightly fashion, and challenged inquiry. His life would justify it. There was a certain majesty in this defiance of his snarling detractors. "Do your worst; tell all you know," he said, in effect, and history must record the absolute failure of investigation to lay a distinct charge against his name.

Other troubles quickly followed. Scarcely was the acquittal of Babcock made public when Secretary of War Belknap, one of the most popular men in public life, was indicted for making use of his high position for purposes of personal gain. One of the post-traders at Fort Sill, upon being brought before an investigation committee, testified that he had secured his position through the deceased wife of Secretary Belknap by the payment of six thousand dollars a year, and that he had faithfully complied with these conditions, making payment every four months; that he had continued to do so after the death of Mrs. Belknap, and that the secretary himself had continued to receipt for these payments.

All this the secretary himself, in the presence of the President, admitted to be true. In an agony of shame

and sorrow, he told his chief that he had supposed the sums receipted for came from an investment of his wife's private income. He begged the privilege of resigning at once, in order to save the administration from further disgrace. This was granted, and he went out a private civilian, to fall under indictment by a jury.

The shadow of this disgrace also rested upon Grant. As one of his opponents said: "He may himself be entirely innocent, but his stubborn adherence to his friends in disgrace has covered him with a cloud. He has been too anxious and too active in his efforts to save his friends. He let Williams go only when public sentiment became overpowering. He let Delano and Richardson and Creswell go, when he ought to have put them on trial. He interfered with the evidence, and saved Babcock, and now he accepts the resignation of Belknap as if to save him from impeachment. All this has an evil look, and if the President is suspected of complicity with these men, he has himself to blame."

As over against these insinuations, the friends of Grant claimed that he had stood nobly by Secretary Bristow in his prosecution; that the evidence had been insufficient to convict Babcock even in a hostile city, and that the President, being an unsuspicious man of guileless temperament, had not perceived the duplicity of men whom he trusted; and as for Belknap, Grant was not the only one deceived. The Secretary of War had been one of the most popular and trusted men of the party. His disgrace could in no wise reach the President.

The bitter denunciations of Grant for the sins and shortcomings of his subordinates were so manifestly unfair that they could not help being followed by a reaction. It was absurd to hold the President personally responsible for everything which happened amiss, and it was equally absurd to apportion the credit of all wise measures among unknown statesmen. In other words, a campaign of abuse, which loaded all responsibility upon the Executive and denied him all credit, was too bitterly partizan to make any permanent impression upon the minds of the people.

It was pointed out by his friends that Washington had

been assailed with even greater bitterness and obloquy; that he had been alternately lashed and lampooned in a way incredible at the present day. John Quincy Adams was charged with all sorts of crimes, and even Mr. Adams stooped to accuse President Jackson of pretending to be sick in order to excite sympathy. Jackson and Van Buren, according to the newspapers of the time, were the equals of Caligula and Nero; Van Buren "a Talleyrand without his intellect, or a George III. without his insanity."

It must be remembered, the friends of the administration went on, that President Grant did not begin at the beginning of the American government. He began where Johnson left off. He was obliged to take up a thoroughly demoralized nation, with all the vices and abuses which had grown up at the close of a great war under the rule of a man whom the people had nearly impeached. He found the present bad civil-service system in operation, and so bound up with the selfish ambitions of local politicians that it was impossible to change it. Most of the appointments had been made by members of Congress who clung to their traditional prerogatives as the only means of keeping in office. It was impossible for the President to even sign the commissions of the office-holders.

It was a time of speculation, of cupidity, and of corruption. Dishonesty was not confined to official circles. The war being over, the people had turned their attention to making money, and the corruption that was in private life had reached in upon and rotted official life. The administration shared the characteristics of the times.

The faults and the limitations of President Grant were obvious. They needed no excuse or palliation, and he would be the last man to ask such excuse. He had taken high and difficult public trust without previous political experience, and very naturally had made mistakes. He had been pitted against the keen, shrewd, practised manipulators of public affairs, and in some cases he had been worsted. Leading politicians, angered by his distrust of them, had retaliated upon him and his administration. But in the main all the great features of his public policy,

and all the measures really vital in the progress of the nation, will be remembered and approved by the statesmanship of the future. The editors whose criticisms are most severe, it was urged, will scarcely care to read, even ten years hence, the articles they have published in derogation of Ulysses Grant.

It was perfectly evident that Grant as a candidate for a third term was unpopular, even had these investigations been put out of mind. The sentiment of the people was powerfully set against his continuance in office, and the general himself stood by his letter of the previous summer. The time had come when his great military mind was out of place and a menace to the nation's peace.

The interest centered in his candidate. "Whom will Grant support?" was the question. Though about to go out of office, he was the overshadowing figure in the United States, and it was felt that whichever way his interest went success would go. Blaine was the most important political leader in the field, but he had violent prejudices, and had roused destructive antagonisms, and Grant did not believe he could be nominated. Bristow the President considered to be his secret enemy, and was therefore sternly opposed to him. General Sherman early announced himself in favor of General Hayes of Ohio, who had been elected governor by a very large majority, and who was very much spoken of as a candidate. When Grant gave out his opinion that General Hayes was a suitable man the struggle narrowed down to a contest between Hayes and Blaine. Hayes was nominated easily, and Wheeler of Indiana was placed second on the ticket.

The contest which began at once between Hayes and Wheeler on the one side, and Tilden of New York and Hendricks of Indiana on the other, became exceedingly bitter and exciting. The battles of the war and the measures of reconstruction were fought all over again, with the most acrid and intemperate phraseology. The question of federal interference in the South, the Civil Rights Bill, charges of illegal voting, and all the other sad accompaniments of reconstruction, came again to the front.

If the Southern States could be carried for Tilden, he

would be elected, and the temptation to intimidation and fraud in the South was very great. It was foreseen that if the election should be close, it would be disputed. And all eyes were turned upon President Grant, as November came on, to know what he would do with regard to preventing violence and wrong in the South, and whether he would sustain the Republican candidate if he should receive a majority of votes cast. He issued an order to Sherman to keep the peace at all cost, and the election passed more peaceably than had been anticipated. The trouble began after the result was partially known. The election was very close, the Democrats claiming a victory. The Republicans claimed that the Southern States had been carried by fraud and intimidation, and said that Tilden could never legally take his seat in the White House. To this the Democrats replied that the South may have been partly carried by fraud, but was the Republican party in the North free from a like crime? Allowing even for some fraudulent votes, it was still clear, they said, that Tilden was elected. He should not be cheated of his honors. The decision passed to the electoral college.

Immediately after election, the President telegraphed to General Sherman: "No man worthy the office of President should be willing to hold it if counted in or placed there by fraud. Either party can afford to be disappointed in the result, but the country cannot afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns." And later, when the election had passed to the electoral college, and a dispute arose between the Senate and the House with regard to who should count the electoral ballots, he urged some permanent legislation with regard to the matter. And when the Electoral Bill came before him, he promptly signed it, saying:

> The bill may not be perfect, but it is calculated to meet the present condition of the question and of the country. The country is agitated. It needs aid. It desires peace and quiet, and harmony between all parties and all sections. Its industries are arrested, labor unemployed, capital idle, and enterprise paralyzed, by reason of the doubt and anxiety attending the uncertainty of a double claim to the Chief Magistracy of the nation.

It wants to be assured that the result of the election will be accepted without resistance from the supporters of the disappointed candidate, and that its highest officer shall not hold his place with a questioned title of right. Believing that the bill will secure these ends, I give it my signature.

His whole attitude in this matter was so fine that it secured the commendation of the reasonable on both sides. He let it be known privately that whoever was constitutionally elected would be seated; and whatever his critics might think of him in other regards, they knew him to be a man of his word. He was in fact as in name the commander of the army and navy. At the same time, he hesitated to use the military. Only when the prevention of actual bloodshed demanded it, and when called upon by the governors of the States, did he order troops to the scenes of disorder.

His final days were, however, days of almost martial action. His firm hand was kept constantly upon the war department. Troops were shifted, arsenals were guarded, malcontents were watched, and every precaution was taken to prevent the fire-eaters of either side from actual violence. With an irresolute man or an insincere man in his place, trouble would have resulted. But the country knew Grant. He was still the captain. His action throughout this period did much to redeem the disrepute into which his administration had fallen.

He had announced that he would hold his place until his successor was duly and properly inaugurated. This was to cover the space between the 4th of March, which fell on Sunday, and the public inauguration on Monday. He was present on Saturday, when the new Executive privately took the oath of office, and he rode in the same carriage with General Hayes, and was by his side when the oath of office was publicly administered. By this action he warned all disturbers that President-elect Hayes was to take his seat. Protest must take the forms of law. He did not intend to have two governments, or any South American pronunciamentos. He was profoundly grateful when the ceremony ended in peace.

The administration of President Grant closed in shadow;

U. S. Grant, age 54 years.

there is no evading that. If he had sought vindication at the polls, it would have been denied to him. His administration had not met expectations, but that is no profound argument against it. It is probable that no rule by any man, however just, could have more nearly satisfied or unified the warring elements of that time.

The criticisms against it which remained valid after the passions of that day had cooled are these: It was semi-military in character. It was a personal government. Though not intended by Grant himself, his cabinet was continually changing, and the country was continually irritated by reports of disagreement between the Chief Executive and his advisers. Beginning in confusion, the cabinet continued through turmoil, and ended in dishonor. No one can tell whether this might not have happened to any other President, but there it stands, a condition to be apologized for. His conception of his cabinet as aides was purely military, but changed somewhat toward the last, though he never found himself able to tolerate men whom he knew to be conniving within his official family for their own personal aggrandizement, or, indeed, those whom he personally disliked.

In the executive department he considered himself supreme, and yet believed that he and all other executive officers were not concerned with law-making. They were all servants alike of the government, pledged not to question, but to execute, the will of the people.

Had he begun by attempting to unify the political factions of his party, by choosing to office men whose ability and character had already secured for them high place as leaders and statesmen, he might have avoided a part of the strife which followed. But he did not. He distrusted politicians, and determined that his should be a government by men of character and integrity rather than of political captains. He selected men whom he personally admired, and whom he cared to have meet with him in daily intercourse. Thus he alienated at the start men like Sumner, Seward, Schurz, Dana, and Blaine, and a large part of his troubles sprang from the jealousy and anger and arrogance of these men, who believed them-

selves his superiors in intelligence and political foresight.

Thus, his selections being personal, the dishonesty of men like Belknap reflected upon him directly. He took men from obscure positions, and was answerable to the public for his choice in immensely larger measure than he would have been in selecting men like Sumner and Seward, for whom the public, in a sense, stood warranty. This, it will be seen, was a political departure on his side, and, while apparently the common-sense and reasonable position for him to take, resulted in trouble and in dishonor. Whether he would have escaped trouble and dishonor by honoring Sumner and his like must forever remain a question.

The shadow which streams from the charges brought against Babcock, Belknap, Schenck, and others high in the administration will probably remain the principal blot upon Grant's administration.

It is now seen that he was largely right. He was right on the reconstruction question, which was, after all, the principal work which he had set himself to do. He was right on civil-service reform. He was right on the Indian question, and the policy which he inaugurated continues side by side with civil service. He was right in the matter of governmental economy, in the reduction of taxation, and in his encouragement to industry. He was right in his intention with regard to the improvement of the District of Columbia, believing that Washington was to be one of the favorite winter cities of the nation. He was right on financial questions. Although his position with regard to the demonetization of silver may be questioned by some, his opposition to inflation is to-day upheld. Whether he was right upon the Santo Domingo question is not yet settled; but this much is certain: his intentions were high and his position unselfish. He was right in his course toward Mexico and toward England; and if his suggestions with regard to Cuba had been carried out, that long-suffering island might long since have been at peace.

Therefore, in view of all these questions upon which his position was, at least, without self-seeking and based upon

justice, it may be that the Grant administrations will finally appear to have been right upon all vital questions, and that they failed only upon matters which are now seen to be of minor importance. For the frauds in the Indian department or in the revenue department were actually of small account compared with the fundamental problem of reconstruction which filled his mind, and upon which he always acted promptly, yet dispassionately, with unfailing regard for law and justice.

CHAPTER XLVII

GRANT AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN GOES ABROAD *

NOTWITHSTANDING all charges against him, Ulysses Grant left the White House without any considerable sum of money. He had a house in Galena, and Mrs. Grant had a house in Washington; he owned, also, the Gravois farm, and some land in Chicago. But neither of these three properties paid any considerable dividend; in fact, it is stated by John Russell Young that the ex-President had nothing at the close of his administration except the houses which had been given him while general of the army. The money paid to him as President was spent in maintaining the dignity and hospitality of his great office.

He was now a private citizen, general only by courtesy. In a single hour he had stepped from the cares, the tumults, the responsibilities of the head of the nation, to the silence and peace and leisure of private life, carrying with him the hundreds of friends whom he had raised to honor and reward in public service. They were naturally averse to this retirement, and began at once to hint that the "old commander" would have the third term yet. For the most part, however, even the anti-Grant forces considered him out of politics, and their clamor against him ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

Indeed, an appreciable reaction in public sentiment set in, and receptions, dinners, and cordial street greeting met

* This chapter is based upon the English and American newspaper reports of the day, and also (by permission) upon John Russell Young's book, "Around the World with Grant."

the ex-President wherever he went. This became so markedly spontaneous and genuine that he exclaimed to a friend: "Why, it is just as it was immediately after the war!"—thus revealing his direct and grateful pleasure in the return of good will toward him. He was like a boy released from school on a Saturday in June. Since the firing on Fort Sumter he had not before enjoyed a single day's complete release from absorbing daily duties. For sixteen years he had borne constantly increasing responsibility. Now he had time to play.

He began at once to prepare for a trip abroad. He had promised himself this trip some years before, and now it was possible. He sold part of his stock, sent some of it to the country, converted some of his goods into cash, and put his affairs in order. His son Ulysses, not long out of Harvard, had entered upon a business career, and to him he intrusted his interests during his absence. Jesse, the third son, was to accompany his parents abroad. Nellie, the daughter, was married, and was living in England. According to good authority, Grant had not more than twenty-five thousand dollars with which to make the trip, and with this amount he had three and sometimes four persons to provide quarters for. The length of his trip, he smilingly said, depended on how long this money held out.

After several days of almost oppressive honors and courtesies on the part of the city of Philadelphia, the Grant party sailed (about the middle of May) for Liverpool. Immense crowds of friends waved him good-by from the wharves and from the troops of boats which accompanied him down the bay. The general proved to be as imperturbable at sea as he had been on the battle-field. He defied the elements, and enjoyed every hour of the voyage. Those who were with him saw the lines of care smooth out of his face. It was, indeed, his most peaceful period since the quiet days in the Galena store.

On the eleventh day the vessel touched at Liverpool. The cable had prepared the people for the arrival of the great American, and a throng as immense as that which bid him God-speed at Philadelphia filled the wharves and

streets to welcome him to England. The mayor met him, formally presenting the freedom of the city, and assuring him of the high regard in which he was held by the English people.

The general was very naturally amazed. He had started on his journey as a private citizen, and had no expectation of any popular or civic demonstration whatsoever. No preparations had been made for it. The state department had merely given him a letter which called the attention of the republic's representatives abroad to his visit, and requested them to give him every attention and consideration. No step beyond this had been taken to make his visit in any sense official. Yet ten thousand English citizens of the middle condition crowded into the custom-house at Liverpool, eager to shake his hand.

At Manchester he was made the guest of the city, and lodged in the town hall, which had never before been used for a similar purpose. Here, as in Liverpool, he was presented with the freedom of the city, and every possible attention which could show him peculiar regard followed. The people crowded to see him almost as if he were their own sovereign; and, to the surprise of the people at home, the general replied to these greetings, and spoke well at almost every one of the great meetings which followed.

He disclaimed these high honors. "I know this reception is intended more for my country than for myself," he said again and again. His journey across the country toward London was filled with scenes like those which took place when he made his first trip to Chicago after the surrender at Appomattox. However, up to the time he entered London, not a single titled individual met him, and the great dailies were cold and indifferent. The great demonstrations at Liverpool and Manchester were entirely among the mercantile and working classes, and unquestionably were a revelation to the London press of General Grant's power, as well as to the arrogant folk who stood afar off and waited for him to appear.

It mattered little whether General Grant as ex-President should socially precede dukes or not, but it did matter that the great heart of England's citizenry went out toward

him as the representative of principles which were to bind the English-speaking race closer together. Doubtless much of idle curiosity moved the people in thus coming to look upon the great warrior, but there was, after all, a solid residuum of understanding admiration.

Meanwhile, in London, Adam Badeau and Minister Pierrepont were arguing the question of his social precedence with solemn fervor—to some little success, for it was decided that the government should receive him as an ex-sovereign, though the Prince of Wales had determined that birth and the divine right of descent should not in any social way be weakened by the coming of the great commoner.

A considerable crowd of nameless citizens met General Grant as he entered London. He was received by Minister Pierrepont, on the part of the United States, and the papers stated in obscure paragraphs that General Grant had arrived. No time was lost in making use of the general's spare moments. He was formally introduced to the Prince of Wales the morning after his arrival in the city, and on the evening of the same day he dined with the Duke of Wellington, son of the famous Iron Duke of Waterloo.

Day by day the newspapers gave some slight attention to his doings; indeed, their interest grew, and not many days after his arrival, and just before the city took official action, editorials of greater or less degree of fervency appeared, stating the claims which General Grant had upon the people of England. They were, on the whole, just and well-considered.

On the evening of the 5th of June Minister Pierrepont gave him a reception, which was crowded with notable figures in English society, and formal dinners and social functions came on swiftly. In these receptions the general was placed in most trying positions. He was not only among absolute strangers, but he was among a people whose habits were widely different from his own, some of whom were rudely censorious. He was here brought in personal contact with personages in wigs, with titled dowagers in trailing robes, with multitudinous youths in uniforms, and

with blasé, insolent fops, who stared at him with glassy eyes as though he were a performing bear.

Forms were minute and intricate. And yet he made a goodly figure through it all. His plain black dress, without ornament of any kind, had a certain distinction, and a powerful simplicity was in his sturdy presence. He was not graceful; he was not courtly of speech; but to all who came he was unembarrassed, absolutely self-contained, and masterful. Every one remarked on his dignity and his good looks. "Surrounded by fine specimens of English manhood though he was, his robust form and rosy face were conspicuous for their healthy qualities." "He looks like a soldier," said one guest; and another replied: "He is undoubtedly the greatest warrior of his age." Many regrets were expressed because he did not wear his uniform; it would have been a pleasure to see him wearing a uniform which no other man was entitled to wear.

They were worth while, these receptions, for they brought him in contact with the real kings of England, that is to say, its men of science, literature, statecraft, art, and law. He met, also, the great representative figures from the ranks of the toilers. He saw England from top to bottom.

On the 15th of June the freedom of the city, the highest honor within the gift of the corporation of London, was conferred upon him. The ceremonies, which were very imposing, took place in Guildhall, one of the oldest structures in the city. Eight hundred guests were invited to the banquet, and General Grant sat on the left hand of the lord mayor.

In his address his Honor modestly said: "You must bear with us, general, if we make much of an ex-President of the great republic of the New World visiting the home of his fathers." He spoke of Grant's great deeds as a soldier, but passed on to emphasize with equal force his high career as President. He ended by presenting General Grant, in the name of the honorable court, the right hand of fellowship as a citizen of London.

The general's reply was very modest and very apt. He expressed his surprise at his reception. It was entirely

unexpected, and peculiarly gratifying. He again disclaimed the honor, however, believing that it was intended quite as much for America as for himself, and again said: "I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it, except as a means for peace."

A little later in the day, the lord mayor having proposed General Grant's health, the general felicitously replied: "My Lord Mayor, ladies, and gentlemen: Habits formed in early life and early education press upon us as we grow older. I was brought up a soldier, not to talking. I am not aware that I ever fought two battles on the same day and in the same place, and that I should be called upon to make two speeches on the same day under the same roof is beyond my understanding. What I do understand is that I am much indebted to all of you for the compliment you have paid me."

As a matter of fact, General Grant was rapidly becoming a ready speaker. He spoke as often as three times a day, and seemed to have no secrets. He dined with newspaper men, and talked to them with the utmost freedom, whereat the American journals were much amazed.

One honor followed another. All that England could do to show its regard for General Grant and America was done. Thousands of invitations from the stateliest homes in London showered upon him. He dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and late in June was invited by the queen to proceed to Windsor Castle and spend the night; and not many days thereafter he received a deputation of the working-men of London and the provinces, who brought an address of welcome to him. In reply, the general said, with deep significance:

"I have received attentions, and have had invitations, free hand-shakings, and presentations from different classes of people, and from the government, and from the controlling element of cities; but there is no reception I am prouder of than this one to-day"; and there was a forthright sincerity in his voice which carried conviction. The English nobility were unimportant in the face of the English people.

He left for the Continent early in July, visiting Brussels, Baden, and the Black Forest, thence going to Lucerne, Interlaken, and Bern, and arriving at Geneva late in July. He returned to Edinburgh on the 31st of August, where the freedom of that city was presented to him. He made a tour through Scotland, being everywhere received with the same honor as in England. He returned to London by way of Newcastle, Sunderland, Warwick, and other places of historic interest.

It became evident to certain of the American papers that they had miscalculated. Grant was something more than a mere ex-President, to sink (as many of the ex-Presidents had done) into feebleness and obscurity. With all his faults, he was a great man, one of the predominant figures in American history. The meeting at Liverpool, the ovation which followed almost immediately at Manchester, and the London receptions, opened the eyes of his critics, and many of the journals which had spent much of their time reviling him as President now experienced a change of heart. They filled long editorial columns with spread-eagle gratulations over these old-world demonstrations. General Grant represented the power of the American nation, these editors stated, and the honors he was receiving were gratifying to all America, as well as to the personal friends of the great commander.

But the English people not only recognized him as a representative of the American people, and one of the great commanders of the world: they honored him also as a statesman. They by no means slurred over his administrations. It has been well said that the judgments of a foreign nation resemble the judgments of posterity, and the men across the ocean perceived, as most Americans could not, the essential singleness, greatness, and sincerity of Grant's rule. He stood for peace at home and abroad; he stood for arbitration, for universal justice and fraternity; and this the English people knew. The petty things, the local jealousies, the envies and assaults which were so large in the eyes of American political critics, and which were exaggerated by means of newspaper scare-heads into national importance in the States, did not reach so far as the

Old World. They became of small account when the keen winds of the broad sea touched them. Thus the great minds of England and Europe got proper historical perspective on Grant and his deeds.

But even this did not explain the immense enthusiasm of the people of Manchester and Edinburgh. To these people of the working and mercantile classes of Great Britain, General Grant was something more even than a soldier and statesman. He stood to them as the greatest example of democratic attainment of his time. Unaided and alone, he had climbed from the humble position of one who labored in the field and toiled as clerk in a leather-store to a command surpassing that of Wellington or Napoleon. With birth all against him, without money and without influential kinsfolk, he had demonstrated that it was possible for a working-man in America to become the equal of the greatest sovereigns of the world. He embodied, therefore, the natural desire for freedom and honor of every ambitious man of working condition. He expressed their secret or avowed belief in the falsity and injustice of class and privilege, and the sham of "divine right."

For these reasons they crowded to see him, these bluff merchants, pale mechanics, and sturdy farmers, as he passed on his way to London, the home of the nobility.

Of such significance was the meeting at Newcastle. In the local newspaper of that day twenty columns were devoted to a report of the meeting. "Not for many years has the grass of the town moor been covered by so vast an assembly as that gathered to receive General Grant."

This mighty demonstration resembled a revolutionary convention. The proposal that the laboring-men should do honor to General Grant came from Mr. Burt, Member of Parliament, and the Trades Council heartily took up the suggestion. The order for assembling went out to the working-men of every condition, and they rose from the earth like an army. They came from all parts of the northern country. Thousands of pitmen climbed out of the mines of Durham, Hepworth, and Ravensworth collieries, and joined the Northumberland miners, the New-

castle dock laborers and trimmers, and all the mechanics, machinists, clerks, and working-men of Newcastle. It seemed that eighty thousand men had place in this great assembly.

The Member of Parliament made the address of welcome, and the general replied in one of the best speeches of his life. He was profoundly moved. He spoke of the dignity of labor, and recalled the fact that when wars come they fall upon the many—the producing class. "I was always a man of peace," he said, "and I have always advocated peace, though educated a soldier. I never willingly, of my own accord, advocated war." He spoke of the friendly relations existing between the two nations, and said that it had been the sincere hope of his official life to maintain that friendship; and the tremendous roar of his audience showed their unity of agreement.

In this wise he was described:

"He looked as much like an ordinary Tyne-side skipper as possible,—open-browed, firm-faced, bluff, honest, and unassuming,—and everybody at once settled in his own mind that the general would do. The cheers became warmer and warmer as that quiet, strong, thoroughly British face grew upon them; and as the applause increased in power, General Grant, who had at first merely touched his hat to the multitude, bared his head in acknowledgment of the majestic welcome.

"While the general was speaking, the vast concourse, mustering at least eighty thousand, interpreted the speech which they could not hear after their own thoughts, and applauded now and again with might and main. When the general finished, everybody who had not yet shouted felt it incumbent to begin at once; and those who had bellowed themselves hoarse made themselves still hoarser. And right in the center of the crowd, little shining rivulets glistening on his ebony face, his face glowing with intense excitement, the whole soul within him shining out as through a dark curtain, stood a negro, devouring the general with a gaze of fervid admiration and respect and gratitude, which flashed out the secret of the great liberator's popularity."

In Leamington, at a similar meeting, the general said: "Although it has been my misfortune to have been engaged in as many battles as it was possible for an American soldier of my generation, I have never been for war." At Birmingham, on the 10th of October, he addressed the working-men, glorifying labor, and celebrating the democracy of America. On the same day he addressed the International Arbitration Union, and again glorified peace.

The speaker of the evening eloquently praised Grant for his treatment of the Indians, and for his attitude toward the freedmen. "You guided them in their faltering steps as they marched out of bondage; you defended them from their enemies; you cared for them in their distresses; you aided them in obtaining education; and you claimed for them the rights of citizens," the speaker said, facing the general, and ended by invoking blessings and honor upon him.

To this Grant replied: "I have long been an advocate of the cause you represent. I would gladly see the millions of men in arms who are now supported by the industry of nations return to industrial pursuits and thus become self-sustaining, and so take off the tax upon labor which is now levied for their support." And in another speech he replied to the complimentary allusion of some speaker to his peaceful retirement of the great army at the close of the American war by saying: "I disclaim all praise and credit for that one thing. If the speaker had ever been in my position for four years, and had undergone all the anxiety and care I had in the management of those large armies, he would appreciate how happy I was to be able to say they could be dispensed with."

On the 24th of October he made a trip to Paris. His reception there was not so cordial as in England, for the reason, perhaps, that his stern opposition to the French in Mexico had been misunderstood, and also because of his letter of congratulation to the German government at the close of the Franco-Prussian War. Victor Hugo had expressed the bitterest feeling against him in a poem, soon after his letter; and yet at bottom these two great

ones were in complete accord in their hatred of tyranny and their love of freedom and democracy. Grant represented the exact opposite of the Napoleonic ideas of war, glory, and conquest. Moreover, a large part of the French nation was not democratic, but monarchical, in sentiment, and naturally that party made no concealment of its dislike of General Grant.

He was received with the utmost cordiality by Gambetta, and by President MacMahon, who wished to show General Grant his armies. This the general politely refused. He had a powerful aversion to any military review, he explained, and wished to escape every reminder of war. He permitted himself, however, to receive such social attentions from the Americans and the French as they cared to give. He met Gambetta most informally, and was profoundly impressed by him. He spent several weeks in the American colony, and left early in December for Italy, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

Christmas dinner was eaten on the war-ship *Vandalia*, off Palermo. In Egypt the khedive placed his own vessel at the general's command, and a trip up the Nile occupied some weeks of January. After visiting the Holy Land, he returned to Paris by way of Florence, Milan, and Rome, and was everywhere the recipient of great honors. Throngs of people shook his hand and said complimentary things to him, all of which he bore in his patient, wordless way. His silence amazed and awed his guests.

He reëntered Paris in May, and being a very much overworked man, concluded to seek relief among the easy-going Dutch. He was quite to the taste of the men of Holland by reason of his quiet manner and few words. He passed to Berlin late in June. Next to London, Berlin interested him more than any other capital city of the Old World. He was profoundly eager to study Germany. He knew the mighty force of the German people. As Victor Hugo said, "Germany is not merely a nation: she is the well of nations." Not only that, but Germany possessed two men in whom General Grant had a peculiar interest—the emperor, and his great chancellor, Prince Bismarck.

True, it was a military nation, and of things warlike General Grant did not approve. The moment he entered Germany's boundaries he became aware of its enormous military strength. Uniforms were everywhere; military organizations existed in every village; and Von Moltke, the great Dane who had thrown his fortunes with the German army so many years before, held these terrible forces in his hand. Him, too, the general was eager to meet.

Bayard Taylor, minister to Berlin at that time, came courteously down the road to meet General Grant and his party and conduct them into the city. At the earliest moment the general called upon the great chancellor, who was at this time very much engaged with a session of the Berlin Congress. The meeting took place in the building called the Bismarck Palace. Bismarck met the general with both hands extended, his face eager and full of the light of welcome. It was perfectly evident that he was not merely curious to see General Grant, but eager to make his acquaintance and to show his admiration and esteem. He was in uniform, and looked old and care-worn, his hair and mustache being quite white.

After a few moments of complimentary greeting, he expressed surprise at finding Grant so young a man. To this the general replied smilingly that he was at that period of life where no higher compliment could be paid him than that of being called a young man.

Bismarck spoke in the tenderest way of the old emperor, upon whom an attempt at assassination had just been made, which prevented him from seeing General Grant.

The general shortly afterward remarked, with a smile, that he had accepted an invitation from the crown prince to witness a review, and then said: "The truth is, I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs. I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure."

The prince spoke then of America's happy lot in that she need fear no war, and added: "What always seemed so sad to me about your last great war was that you were fighting your own people. That is always so terrible in war—so very hard."

"But it had to be done," said the general.

"Yes; you had to save the Union, just as we had to save Germany."

"Not only to save the Union, but to destroy slavery," answered Grant.

"I suppose, however, the Union was the real sentiment, the dominant sentiment."

"In the beginning, yes; but as soon as slavery fired upon the flag, we all felt—even those who did not object to slaves—that slavery must be destroyed. We felt that it was a stain to the Union that men should be bought and sold like cattle. . . . There had to be an end to slavery. We were fighting an enemy with whom we could not make peace. We had to destroy him. No convention, no treaty, was possible; only destruction."

As the general rose to go, he expressed his pleasure at having met a man so well known and so highly esteemed in America.

In answer, Bismarck replied: "General, the pleasure and the honor are mine"; and after shaking hands, General Grant passed into the square, the guard presented arms, he saluted, and strolled slowly back to his hotel.

He left Berlin soon after, visiting Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. He spent the Fourth of July in Hamburg, and in response to a toast at a dinner given by the American consul a day or two later, the general said: "I must dissent from one remark of our consul to the effect that I saved the country during the recent war. . . . If I had never held command, if I had fallen, if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work just as well. . . . What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation. . . . The humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of war as those who were in command."

At the close of July the general's party visited St. Petersburg. He was met at once by the emperor's aide-de-camp, Prince Gortchakoff, with kind messages from the emperor; and on the next day his Imperial Highness Alexander and General Grant met.

The emperor was exceedingly cordial. He was very much interested in the native races of America, and with American methods of Indian warfare. At the close of the interview he said: "Since the foundation of your government, relations between Russia and America have been of the friendliest character, and as long as I live nothing shall be spared to continue this friendship."

To this the general quietly replied: "Although the two governments are very opposite in their character, the great majority of the American people are in sympathy with Russia, and I hope this good feeling will long continue."

From St. Petersburg the general visited Moscow, where he spent several pleasant days, passing on to Warsaw. His next stop was in Vienna. After a tour in Austria and France, the party took a short turn through Spain.

In Spain the general was received as a captain-general of the Spanish army. The question of how to receive him had been a source of tribulation to most European cabinets, but Spain avoided embarrassing situations by receiving him as a great commander. Here he met Señor Castelar, the ex-President of Spain, "the one man whom he really wished to see." He had an interview with the king, who was at that time a melancholy young man of about twenty. "The reception was stately and grave," but of little significance.

In Portugal he had a long conversation with the king concerning the relations between the United States and Portugal, and they parted on exceedingly good terms, the king asking leave to present the general with the grand cross of the Tower and Sword. This the general refused, saying there was a law against officials accepting decoration in his country, and he would rather, although no longer in office, respect a law which it had been his duty to administer.

After visiting Cordova, Seville, and Cadiz, he returned to Paris and to England. From England he visited Ireland, being received with great honor in Dublin, where he was presented with the freedom of the city. The parchment was contained in a very elaborate bog-oak casket. In reply he said: "I am by birth a citizen of a country where

there are more Irishmen, either native-born or the descendents of Irishmen, than there are in all Ireland. I have, therefore, had the honor and the pleasure of representing more Irishmen and their descendants than the Queen of England."

At Belfast enormous crowds of people greeted him, and at other places he was loudly cheered, and thousands surrounded his car with the hope of being able to shake him by the hand. He returned to London, and on the 24th of January started on his way for India.

His party now consisted of himself and wife, his son, Colonel Grant, Mr. Borie, formerly Secretary of the Navy, Dr. Keating of Philadelphia, and John Russell Young. His son Jesse had returned to America. The general had been able unexpectedly to extend his vacation. Some fortunate investments made by his son Ulysses had placed at his disposal enough ready money to enable him to plan a trip to the East, which would complete the circuit of the globe. In letters to his family and to his friends he began to express a growing uneasiness with regard to how he should make a living after his play-spell was over, and to these letters his friends replied in covert terms, saying: "The people of the United States will see that you have employment."

As a matter of fact, his political friends in the United States were planning a great political coup. It was their design to keep him abroad two years longer, and that he should return just before the midsummer convention of 1880. They counted upon an immense enthusiasm for him upon his return, loaded with honors from European peoples and rulers, and believed that his name would again sweep the convention like a whirlwind.

Whether the general realized anything of this at this time or not, he yielded nothing, but planned his outing without the slightest regard to political warfare.

In his letters of this time he speaks as one with a divided mind. He was homesick, and yet had no home to go to. He wished to return, and he did not. He was eager to see the East, and he was eager, at the same time, to return to his own people.

In a letter written to Mr. Washburne from Paris, in late December, 1878, he spoke of his determination to go home by way of India, China, and Japan, and said that he might be expected to reach Philadelphia in midsummer:

I shall want to remain on the Pacific coast six weeks or two months. I spent two years there in early life, and always felt a great desire to make it my future home.

He then adds this curious observation:

Nothing ever fell over me like a wet blanket so much as my promotion to the lieutenant-generalcy. As junior major-general in the regular army I thought my chances good for being placed in command of the Pacific Division when the war closed. As lieutenant-general all hope of that kind vanished.*

In a letter written from Singapore, early in April, he said:

Since my last letter to you I have seen much of the world new to me and but little visited by our countrymen. The reality is different from my anticipation. . . . My idea had been rather that English rule in this part of the globe was purely selfish. . . . I will not say that I was all wrong, but I do say that Englishmen are wise enough to know that the more prosperous they can make the subject, the greater consumer he will become, the greater will be the commerce between the home government and the colony, and the greater the contentment of the governed.

The weather is getting very warm, and we must expect a good deal of it before we get to a cool climate. In a few days we start for Siam, and return here to take steamer for Hongkong. I shall then visit Chinese ports as far north as Shanghai, and possibly go to Peking before visiting Japan. It looks now as if we would reach San Francisco as early as August.

He ends with this singular expression of uncertainty, singular when it is recalled that he was receiving all the honors of an ex-sovereign:

I am both homesick and dread going home. I have no home, but must establish one after I get back, I do not know where.

* From "Letters to a Friend."

In a letter a month later he writes from Hong Kong, saying:

This is really the most beautiful place I have yet seen in the East. The city is admirably built, and the scenery most picturesque.

Japan pleased him very much.

I have now been nearly a month in this most interesting country and among these interesting people. China stands where she did when her ports were first opened to foreign trade. I think I see dawning, however, the beginning of a change. When it does come China will rapidly become a powerful and rich nation. Her territory is vast and full of resources. The population is industrious and frugal, intelligent and quick to learn. They must, however, have the protection of a better and more honest government to succeed.

Japan is beautiful beyond description. Every street and every house is as clean as they can be made. The progress that has been made in the last dozen years is almost inconceivable.

The man who most profoundly impressed him in China was the great viceroy, Li Hung Chang. In fact, he regarded him as among the four great master minds of diplomacy and statecraft in the world, the others being Bismarck, Gambetta, and Beaconsfield.

In a letter to Adam Badeau, he further says:

My reception by the civil and military authorities of China was the most cordial ever extended to any foreigner, no matter what his rank. The fact is, the Chinese like America better, or rather, hate it less, than any other foreigners. The reason is palpable: we are the only power that recognizes their right to control their own domestic affairs.

But Japan, after all, interested him more than any other country in the world, except England and his own land. In a letter to Badeau, late in August, he wrote:

Our reception and entertainment in Japan has exceeded anything preceding it. At the end of the first year abroad I was quite homesick, but determined to remain to see every country in Europe, at least. Now, at the end of twenty-six months, I dread

Grant with Li Hung Chang.

going back, and would not, if there was a line of steamers between here and Australia; but I shall go to my quiet little home in Galena, and remain there until the cold drives me away.

Meanwhile, in America the feeling that his triumphal tour was fitting him to be the greatest President the nation had ever seen was growing in the minds of his friends. In every letter that came to him this suggestion was repeated. As early as March, 1878, he had written to Badeau from Rome, saying:

> Most every letter I get from the States asks me to remain abroad. They have designs for me which I do not contemplate for myself. It is probable that I will return to the United States early in the fall or early next spring.

And in that quiet remark he informed his friends that he did not intend to take part in any *coup d'état*.

He was assured in the letters from home that if he returned too early the effect of his triumphant progress through the nation from California to the Atlantic coast would be frittered away in the long months of discussion which would follow. They implored him to stay abroad until June of 1880. All to no purpose. He set sail more than a year before the elections, and more than six months earlier than his political managers had wished. He felt about this as he had about every promotion which had come to him in the past. If the people desired him to be President for a third term, they would make him President; if they did not, he was too proud and too unambitious to work for it. There was an element of fatalism in all this. Like Hamlet, he said: "If it be not now, then it will come; the readiness is all." Not one word, even to his friends Washburne or Badeau, could be twisted into any other significance.

Badeau has well summed up the characteristics of General Grant as a traveler. He was undoubtedly the greatest traveler that ever lived; that is to say, no other man was ever received by both peoples and sovereigns, by scholars and merchants, by tycoons and sultans and school-children and work-people and statesmen, as was General Grant. With him the Pope dispensed with etiquette, and welcomed

him as a man of no creed, who did not kneel; with him the King of Siam formed a personal friendship; while the rulers of Russia, Germany, and Japan talked politics with him. The greatest potentates on earth laid aside their traditions and showed him courtesy. Not only the government, but the plainest people, did him honor. The multitudes thronging around him in Birmingham and Frankfort and Jeddo dimly perceived that they were honoring the democratic principle in honoring citizen Grant.

He was, however, a peculiar traveler. He liked men and women better than scenery, great engineering works better than cathedrals, and the common people best of all. He loved to question the peasants concerning their life. He did not appreciate pictures or statuary. He refused to admire the "Marcus Aurelius" at Rome, and did not care for the "Apollo" or the "Laocoön." He grew tired of the Sistine Chapel, and did not care to look a second time at the "Last Judgment" of Angelo. He would not pretend in these matters. He took no interest in Venice, and the towers and aisles of the great cathedral made no marked impression upon him. The pyramids, the Alps, the colossal things in nature, and the homely things in human life, appealed to him. Delicate beauties were always too small for him to grasp, and literature and art lay outside the lines of life in which his feet were set.

It was always, indeed, in human vocations that he took the keenest interest. He had a healthy naturalness that affiliated with plain people, though he was not offended with princes. He did not like princes because they were princes, but because they were men. No man enjoyed ordinary travel, the seeing strange sights in different countries, more than he, and no man ever had greater opportunities. He returned to America, having seen more faces, and having been looked upon by more human beings, than any other man who ever lived in the world. His mind was broadened and his character ennobled by his experiences. It was not without justice, therefore, that his friends at home said: "He is better fitted to be President of the United States than any other American citizen."

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE THIRD CAMPAIGN OPENS

GENERAL GRANT'S reception at the Golden Gate was worthy of his great fame. When the *City of Tokio* was sighted off the coast of California in September, nearly two and a half years after General Grant had left American soil, a single cannon-shot from the farthest point of land announced the coming of the illustrious home-comer. Cannon after cannon took up the welcome until the golden glow of sunset was darkened with a widely spreading storm of powder-smoke.

The smoke-cloud grew heavier and heavier, and the booming of the guns grew fiercer, until it took but little imagination to conceive the tumult to be a naval engagement in full fury. The city had its clamor. As soon as the great bell on the central fire-station announced the sighting of the ship, the throttle of every engine in town and harbor was opened, and such a shrieking uproar began as was never heard before on the Pacific coast.

The government steamer *McPherson*, with General McDowell and staff on board, steamed out to meet the general and his party. The *City of Tokio* came slowly in, her decks crowded with passengers, and the general and his party were at last made out to be seated directly in front of the pilot-house.

The first person on board was the general's second son, Ulysses. The invitation committee followed. As General McDowell and staff crossed the bridge and approached the pilot-house, the bystanders, with uncovered heads, awaited the meeting of the two men who had been comrades in arms for many years.

"How are you, Mac?" was the entirely Western salutation of General Grant.

He was dressed in a full suit of black broadcloth, with black necktie and a silk hat. He was thinner than when he left Philadelphia, but his features were elsewise little changed. His friends observed the absence of lines of care, and the absence, also, of the scrutinizing sternness of glance which had characterized him when a soldier and when President. In manner he was entirely unchanged. He displayed the same dignity and reserve, and the same quizzical smile was in his eyes which those who knew him best always welcomed.

At the city wharf he was met by the mayor, who did not intend to be outdone by the rulers of Newcastle and Liverpool. After a brief address of welcome on his Honor's part, General Grant made a short speech, thanking the mayor for the cordiality of his greeting, and expressing his heartfelt pleasure at being once more in California, after twenty-five years' absence.

Some of those who gave him welcome had known him in 1854, and could not help thinking of the contrast involved in this return of General Grant from his trip around the world, the most honored American who ever traveled, a man who was placed by the English papers second only to Washington himself. Let no man despair after studying the career of this indomitable soul.

It was a peculiar quality in the man that he never avoided the places where his career had been least illustrious. He seemed to retain a most singular affection for Humboldt Bay and Fort Vancouver, notwithstanding their associations with his resignation from the army and enforced separation from his family. One of his first expressions was: "I want to go to Oregon, to the old fort."

It was not all praise and joy, however. There were opposition papers and opposition orators, and these asserted themselves in the midst of the great chorus of joy and admiration. They called on thoughtful men to witness that "this unparalleled man-worship" led straight toward imperialism, and that it was the duty of every patriotic man to utter his protest against the enthronement

of Ulysses Grant. To them the whole movement was the result of design; it had a long-prepared and sinister purpose; and it was with peculiar joy that they called up and made public every vicious and malignant attack which was being made upon him both by the opposition Republicans and the Democrats. If the general was aware of this, he gave it no thought, or, at least, no more words than he gave to the absurd praise which orators lavished upon him.

After some days spent in the old familiar way, receiving great delegations of politicians, and shaking hands with men, women, and children of every condition, the general took boat for Portland and Vancouver, to set his feet once more amid the scenes of his barrack life in 1853, to look upon the fields wherein he had tried to raise potatoes at a gain, and had harvested them at a loss. He returned a few days later to the central part of California, visiting Stockton, Sacramento, and other of the principal towns of the State. In a speech before the pioneers of '49, the general alluded to his life on the coast as a pleasant one. He had formed many attachments for the country and the people, he said, and he had never abandoned the hope of making his permanent home among the people of California. During his seven years of life as a farmer in Missouri he had thought constantly of returning, but had never been able to do so; and then in 1861, he dryly remarked, other events had intervened.

After having visited nearly every city of importance on the coast, the general started on his triumphal march across the country. His movement was imperial in its importance. In every city his reception was tumultuously enthusiastic. At Gold Hill, at Washoe, at Carson, at Reno, at Salt Lake, at Denver, it seemed as if the entire population came forth to look upon him, and they uttered themselves with a fervor which more than met the expectation of his enemies. Unquestionably, all that they feared was coming to pass: General Grant was to be a candidate for a third term.

His friends, however, were much concerned because he had returned so early in the season. At the same time,

they determined to make the most of a bad bargain, and in Chicago, while his imperial car was sweeping across the mountains, his comrades and friends in the East were preparing the way for still other significant salutations. All America was amazed at the number of his speeches. He explained: "When I was in Europe I had to speak; and having done so, it seemed to me it would be very uncivil to refuse the folks at home. It is very embarrassing. I think I am improving, for my knees don't knock together as they did at first; but I don't like it, and I am sorry I yielded in the first place."

He talked with even great freedom, speaking in the plainest criticism of almost any public man or public question under discussion. He spoke, in short, as one who no longer cared whether his words were to be repeated or not. He was not on trial now. He had the sovereign freedom of a common citizen.

Singular and curious incidents took place all along the line. In the mountains, one man leaped upon a barrel in a street, as the train came to a stand, and called for three cheers for the "best general in the world, by God!" Another shouted: "Stand in the light, general, where we can see you."

"But I look better in the dark," quickly replied the general.

"We 'll make you President," was shouted again and again; and once a man said: "General, this is a Democratic town, and I was a Confederate soldier; but I 've nothing against you, God bless your old soul."

At a banquet, a politician over-enthusiastically said: "General, since you came to the coast business has revived, money flows freely, and the people are all happier."

The general waited a moment, then quietly replied: "I guess wheat going up thirty cents a cental has more to do with it than I have."

While sweeping thus gloriously across the prairies, Zack Chandler, his one-time enemy in Detroit and his faithful friend in Washington, died. This was naturally a great shock to the general, and those who were with him observed his moistened eyes and tremulous voice as he spoke

of the loyalty of his dead friend. In Zack Chandler he also lost a devoted third-term advocate.

At Omaha the general made one of the longest of his speeches, wherein he again voiced his patriotism and love of his native soil, and ended by saying: "As individuals we do not think well enough of our country." He was, in fact, becoming almost too non-critical of American affairs. He was dangerously near the point of complacently thinking that nothing more remained to do in the way of reform.

He spoke of his future with great freedom. "I have not been very much in Galena, but I think I shall be able to content myself there. When I was in Japan, I went up in the mountains and stayed ten days, almost alone. It was a novel experience for me, but I enjoyed it. I shall not be able to do much more than call Galena my home. It is a good place for me to live now, for on my present income I can live there much cheaper than in a large city, and live better than most of my neighbors. My income is not large enough for me to live as I would like, and I will have to find something to do after a while.

"I have two farms near St. Louis, and some real estate in Chicago, which if I could sell I would feel better off. Eleven years ago I was offered fifteen hundred dollars an acre for it, but now, after paying taxes on it all this time, I could n't get two hundred and fifty dollars for it; but I did better in some other investments, or I could never have traveled abroad as long as I have."

He overflowed with good spirits, and seemed to be on his guard against nothing except the question of his own candidacy. The elections which were about to be held promised Republican victory. Grant's influence seemed to be in the air; no one questioned at this moment his dominancy of the public mind.

On the day after election he entered once more the obscure little town in which his home was set. Again his old friends and neighbors crowded to meet him; again triumphal arches spanned the streets, and tattered war-flags draped the platform from which the address of welcome was to be delivered. Washburne was there,

and General Rowley, General Smith, General Logan, Governor Cullom, Senator Allison, and many more whom he had aided and who had aided him in his great career. Senator McClellan, the man who had made the presentation address in the new house, now made the address of welcome, to which Grant replied with twitching lips and tear-dimmed eyes.

He said it was a great pleasure to come once more to Galena, especially after two and a half years of absence in a foreign country. "During my travels I received princely honors; but they were all due to this country, and to you as citizens and sovereigns of so great a nation."

Again, when the blare of trumpets and the flutter of flags had given place to the ordinary prosaic quiet of daily life in Galena, the general went forth to meet his fellow-citizens, assuming nothing more than they. The whole city watched him to see what changes had come to him.

Said one of his old friends: "I don't see any change in General Grant since the day he left here to go into the army, in 1861. He may have more freedom of manner in the presence of the public, but that comes naturally from his association with the most prominent men of this and other countries."

After a week of quiet life in Galena, the general moved on to Chicago. The newspapers flamed with head-lines of welcome, and their columns blossomed with poetical eulogy. More than one hundred thousand people came into the city from surrounding towns and cities. It is of little avail attempting to describe this tremendous welcome. It was such as no man in America had ever received. It was evident that there was in it political design as well as genuine enthusiasm for the man.

The nominal occasion was the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Tennessee, but deep down the politicians were working. Grant was ill at ease in the city's meeting because of the strongly political remarks of the mayor; but at the camp-fire of the Grand Army reunion he was happy.

His greeting there had a quality which could not be in any other meeting. Sherman was there, and spoke, and

so did Logan and Sheridan and Schofield. All his old companions rallied around him once more, as in the days of 1865 and 1868. It was noticed that the general was more powerful in speech at the camp-fire than when replying to the praise bestowed upon him by the mayor. He made special effort to be heard by his comrades, and his voice reached nearly every part of the theater.

He said it afforded him heartfelt pleasure to be again with his old comrades in arms. "This is a non-partizan association," he said, "but composed of men who are united in the determination that no foe shall interpose between us and the maintenance of our institutions and the unity of all the States. I am proud that I am an American citizen. Every citizen, North, South, East, and West, enjoys a common heritage, and should feel that equal pride in it"; and his patriotic words had a peculiar intensity, to which his hearers responded heartily.

At the end of the week the general returned to Galena to spend Thanksgiving.

Meanwhile, it was evident from the press of the country that there was a mighty stirring among the opposition politicians. They were appalled at Grant's augmented popularity. One of his most unrelenting enemies admitted that Grant was never before so personally popular, and never before so dangerous; and not a few of the Southern journals discussed the possibility of Grant as a candidate of the progressive party in the South and the Liberal Republicans in the North. Other equally absurd and unheard-of surmises as to his action were set afloat and discussed, while through it all the general remained, as usual, absolutely silent.

Late in the month he returned to Chicago for a few days, and then began his conquering march across Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, to complete the circuit of the world in the city of Philadelphia. It was the same old story in every city—in Logansport, in Indianapolis, in Columbus, in Cincinnati, one continuous blaze of boundless enthusiasm. There was no question whatever about the depth and the width of this admiration, and could he have gone to election at that moment, no power on earth

could have prevented him from being elected President, with an increased majority over his former elections.

His policy was now settled, and his friends thoroughly understood it. He said: "I will neither accept nor decline an imaginary thing. I shall not gratify my enemies by declining what has not been offered me. I am not a candidate for anything, and if the Chicago convention nominates a candidate who can be elected, I shall be glad. All my life I have made my decision when the time for the decision has arrived. I shall not depart from my usual course of action."

He left for Cuba and Mexico, therefore, without giving any definite reply to the agonized questions of his enemies nor the eager appeals of his friends. He did not intend to be harassed by the coming political struggle, nor to take part in it until such time as it was proper for him to act.

In March, from the Mexican border, he wrote to Washburne, saying:

> In regard to your suggestion that I should authorize some one to say that in no event I would consent to ever becoming a candidate after 1880, I think any statement from me would be misconstrued, and would only serve as a handle for my enemies. Such a statement might well be made after the nomination, if I am nominated in such a way as to accept. It is a matter of supreme indifference to me whether I am or not. There are many persons I should prefer to have the office than myself. I owe so much to the Union men of the country that if they think my chances are better for election than for other probable candidates in case I should decline, I cannot decline if the nomination is tendered without seeking on my part.
>
> Mexico shows many signs of progress since I was here thirty-two years ago. Railroads are pushing out slowly from the capital, and with every advance prosperity and employment for the poor follow. I think it should be the policy of our government now to cultivate the strongest feelings of friendship between the people of the two republics.

The Mexicans during his trip had recognized in him their great and consistent friend. He was eager to do something to make amends for the injustice of the Mexi-

can War, and every proper and consistent plan for the advancement of Mexico had his most earnest coöperation.

He visited Vera Cruz, Puebla, Contreras, Chapultepec, Molino del Rey, and other scenes of his youthful career as a soldier. He had forgotten nothing. He was deeply interested in every change, and looked up all the old veterans who had remained behind in 1848. He promised his aid in any good enterprise the people might undertake.

He reëntered the United States early in April, and spent several days in New Orleans, where he was received with great interest and cordiality, being welcomed to the city by General Silas Bussey, who said: "This demonstration is an evidence that the sentiment which you bequeathed to the country when you said, 'Let us have peace,' is really upon the land."

In reply, the general said: "I am very glad to hear that this kind reception is by your citizens, irrespective of former relations. The scenes of war are now past. We are a united people. If this country should unfortunately become involved in war, we will all wear the same uniform and fight under the same flag."

A few days later he met the legislature. The Speaker, in introducing the general, said: "There is not to-day in the heart of any man within the hearing of my voice anything but a feeling of loyal love and deep devotion for the American Union. We can, therefore, sir, with the entire American people, rejoice at the honors paid at your feet—honors that stir with patriotic emotions the hearts of men."

General Grant replied: "I am delighted to hear such generous sentiments. I have always felt that differences between a common people after they have once been settled should remain settled forever afterward. I am sure that I rejoice as much as any member of this legislature at anything that goes to make up the prosperity of Louisiana and of the entire South. I believe that among the bravest of the defenders of our Union henceforth will be found the men before me."

A committee, with Judge Simrall as chairman, came down from Vicksburg to extend to him a cordial invitation to come among them and stay as long as possible.

"I bear this invitation, general, from the people of that battlement city whose stubborn hills and frowning guns some years ago—aye, not so many—forbade your ingress for many long months, and whose successful capture, after so many attempts had failed, was the first grand achievement which placed you before the world as the foremost warrior in the Union army.

"Time's strong hand has been busy with our city since then. Peace and wise laws and busy commerce have swept from our hills all vestiges of war, and from the hearts of our people all feelings of bitterness. Once they disputed your entrance; now they ask you to come—to come as their honored guest, whom they will be glad and proud to welcome."

"I shall be glad to go to Vicksburg," the general replied, and a slight smile crept into the fine lines about his eyes. "I am glad to be able to go through the front door; once, you know, I was forced to come in through the back door."

He visited Mobile, and later took his way up the river to Vicksburg and Memphis; and notwithstanding the peculiar situation which made honor and praise of their great visitor politically dangerous, the people of these cities expressed themselves freely, and he as freely replied. To all he said: "The war and the things for which we warred are settled. We should set our faces toward the future, a united and harmonious people"; and of course every emphasis made by him upon this thought was taken by his political enemies to mean that he was planning to become the candidate of these people. As a matter of fact, he was thinking rather of the nation's future. He by no means evaded the negro question, but spoke as plainly as was his wont, saying, "The negro is here, and is here to stay, and his rights must be maintained," though he admitted that time was required for this problem to work itself out.

Neither did he evade the society of the colored men, but met them heartily. He gave up one entire day to them in New Orleans. He said to a gathering of them: "I am pleased to see such evidence of the progress of the

race as you have shown me to-day. The chief security for the future of your people lies in popular education. I hope," he said further, "that the colored man will be allowed the privilege of going where he pleases, but I wish he may be so treated that he will be pleased to remain where he is."

He seemed to be making a study of the condition of the colored people, and perhaps no other man could have gone among them in such wise without giving offense to the white people who were entertaining him almost simultaneously. It was recognized that Grant was too large in fame for such action to do him harm.

At Vicksburg the address of welcome was delivered by Colonel McCardle, a Confederate officer. He extended, on behalf of all the people of Vicksburg, a warm and cordial welcome. "When I say all our people, sir, I mean it, without regard to race or color, political predilection or religious creed. There was a time when your presence here was less welcome than it is to-day. You were then, with a large retinue of your friends, anxious to make a visit to this city, and those of us who were then present were equally anxious that you should forego that pleasure. For forty-seven weary days and nights, beneath a pitiless storm of shot and shell, we sought to avoid having you with us; but your attentions were so pressing and persistent that we finally concluded to receive you."

After the laughter and applause had subsided, the tactful orator proceeded: "And now, sir, nearly seventeen years after the first visit, it affords me pleasure to say that your treatment of the garrison surrendered to you on the fourth day of July, 1863, was kind, considerate, and generous. In your deportment, and in that of the officers and men who accompanied you, there was nothing unworthy of the character of the American soldier.

"How different is the scene to-day! Hostile vessels no longer ride upon our waters, and our green declivities echo no longer with the clash of steel, the rattle of musketry, and the thunder of artillery. All is peace, calm, and quiet. Some of those who looked upon you with sad

hearts and swimming eyes as you rode through our streets that bright July morning are here to-day to give you welcome as the distinguished American soldier and only living ex-President of the United States.

"We cannot offer you, sir, such a pageant as has greeted you, like the drum-beat of old England, all around the world; but in its stead we extend to you a cordial greeting, and bid you welcome to our home.

"We concur, sir, in the hope recently expressed by you in New Orleans, that the wearers of the blue and gray may never again be arrayed against each other. We desire that in any future war the men of the North and the men of the South shall be found rallying around the same flag."

After this most suave and tasteful oration, the Hon. Mr. Carter read an address on behalf of the colored citizens, which was a tribute to the great soldier for accomplishing their liberation; and when the general, who had listened to both addresses, rose and stood with uncovered head, a hush so profound that it became thrilling fell upon the throng.

He began by expressing the pleasure he felt at this reception, and confessed to a feeling of great satisfaction upon his safe arrival in Vicksburg at the time the gentleman referred to. "I am glad that the conflict is over, and that it left us united. I know that nothing can again array the blue against the gray."

All that day the people crowded to see him, and when, at seven o'clock, he started for Memphis, never again to visit the scenes of his great siege, he turned a bright page in the history of the city and of the South. It was of the highest significance that the man who had once been the daily terror and the dread conqueror of a city should become its honored guest within fifteen years after the close of the war in which the two sections had been engaged. Mankind is slowly civilizing.

At Memphis it was the same thing repeated. Another mass of struggling people was eager to come within sight of him. The streets were thronged, the buildings gay with bunting, and the windows and balconies filled with

smiling faces. If there were those who hated him, they were not in evidence. The general bowed and smiled to all, seemingly as pleased to see the people as the people were to see him. At Cairo, which was the gateway to the South, the general appeared to turn and glance back over his trail with profound pleasure. He had been deeply touched by his reception in these Southern cities, and to all the North he proclaimed the South to be at peace, and eager for a future in which strife should have no part. Without doubt he was moved by a sincere belief in the truth of his utterance, no matter what his political opponents might say or think.

Meanwhile, as he was on his way from Cairo to Chicago, a great meeting of Grant adherents openly and with great power initiated the third-term boom by an immense meeting in Chicago. Up to this time nothing formal had been done in the way of presenting his name. This meeting proclaimed to the world that General Grant would accept the nomination if it came in a right way.

Without alluding to the meeting, the general went his way to his home in Galena, and there quietly remained until the convention. He did nothing either for or against his nomination. It was understood, however, that he was in the hands of his friends, and there were those who claimed that he was exceedingly anxious to receive the nomination. The truth seems to be that he was moved in the matter more out of consideration for his family than for himself. He was comparatively indifferent, but Mrs. Grant and his son were eager to see him again in power. Without doubt he considered himself better fitted to be President than ever before in his life. Whatever argument had been valid against a third term four years before could scarcely count after an interregnum of four years, and he saw no reason why he should not become with perfect propriety a candidate for a third term.

The temptation, also, was great because he was in need of money. General Sherman, in a letter some time before the convention, said: "Grant does not care to be President again. He wants employment; he wants to make money."

Whatever may have been the motive which influenced him, he certainly allowed every step to be taken in the design to nominate him. There were friends who said he could not be elected, if nominated; but this was disputed by others. The struggle, they knew, would be in the convention, and not in the country at large. The battle was to be between Grant, Blaine, and Sherman, with Blaine as the more formidable antagonist. As the convention day drew near, the fight became so definite in outline that experts were able to name almost the exact number of ballots which each candidate would command at the opening of the roll-call of States.

To those most sensitive there was a distinct element of pathos in the fact that General Grant, who had carried two conventions absolutely without opposition, should now, in his old age and at the very zenith of his fame, enter upon a bitter and almost hopeless struggle. Doubtless before he absolutely consented that his name should go before the convention he took into account that nearly three hundred delegates were pledged to his support. He would thus enter the convention with more votes than any other candidate, and it seemed impossible that he should not be nominated on the second ballot.

The convention was long in getting under way. The delegates foresaw a stern contest, and throughout all the preliminaries the leaders skirmished for position. Every step was an attempt to secure advantage.

During these days of preparation the general continued to live quietly at his home in Galena. He did not take the trouble to have a private wire extended to his house. Each day he came down-town a little while in the forenoon, and then again strolled down in the afternoon. Occasionally he was seen in the evening. He betrayed no excitement whatever; seemingly he was neither anxious nor alarmed. He made his headquarters usually in the law office of Rowley, his old staff-officer. He was in Rowley's office the evening his name was presented to the convention.

His son Ulysses was with him, also. Fearing his father was about to be defeated, and fearing also that he might

be bitterly disappointed, young Grant came on from New York City to be with him during this time of strenuous excitement.

At last a bulletin came. Conkling had risen, and had presented the general's name before the convention in the following words: "And when they ask whence comes our candidate, we say, From Appomattox and its apple-tree." The applause had interrupted him, and had continued for several minutes.

The faithful presentation of his name had been made, but the general betrayed no excitement, scarcely interest. A thoughtful look was on his face.

A few moments later a second bulletin was read: "The applause continues." And then another: "The applause is beginning again. All order is lost; the hall is one surging mass of shouting humanity. It has gone far beyond any other demonstration."

While his friends leaped to their feet with the thrill of excitement caught from the great electrical storm in the convention-hall, shouting exultantly, "General, that settles it; you will be nominated on the first ballot," the general moved uneasily in his chair, and his face darkened a little. Either from modesty or a natural dislike of applause, he made up his mind to go home.

He rose abruptly, saying to his son: "Come, Buck, let 's go home"; and together the father and son stepped out into the street, and walked for some time in silence. At length the general drew a deep sigh, as though about to reassume a burden almost too great for his strength, and said in a low voice, with a touch of sadness in its falling cadence: "I am afraid I am going to be nominated."

When the son heard his father say that, his mind was instantly relieved. He saw that defeat could not crush the general, nor victory exalt him. He left immediately for his Eastern home.

During the days following the general spent a great deal of his time at Rowley's office, listening to the bulletins with unmoved countenance. He was there when the first ballot was taken, giving him three hundred and four votes against Blaine with two hundred and eighty-four.

Perhaps this was a disappointment; perhaps he, too, had expected to be nominated on the first ballot. As these three hundred and four men voted again and again and again, he came to have a keen admiration of their courage. The vote soon showed that the fight was to be one of the bitterest ever seen in American history.

At last a telegram came to him from Senator Conkling, which announced, in substance: "The Shermen men say that they will support you if you will promise to put Sherman in the cabinet."

Instantly the old general became granite and iron. He replied: "I will not consent to any agreement in order to secure the nomination for President of the United States."

Right there he ended his public career. He was willing to accept the nomination if it came to him spontaneously from the people,—in fact, he considered it his duty to accept under such circumstances,—but he would not make a bargain, not even for this high prize. The Sherman men went away and made a deal elsewhere.

At the end of the twenty-eighth ballot the Old Guard of three hundred and four Grant men had secured three additional votes. Nothing like the splendid constancy of these men had ever been known in politics. They could not be scared, nor bought, nor wheedled, nor deceived. They were for Grant first, last, and all the time. And on the final ballot, which gave to James A. Garfield three hundred and ninety-nine ballots, the Grant men stood with unbroken ranks and with two additional votes. They were defeated, but not dismayed. They stood throughout the battle like the Old Guard at Waterloo. They passed into history three hundred and six supporters of the great general, and will forever be known as the Old Guard.

When the final vote was announced to General Grant by his friend Rowley, he brushed the ashes from his cigar, and said: "Garfield is a good man. I am glad of it. Good night, gentlemen." He rose quietly, and walked out without another word. By that ballot it was settled forever that General Grant must spend the remaining years of his life as a private citizen.

To his intimate friends, however, he complained a little.

"My friends have not been honest with me. I can't afford to be defeated. They should not have placed me in nomination unless they felt perfectly sure of my success." This was the only complaint he ever made, and he did not dwell upon that.

To show his good will, and to insure, if possible, the success of the Republican party, he got out into the field and did what he had never before consented to do: he made political speeches. He spared no effort to bring the leaders of his own campaign to indorse and to elect General Garfield, and it was largely due to his power, to his great influence actually exerted, that the Republicans were able to win a victory so complete as to be beyond all question. There was no dispute over Garfield's election.

As the general had said so often in his letters to Washburne and to Badeau, he could not afford to live longer without employment, and his income was too small to warrant a living in New York unless he secured some dignified and profitable position. His family urged his removal to New York, feeling sure that something would turn up to help him make a living. He purchased a house on East Sixty-sixth Street, and this became his permanent home.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE GRANT & WARD FAILURE

THE position in which General Grant found himself after the election of Garfield was one difficult to sustain. He was a man holding higher honors than any other American who had ever lived, and yet he was not fitted to earn the living which his position demanded. He had no business training. He was not even economical. He could not save the small income which he had. He was accustomed to doing things in a large way. His life had been one of enormous activity and responsibility, and it was impossible for him to retire to the quiet and humdrum life of a farmer in St. Louis or Galena. Even if he had been willing to do this, his family urged other things.

His sons were all engaged in enterprises which demanded city life. His son Frederick had married a woman accustomed to the life of a city; his second son, Ulysses, had married the daughter of Senator Chaffee of Colorado; and his son Jesse had married the daughter of Senator Flood of California. They were all ambitious to succeed in business, and had determined to settle in New York City. It was inevitable, therefore, that the general himself should go to the great metropolis with his children, though at the time his friends argued against it, and some of them predicted demoralization.

The general was eager to earn money. Money had always had a singular fascination for him. He had sought the society of rich men. They appealed to his imagination. They could do the things which he could not. And, with the perversity of genius, he wished to prove that he

was something more than a mere soldier—that he could make a living; and, above all, he was eager to provide the luxury which his wife had become accustomed to, and which he delighted to see her enjoy. Nothing else remained for him to do now.

For all these reasons he did what his sincerest friends wished him not to do. He entered Wall Street. The circumstances under which this took place were very curious. To tell the story of General Grant's venture in New York City is to tell the story of one of the most remarkable periods of inflation and boom the country has ever known, and to outline one of the most singular characters that ever rose from the deeps of that tumult of speculation which the whole nation has in mind when it hears the words "Wall Street."

Some time about the year 1877 a slim young man with a pale and meager face applied to the superintendent of the New York Produce Exchange for a position. He based his application upon the fact that the superintendent had known his father in an interior town years before. The superintendent recalled the young man as the son of an excellent father, a returned missionary, and, being well disposed toward him, secured for him the clerkship of the exchange, at a salary of $1000 a year. The superintendent was Mr. S. H. Grant, and the young clerk was Ferdinand Ward. Mr. S. H. Grant was not related in any degree to General Grant.

Ward filled his position acceptably, and had time to figure in various speculative opportunities besides. At that time seats in the exchange were rated low, and seeing an upward tendency in business, young Ward began buying these seats as fast as he was able to raise the money, and selling them at a profit. He went into a number of speculations, all of which turned out to be profitable. He became acquainted with the daughter of the cashier of the Marine National Bank, and wooed and married her. He made acquaintances rapidly, and turned casual associations into friendships, one of the most valuable of his friendships being with Mr. J. D. Fish, president of the Marine National Bank.

Thus, in one way and another, Ferdinand Ward won a reputation as a bright young business man of most excellent connections. Some time in 1879 he met, through his brother William, Ulysses Grant, the second son of General Grant, who had established himself with a law firm in New York City. Young Grant had charge of General Grant's property, of two trust estates, and also of other funds. Young Ward at once asked him to go into some speculations with him, and set forth the safety of an investment in flour certificates, which his position as clerk of the exchange gave him special insight into. Young Grant allowed Ward to use some money in this way, and the venture proved successful. Ward then interested him in the scheme of buying seats in the Produce Exchange, and holding them against the coming boom. This, too, was successful. Everything he touched turned to gold. It was a time of inflation. Land was rising. Railways were opening up new territory in the West and South. The "bull" side of the market was the winning side, and Ward was naturally a bull. He took all risks, and, as the times favored, every venture seemed to win. He was on the inside of every new scheme which the street developed, and young Grant found his bank-account growing with gratifying rapidity. He was not yet a formal partner, however, the speculations thus far being merely as a friendly association for the individual enterprises in hand. The time came when Ward owed his partner, on borrowed money and ostensible profits, nearly $100,000. At this point he proposed that a private banking firm be organized to do a regular Wall Street business, in which he was to be financial agent. In this firm J. D. Fish and General Grant were to be silent partners. Young Grant at first declined, but upon the urging of Ward, and the assurance that Mr. Fish was coming in, finally consented.

In 1880, when General Grant first met him, Ward was regarded as the most brilliant young business man on the street. His office was the meeting-place of the most trusted and influential men of affairs, and his standing was of the highest. Every venture he had commended had succeeded, and General Grant would have been a singular

U. S. Grant when he took up his residence in New York, age 59 years.

From a photograph by W. Kurtz.

exception had he refused to go further with such a financier, especially as the president of the Marine Bank was to be a special partner in the firm.

The firm of Grant & Ward at once took high rank. Bradstreet rated it "gilt-edged," and its credit was unquestioned. When, in 1880, General Grant had been defeated for a third nomination to the Presidency, the question of engaging in some business arose. He could not be idle. He was done with politics, and he was not fitted for any profession. He had refused the presidency of the Nicaraguan Canal, but had accepted the presidency of the Mexican Southern Railway, on the understanding that he was not to receive any salary or any stock. He had plenty of opportunities to allow the use of his name, but his deep interest in Mexico, which sprang from his early life there, was more powerful than any offer of money. He at once put all his savings (about $100,000) into the firm of Grant & Ward, on condition that he was to be a special partner, liable only for the money he put in. He was willing to go into a business as clean and secure as that of Grant & Ward seemed to be. Soon after this a fund was raised for him by some New York citizens, and invested in Wabash bonds, upon which he realized about $15,000 a year, and from the rents of his houses he received enough to bring his income up to about $25,000 a year, which was not a large amount for a man of his world-wide reputation.

His office as president of the Mexican railroad was in a building on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, the first floor of which was occupied by Grant & Ward. The firm was now composed of Ferdinand Ward, J. D. Fish, General Grant, and his son Ulysses. Ward was the financial agent and sole manager. The general had no detailed knowledge of the business, and asked for none. He left the whole matter to his son Ulysses, who, in turn, trusted Ward with the entire financial management. Thus Ward had complete control; but as offset to this, he said he was willing to guarantee the firm against loss. So phenomenally successful did he prove, both in the firm of Grant & Ward and also in his outside speculations,

that great business firms trusted themselves as completely in his hands as did the Grants. J. D. Fish backed him to any amount; and Mr. S. H. Grant, the city controller, and Mr. Tappan, city chamberlain, and Mr. W. R. Grace, Mr. W. S. Warner, Senator Chaffee, and many others were equally trustful. In addition to its fine credit, the firm started with a paid-in capital of $400,000.*

It was a time of "boom": that should be remembered. Speculation was universal. Fortunes were made in a day, —almost in an hour,—and men were prepared to believe any sort of romance which concerned itself with railways or buildings. The way was prepared for a man like Ward, who had an uncanny power over men. His words were golden, and his daily life a fairy-tale of speculation. He captivated and controlled almost every man he met. He played upon the universal and very human love of quick gains, and he found his investors among the leading firms of lower New York City. Wall Street, and not the country village, was his field. He disdained small gains and narrow fields. He talked in millions. He paid enormous dividends to his investors, who trusted him in outside speculations, and large and regular profits arose out of the Wall Street business. He became the "young Napoleon of finance."

At Ward's suggestion, Ulysses, Jr., early in the deal, offered to pay to General Grant $3000 per month for the use of his money, but gave him the option of leaving it in the business if he wished. To this the general replied: "I don't think I can afford to do that. If you don't make that much, I don't want you to make up the deficit; and if you make more, it is rightfully mine. I would rather you paid me what my money brings in, be it a small sum or a large one." Ward's method was not to advertise much—"merely to let a few friends know" that the firm was doing an exceedingly profitable business by lending money to men who had contracts. He was careful to say to General Grant and his sons that the firm was not handling any contracts with the government, and

* As was afterward developed, the Grants furnished the cash, and the other members of the firm the "securities."

warned Mr. Spencer, his cashier, to be careful about that also.

The regular transactions of the firm, and the only ones appearing in the books to which the Grants had access, were of a different nature, like loaning money to the Erie Railway, purchases of city bonds, and other equally safe and stable investments. These loans gave tone to the firm, and inspired confidence. "It is my plan," said Ward, "to build up a great firm that shall live after Grant & Ward, its founders, have passed away."

Ward was a man of most exemplary life. He lived well, but quietly, and had no bad habits. He seemed a thoughtful man, and his peculiarities distinguished him as a man born with a special genius for great financial enterprises. He seemed to be capable of the most colossal affairs, and men of the highest business qualifications shared in this belief. In these days it would be said that his influence was hypnotic.

In this fashion the firm swam prosperously on. U. S. Grant, Jr., received occasional statements from Ward, which he laid before his father. These papers the general returned without examination, for he had arrived at unquestioning faith in his son's business ability. Profits had been large. The firm, from operations in stocks, bonds, and railway contracts, soon had a bank-account of nearly a million dollars, and handled vast sums of money. Senator Chaffee had invested $400,000 in the business, and there were innumerable small investors. From a capital of $400,000, the firm, in a little more than three years, was rated at fifteen millions. Ferdinand Ward, in his own fashion, outside the firm of Grant & Ward, had entered upon the most gigantic enterprises, apparently with unfailing success. Of these outside ventures the Grants knew nothing. Ulysses Grant, Jr., had access only to the one set of books wherein the Wall Street business was recorded. He knew scarcely a tenth of the investors. He did not know that his own law partners were interested in Ward's affairs. The record of the huge debts of the firm was in books kept secret by Ward and Fish.

One Sunday afternoon in early May, 1884, Ward called

at General Grant's house, and asked to see both the general and young Ulysses. He announced that late on Saturday, Mr. Tappan, the city chamberlain, had drawn on the Marine Bank for a very large sum which the bank held on deposit for the city, and that the reserves were perilously low. "It is necessary," said he, "to put some money in before the clearing-house opens to-morrow morning, in order that the bank may make a proper showing."

To this young Grant very naturally replied: "Why should we borrow money to aid the Marine Bank?"

Ward for a moment seemed puzzled, but answered, after a moment's hesitation: "We have $660,000 on deposit there, and it would embarrass us very much if the bank should close its doors."

"They are good for it, are they not?"

"Oh, yes; but there would be delay before we could get our money, and it might give us trouble."

Having convinced them both of the need of aiding the bank, Ward at last proposed that General Grant go out and borrow $150,000. Young Grant said that it was not easy to raise such a sum on Sunday afternoon, and to this Ward replied: "I know that; but I know the general can borrow it, if anybody can."

The general at length consented to go forth in aid of the Marine Bank. After calling upon one or two men who declared themselves unable to help him, he drove to the house of W. K. Vanderbilt, and explained the matter to Mr. Vanderbilt at length. It was not for himself, but for the Marine Bank, he said, in conclusion.

Mr. Vanderbilt took young Grant's view of it. "I care nothing about the Marine Bank, General Grant. To tell the truth, I care very little about Grant & Ward. But to accommodate you personally, I will draw my check for the amount you ask. I consider it a personal loan to you, and not to any other party," he said pointedly.

General Grant took the check, and returned to Ward, who was waiting. Ward thanked him, and putting the check in his pocket, left the house. The next morning, before the banks opened, young Grant called for a check

drawn on the Marine Bank for the full amount, and hurried with it up to Vanderbilt's house, eager to pay the debt at the earliest moment. He found Mr. Vanderbilt at home, and delivered the check into his hands. *Both men considered the debt paid and the whole transaction closed.*

Monday saw everything righted. There was no further trouble, and the Grants dismissed the incident from their minds. Once, late in the afternoon, as Ward passed through the room, Ulysses Grant, Jr., asked: "Everything all right?" and Ward replied cheerily: "All right now." But that night, after dinner, a messenger came to young Grant from Ward, saying that Tappan had drawn again, and that it would be necessary to borrow $500,000. "I 'll try for $250,000, and you do the same."

Mr. Grant was a little irritated at the demand, and for a moment thought of making no further attempt to help the Marine Bank out of its distress. However, after thought, he concluded to make the attempt, and taking a list of negotiable securities which Ward had sent by the messenger, he went to Jay Gould, and presented the matter.

Mr. Gould curtly replied: "I don't like lending on those securities"; and young Grant concluded to do no more borrowing for the Marine Bank. He went to S. B. Elkins, however, and explained the situation. Mr. Elkins, who was Senator Chaffee's attorney, seemed a little bit puzzled over the case. "I don't understand this. Suppose we go over to Brooklyn and see Ward."

Ward was out, but they decided to wait for him, although it was nearly midnight. The servants were directed by Mrs. Ward to set out some cake and wine, and the two men remained seated in the dining-room till after midnight, waiting, with growing anxiety, for Ward. It was well toward one in the morning when Ward suddenly and noiselessly entered by a side door. He was calm and very self-contained. He explained his absence by saying he had been to see some capitalists. He said he had not been able to raise any money, but did not seem specially disappointed at his own or his partner's failure to borrow the sums needed. All agreed that the Marine Bank must needs take care of itself.

Mr. Elkins, however, as attorney for Senator Chaffee, who was one of the largest investors in the Grant & Ward business, demanded, on his client's behalf, to be secured. Ward said, "Very well," but added: "I don't see the need, when Senator Chaffee can have his money at any time on demand."

Mr. Elkins insisted, and Ward promised to be at the office early the next morning to turn over sufficient securities to cover the whole amount of the senator's investment. Upon this, young Grant and Elkins took their departure; but all the way across the city Elkins discussed Ward's manner. "The whole thing is suspicious. Did you observe he had his slippers on? He was in the house all the time, and was afraid to come down and see us. Why should he enter at the side door?"

Grant stoutly thrust aside these suspicions; his faith was unshaken. Early the next morning Mr. Elkins and young Ulysses hastened to the office. Ward was not there.

"Where is Ward?" asked Grant of Spencer, the cashier.

"I don't know," replied Spencer. "I came by the house this morning, and when I rang the bell, Mrs. Ward came down, much excited, and said Ferdinand had gone out early, leaving a note to the effect that the bank would fail that day, and that he would not be home. She seemed afraid that he was about to commit suicide, and wanted me to go and look for him."

Colonel Fred Grant came out of an inner office at this moment, and said that Mr. Fish had been in, much excited, to say that the Grant & Ward accounts were all overdrawn, and that he would not certify or pay any more of the firm's checks.

Young Ulysses was amazed. "That can't be," he said. "We have over $600,000 on deposit there. Is not that the sum, Mr. Spencer?"

The cashier brought the book; $660,000 was the exact amount.

Young Grant went on: "It is impossible that our account is overdrawn. Ward's account may be, but the firm's cash is, according to Spencer's books, $660,000."

"Make test of it," said Mr. Elkins. "Draw a check

for cash, and send one of your people over to the bank. Let him find out the balance of Grant & Ward's account, and also Ward's personal account."

This was done, and in a short time the messenger returned to say that the officers of the bank, by order of Mr. Fish, refused to pay the check, and stated that they could not honor any more Grant & Ward checks.

This was startling news, but even then young Grant did not realize its full import. He knew of but one interest that was suffering at this time—that of Mr. Chaffee; and when Mr. Elkins insisted on being secured, there was but one thing to do: to carry out Ward's promise of the night before, and open the strong box, in which millions of securities had been deposited. Ward held the key of this box, but the moment demanded heroic measures. The box was forced open, and found to contain only papers of doubtful value, amounting, even on their face, to less than $400,000.

While the others still stood aghast at this discovery, Spencer, who had been listening at a ticker, announced in fateful voice: "The Marine Bank has closed its doors." With profound conviction in his face, he turned to young Grant. "This carries Grant & Ward down also."

"I don't see that," replied Grant. "The loss of $600,000 will cramp us, but it won't break us."

He was soon undeceived. Instead of being worth $15,000,000, with an enormous bank-account, he and his friends found themselves without a dollar, and with a flood of demands pouring in upon them. Ruin to all the Grants he now saw coming swiftly. Not merely this, but excited investors clamored to be secured. They claimed that they had gone into the speculation because of General Grant's influence in getting government contracts.

Just when matters were at the worst, General Grant hobbled slowly into the room. He was still disabled from a fall on the ice some months preceding, and used his crutches. "Well, Buck, how is it?" he cheerily asked.

The son, his head still ringing with the blow which had fallen upon him, replied harshly, and without any soften-

ing words: "Grant & Ward have failed, and Ward has fled."

For a few seconds the old warrior faced the people of the office, his keen eyes piercing to the bottom of his son's anger and despair. Then he turned slowly, and without the quiver of a muscle, and without a single word, left the room and ascended slowly to his own office, to be seen no more in the office of Grant & Ward. About five o'clock in the afternoon, however, he sent for Spencer, the cashier, to come up and see him. As the young man entered the room, he found the general seated close to his desk, both hands convulsively clasping the arms of his chair. His head was bowed, and the muscles of his face and arms twitched nervously as he said:

"Spencer, how is it that man has deceived us all in this way?"

Even as Spencer tried to speak, the general did not look up; in fact, the young man's stammering attempt to answer seemed not to interrupt the current of the general's thought. He went on speaking:

"I had not the least idea that Ward was concerned in government contracts. I told him at the beginning that I could not be connected with the firm if he was going into any business with the government. I told him that, while contracts with the government were proper, it was not proper that I, after being President, should be concerned in any way in such business. I supposed the contracts he spoke of were railway contracts, that he loaned to subcontractors, thus enabling them to finish their section, and that they were willing to pay large interest for such accommodation."

He went on for several minutes with an explanation, to which Spencer made no reply. He was evidently suffering the keenest mental anguish from the charges made against his honor, and the cashier would gladly have uttered some word of comfort, but was himself too deeply moved and bewildered to do so. Finding Spencer as ignorant of it all as the rest of them, the general became silent, and the young man withdrew, leaving him seated,

with bowed head, in the same position in which he had found him.

That day was long and tedious, so little could be known. Without Ward, it was impossible to tell what the firm owned or what it owed. Claims developed of which U. S. Grant, Jr., had no knowledge, and which did not appear on the open books of the firm. The excitement on the street was very great. Investors with whom the Grants had no dealings whatever clamored to be secured. Great pressure was brought upon young Grant to make an assignment in favor of certain creditors; but he refused. So the day wore on. At the end it was apparent that Grant & Ward were hopelessly involved, and that every dollar possessed by General Grant was swept away.

On Wednesday, U. S. Grant, Jr., went down to the office, but Ward did not turn up. The papers had immense head-lines, and all sorts of charges and insinuations were in type. Creditors called, saying that the bonds given to them for security by Ward had been rehypothecated. Some of these men covertly threatened young Ulysses. He manfully replied: "I presume what you say is true. I know nothing about it. I can't do anything about it. All I can say is, you 'll find me here during business hours, and at my house thereafter." He was ready to answer to any call.

The entire family was in singular straits. Every cent of ready money was gone, and many bills for which checks had been given weeks before to butchers and bakers, but which the holders had neglected to cash, came up now a second time for payment. The general and Ulysses, Jr., found themselves actually in need of money for daily necessities. Mrs. Grant ordered her Washington house to be sold, and that formed the fund upon which the entire family lived. They sold horses and carriages, and prepared to move into cheaper houses. Young Ulysses still refused to make any assignment or prefer any creditors.

The general was visited on Thursday night by representatives of Mr. Vanderbilt, who wished to be secured

upon his loan of the Sunday preceding. He looked to General Grant for his money.

"You 're quite right," said the general. "It was an individual loan, and I am having papers drawn up to secure Mr. Vanderbilt so far as possible."

General Grant now cast about to see how he could pay this individual debt, which he regarded as an affair of honor. He deeded to Vanderbilt the farm on the Gravois, near St. Louis, which was worth $60,000, a house in Philadelphia, some property in Chicago, and all his personal property. In order to bring the sum up to the full amount, the old warrior turned over all his personal trophies —all the swords presented to him by citizens and soldiers, the superb caskets given to him by the officials of the cities through which he had passed on his way around the world, all the curious and exquisite souvenirs of China and Japan. He spared nothing. He fought the battle clear through as grimly as he had pushed Vicksburg to a finish. He stripped himself to the bare furnishings of his house. He considered himself no more liable for the debts of Grant & Ward than any other investor; but the debt to Mr. Vanderbilt weighed on his mind, and he could not rest until it was paid.

Many of the papers criticized General Grant freely for going into the firm. Some of them covertly exulted, and insinuated that he was attempting to draw out of the wreck, retaining his immense profits. These things cut deep into the proud old warrior's heart; but, as his habit was, he set his lips in a grim line, and was silent, so far as the outside world was concerned. Once, however, he opened his heart to a friend. Late one night, after he had signed away all he possessed to his creditors, he sat alone with his lawyer. As he went all over the action, and thought of Ward's cunning in securing that final check, his emotion became visible in an unusual restlessness of eye and limb. At last he rose on his crutches, and began hobbling up and down the room. When he spoke at last, it was in semi-soliloquy, as though he had almost forgotten the presence of his friend:

"I have made it the rule of my life to trust a man long

after other people gave him up; but I don't see how I can ever trust any human being again."

The worst was yet to come. A letter was given to the public press by Fish, the president of the failed bank, which apparently connected Grant directly with the methods of Ward. To save himself from condemnation, Fish now claimed to have been a victim, asserting that two years before he had written to General Grant, asking to be assured about the firm. In this letter, after speaking in a general way of the fact that he saw very little of General Grant, and suggesting that it was advisable to consult together, Mr. Fish went on to say:

I have often been asked by friends and business men whether you and I were general or special partners. We were for a while advertised as special partners, but I think we are virtually and actually general partners. I think legally we would find that to be our status.

He then spoke of a note inclosed from the president of the Lincoln National Bank, and continued:

You may be aware that I am on the notes of Grant & Ward as an endorser, which I have discounted myself, and have had to get negotiated to the extent of some $200,000 in the aggregate at the same and at one time, which is not a trifling amount to me. It is necessary that the credit of Grant & Ward should deservedly stand very high. These notes, as I understand it, are given for no other purpose than to raise money for the payment for grain, etc., purchased to fill government contracts. Under the circumstances, my dear general, you will see that it is of most vital importance to me particularly that the credit of the firm shall always be untarnished and unimpaired. I will be most happy to meet at almost any time you may name, to talk these matters over. Please return me President James's letter at your convenience, with any suggestions you may have to make.

The answer to this letter, as put forth by Fish, was indubitably in the handwriting of General Grant. It was a more or less complete answer to the letter above.

My dear Mr. Fish: On my arrival in the city this morning, I find your letter of yesterday, with a letter from Thomas L. James,

president of Lincoln National Bank, and copy of your reply to the letter. Your understanding in regard to our liabilities in the firm of Grant & Ward are the same as mine. If you desire it, I am entirely willing that the advertisement of the firm shall be so changed as to express this. Not having been in the city for more than a week, I have found a large accumulated mail to look over, and some business appointments to meet, so that I may not be able to get down to see you to-day; but if I can, I will go there before three o'clock. Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

There was also put out a second answer to this letter, more valuable as a defense to Messrs. Ward and Fish than the other:

MY DEAR MR. FISH: In relation to the matter of discounts kindly made by you for account of Grant & Ward, I would say that I think the investments are safe, and I am willing that Mr. Ward should derive what profit he can for the firm that the use of my name and influence may bring.

This was signed apparently in General Grant's own hand, and upon it the detractors of Grant fell with joy. It was photolithographed, and sent throughout the country. The signature was to all appearance genuine; the body of the letter was written in another hand. Action had already begun against Fish, and this letter became important evidence. When the trial came on, the testimony of General Grant was demanded. He was unable to leave his room, and the counsel for Fish went to the attorney for the Grants, and expressed the deepest regret that the trial should come up at a time when the general was so ill, and suggested its postponement. But Grant's attorney, knowing well the temper of the general, said: "No; let the trial go on. General Grant is ready to testify."

General Grant's deposition was taken in a room of his house on Sixty-sixth Street. He stated that he had considered himself merely a special partner in the business of Grant & Ward, liable only for his investment. He did not remember to have seen Mr. Fish's letter. He did not know that any government contracts were handled,

and he had no knowledge that his name was being used to induce others to invest in doubtful speculations. When the alleged letter to Fish was placed before him, he examined the signature closely, and said that it was undoubtedly of his own writing, but that he had no knowledge of the letter itself. He added that in the course of a long executive life he had become accustomed to affix his signature to many papers without reading them, it being impossible to personally examine everything which was put before him to sign.

The trial developed that the letter was written, at Ward's request, by Spencer, the cashier. Spencer remembered the letter perfectly, for the reason that Ward brought the rough draft of it to him on a pad, one morning in the midsummer of 1882. It had many corrections and interlineations for so short a letter, and that fact aided to fix the matter in Mr. Spencer's mind. It meant nothing unsigned, but with Grant's signature it would be very serviceable, and Ward had turned his attention to getting it signed. He afterward confessed to Walter S. Johnston, the receiver of the Marine Bank, that he had slipped it into a pile of other letters, and, presenting it to General Grant as he was hurrying to finish his mail and catch a boat, easily procured the signature without arousing suspicion.

Ward's own testimony at the first trial was very remarkable. He was at first broken and a little bewildered, and came to the stand "looking like a man suffering from loss of sleep. His face was bloodless; his ears seemed to hang from his head." He admitted that he had been insolvent for two years. He was unable to tell where and when he bought his houses. He did n't know what he had paid for Booth's Theater. He did n't remember when he bought it. He did n't know when he obtained property in Stamford, nor when he bought the furniture. The "books of the firm" were not the "books of the office"; there was a difference. The "books of the firm" included books which the Grants had never seen. He admitted that there had never been any contracts; that when he said "invested in a contract," it meant that the

money went into the bank as his personal deposit. He did not remember that he had ever had any dealings with the government of any kind. He admitted putting the Vanderbilt check into his personal account. He admitted having paid three thousand dollars for jewelry on the 22d of April, but he had forgotten to whom he gave it. He had no contracts, and he was making no such profits as he paid to investors. Business was transacted in the name of Grant & Ward, but no one transacted it but himself. He admitted that the Grants knew nothing about it.*

This question was facetiously asked of him: "You made a sort of banking basis, then, by *imagining* that you had made profits, for a portion of which you were chargeable to an investor; and you would credit him with the *imaginary* portion of those *imaginary* profits, and then he would get it out by means of a check to your order, which you would deposit to your credit?"

To this Ward replied: "Yes; something like that."

"Was it anything short of humbuggery upon an imaginary basis?"

To this Ward made no reply. He said again and again that the Grants knew nothing of his speculative business; that he kept two sets of books, one of which no one but himself and Mr. Fish ever saw. His method, as he himself delineated it, was to borrow large sums for pretended investment, set aside a profit out of the principal, and by prompt payment of this profit induce the lender to leave the principal in his hands. He deceived the many for the few, and these few were not the Grants. He was uncertain as to what became of immense sums. Some of them appeared on the secret book he kept, and some did not. In a later trial this singular book was put in evidence. It was cabalistic in text. No one could understand it, not even Ward himself.

Out of it all this final conclusion was formed: Ward had carried on the most extraordinary game of "bluff" that the nation had ever seen—a stupendous scheme of paying profits from a principal which was never invested, or which went to pay some clamorous debtor; a "blind

* Generalized from Ward's testimony before Commissioner Cole.

pool," into which he led men to their ruin and ultimately to his own ruin. He was indicted first by the United States courts at the same time that Fish was indicted. Fish was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Closely following Fish's conviction, Ward was indicted in the State court for grand larceny, convicted, and sentenced to prison for ten years. The judge, in sentencing Fish, made it plain that, though the sentence might be lawfully seven times seven, out of regard for his gray hairs the sentence was not made cumulative.

Out of this deplorable entanglement General Grant emerged cleared, so far as the judgment of the majority of his fellow-citizens was concerned, of any knowledge of the business which Ward conducted. There were those, of course, who were ready to believe that he knew of the use of his name, and that he shared in the profits. It is probable that no one fully informed of the facts in the case holds such an opinion to-day. Grant was the victim of over-confidence in a shrewd and ingratiating financier.

CHAPTER L

THE FINAL YEAR OF LIFE

ON the first day of June, 1884, General Grant's physical condition, as well as his financial situation, was deplorable. He was still lame from the effects of a fall suffered some months before. He was sixty-two years of age, without a profession, and unfitted for business both by ill health and by education. Having been an actor in more dramatic events than any other American that ever lived, having been lieutenant-general of the United States armies, and President for two terms of the United States, it now seemed as if nothing more remained for him but to slowly slip down into the decrepitude, comparative obscurity, and despair of an idle old age. This feeling, as much as any other cause, sapped his vitality and his resolution. He saw nothing more for him to do. The special fund of stock in the Wabash Railroad was decreasing in value, and seemed likely to fail of dividends. He was threatened with actual need. His fellow-citizens were harshly critical, and he was charged with bringing the whole of his financial trouble upon himself by undue greed. It was a time which taxed his resources to the utmost.

Before the failure of the firm of Grant & Ward, the editors of the "Century Magazine" had approached him with a proposal to write an article upon the battle of Shiloh, which was still being hotly contested on writing-tables, North and South. But the general, being as little inclined to write as to make a speech, had bluntly refused to undertake the task.

But conditions had changed, and when the editors again

approached him he consented, and began at once an article upon Shiloh. He had always held in reverence commanders like Halleck and McClellan, who could write a book, and considered himself the last man in the world to attempt anything more than a report. He was astonished and pleased when the article grew in his hands from a dry statement of facts to a very full account, with which the editors were delighted. From regarding it as a laborious task, he became deeply interested in it, and readily consented to continue his work with an article on Vicksburg. It took his mind off his troubles, and carried him back amid the splendid and dramatic events of 1862 and 1863.

The second article was even more successful than the one upon Shiloh, being less controversial in effect. And now the publishers of the country, hearing that he was writing his memoirs, made him the most liberal offers for a book. Then it was that he realized his power to earn not merely money for his daily needs, but to provide a competency for his wife, if he should die before her. This consideration decided him to set to work in earnest upon the retrospect of his life. He had secretly resigned himself to the thought that he was an old man and an infirm man, and that any work he had to do must be done quickly.

He called in Colonel Adam Badeau, his military biographer, and began writing, with his usual single-hearted intensity, upon the account of his school-days. He worked five or six hours each day at his house on Sixty-sixth Street, not far from Central Park. He did not venture down-town, and the men of Wall Street never saw him again. He was done with business, and the pleasures of his life were found in the glow of his own fire, in an occasional drive, and in the light of his grandchildren's faces. He wrote busily with his own hand, handing the manuscript over to his son and Colonel Badeau for revision and preparation for the printer. He was a ready and fluent writer, and little change was necessary.

One day in the early autumn, after eating a peach, he complained of pain in his throat. The pain was slight, but it returned again when he swallowed solid food.

Thereafter eating grew each day more painful; but as the spasm passed quickly away after each effort, he gave little thought to it until there came an exterior swelling of the throat, which increased perceptibly. Then the seriousness of the case became apparent to Mrs. Grant. She insisted on his calling upon Dr. Barker, the family physician. Dr. Barker considered it serious enough to advise the care of a specialist, and suggested Dr. J. H. Douglas. Dr. Douglas made an examination, and prescribed certain lotions and gargles, and the general went back to his work, in which he was now completely absorbed. He worked five or six hours each day, and his mind was deep in the past. He was resolute to complete his book during the winter. The publishers foresaw the great value of the work, and made him feel it in order to encourage him to proceed.

He went every day to see his physician, using the street-cars from motives of economy. But notwithstanding all the lotions and alleviating washes, the pains in the throat increased till eating became an agony which even his iron will could not entirely conceal from the watchful eyes of Mrs. Grant. Solid foods at last became impossible to him. He kept his place at the table, but seldom had a part in the meal.

In such wise the winter wore on. Steadfast friends occasionally called. Old army officers, being in the city, dropped in to see the "old commander," and former neighbors from Galena or Georgetown always found a welcome. Nevertheless, the "old commander's" life would have been very irksome had it not been for the writing which filled much of his time and nearly all of his thoughts. He was now practically unregarded by the great world of commerce and business. His friends in Congress were trying to help him by means of a bill restoring him to his rank as general of the army and retiring him on full pay; but each attempt met with bitter opposition. The bill had been once defeated, in 1881. Since then the matter had rested. But when his misfortunes became known, attempts were again made to bring the bill to vote. A pension had been suggested, but this the general steadily refused to consider.

There now arose a new occasion of distress to him. Some of the small creditors of the firm of Grant & Ward were attempting to levy on the souvenirs and tokens which General Grant had made over to Mr. William K. Vanderbilt in security for the loan procured in the interest of Grant & Ward. General Grant was poor, but he was not abject. He wrote to Mr. Vanderbilt, and requested him to offer for sale all the property he held, including the souvenirs and trophies of peace and war. To this Mr. Vanderbilt replied, expressing a willingness to turn over all the personal articles, to be held in trust by Mrs. Grant and the general during their lifetime, and to become the property of the government after their death. This General Grant declined to accept, and the articles were turned over directly to the government, and placed in the museum at Washington.

On February 20, 1885, the first bulletin of Grant's condition reached the public. "The action of Congress in refusing to pass the bill restoring him to his honors has been very depressing to him," the physicians said; "but he is feeling very comfortable otherwise." They were making the best of a very bad case, for the general was already reduced in weight from nearly two hundred pounds to barely one hundred and forty-five, though his face did not show this emaciation. He had nearly ceased to work on his book. The first volume was finished, and the second was begun; but the granitic resolution of his indomitable soul could not master the growing weakness and lassitude of his body. He became silent and distrait, and sat amid his family in abstraction which filled them with terror. When alone, he lay stretched out on one reclining-chair, with his feet in another, facing the fire, with eyes which saw neither flame nor wall. Occasionally, when roused by some friend, he spoke of his book, and expressed a desire to finish it. He spoke of it as one might who wished to complete some task before going on an inevitable journey. He was waiting the summons of the bugle, and was ready to obey.

His activity of mind was enormous. He could do nothing but think. His great brain, filled with innumer-

able scenes, conceptions, plans, and deeds, kept up its ceaseless whirl, turning night into day, and day into a phantasmagoric dream of the past. The writing of the book had recalled and made vivid and present all his changeful and epic history, and as the external lost power and interest, his mind turned back upon itself.

He was confined not merely to the house, but to his room. To walk around the hall and back was a long journey. Visitors were at last denied him, but he had around him nearly his entire family. His sons were with him constantly, and his daughter Nellie had been sent for. Little by little the details of his condition became public, and the returning regard of the world began to make itself felt. Resolutions of sympathy began to come in from State legislatures and other bodies. The Assembly of New York expressed to the New York delegation in Congress their wish that the bill in aid of General Grant should pass, and interest was again revived in it.

At last, just in the final hour of the session, an agreement was reached whereby a vote was taken. Congressman Randall moved that, by unanimous consent, the bill be taken up, and to this the Democratic majority of the house agreed, provided a certain contested election case were taken up and voted upon. Thereupon Mr. Wilson of Iowa, the holder of the contested seat, who had thus far successfully filibustered against his opponent, generously rose and said: "In order that this Congress shall do justice to the hero of Donelson and Appomattox, I yield to the request of the gentleman from Pennsylvania." It cost him his seat and his salary, but the bill restoring Grant to his military rank and placing him on the retired list was passed. President Arthur was in the Capitol, waiting to sign the bill. He affixed his signature, and the formal nomination of Grant went immediately to the Senate. The Senate confirmed the nomination.

The honor came almost too late for the "old commander." When the telegram announcing it was read to him, his eyes did not brighten, and he uttered no word of pleasure or even of interest. He had gone beyond the reach of acts of Congress. He had loosened his hold on

life. "I am a very sick man," he said to a friend; and in his eyes was the look of a hunted creature, weary and hopeless of rest.

During all this time the disease never rested. The ulcer ate its way deep into his throat, sapping his vitality and undermining his superb courage. It was recognized at last to be a very grave matter indeed, and the friends of the general began to allude to it as cancer. Up to this time the ulceration had not been considered incurable. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Barker grew alarmed at last, and called in other physicians for consultation. Even then no decision as to the character of the disease was reached. About the 10th of March, a piece of the diseased tissue was placed before Dr. G. R. Elliott, an expert microscopist, who also submitted it to Dr. George F. Shrady. Dr. Shrady, who was afterward called to the case as one of the consulting surgeons, corroborated the opinion of Dr. Elliott. Without knowing whence the tissue came, nor anything of the case at the time, he made an examination, and immediately reported: "This tissue comes from the throat and base of the tongue, and is affected with cancer."

Dr. Elliott, though this was also his own conclusion, said: "This is a very important matter. Are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure. The patient from whom this tissue comes has epithelial cancer."

Almost in a whisper the other said: "That tissue comes from the throat of General Grant."

Dr. Shrady replied slowly: "Then General Grant is doomed."

This appalling verdict of the men of science was made public after a consultation at General Grant's home, and the news was flashed round the world that General Grant was attacked by cancer, and was fighting his last battle. The nation awoke to sympathy. All criticism of the great general was for the time laid aside, and the Christian public offered daily prayers for his recovery. But the general grew daily weaker. He could not sleep without morphia, and yet he fought against its use. He feared becoming a victim to its power, and endured to the utmost the

agonies of sleeplessness before asking for relief. He was the most docile of patients. "You are in command here," he would say to Dr. Shrady.

In order to take even liquid food, he was forced to fling the contents of the bowl down his throat at one gulp, before the spasm closed his throat. It required his utmost resolution to do this. It was terrible to see his effort. And yet he seldom uttered a word of complaint. He never forgot to be courteous and mindful of others. He obeyed his nurses like a child, at the same time that his great brain pondered upon questions national in scope. He concealed his despondency with studied care from his wife, and was careful that she should not see him at his worst. His son Frederick and his physicians knew the whole appalling truth of his condition. The expediency of performing a radical surgical operation was discussed early in the case, but the surgeons considered the cancer too deeply rooted to be removed by the knife.

The anodyne and the disease combined at times to produce a dazing effect, and his mind wandered. Once he said: "I am detailed from four to six." He was back at West Point, a ruddy youth again. Once he clutched his throat, and cried out, "The cannon did it," thinking, perhaps, of the officer whose head was blown away by solid shot at Palo Alto. He longed for spring to come, and thought if he could get out and see the green grass and the budding trees, it would help him. His illness brought out the purely human side of a great historical character. He became as gentle and patient as a woman.

The 27th of March being a fine, warm day, Grant was taken to ride in the park, and seemed brightened by the change. Upon his return he was met by several attorneys engaged in the trial of Fish, the former president of the Marine Bank. General Grant's testimony was again needed, and though emaciated, worn with loss of sleep, and speaking with great difficulty, the general went to his duty resolutely and with a certain readiness. He told all he knew concerning the case, sparing neither Fish nor Ward. He said that he had no knowledge of any speculation in government contracts, and that he had distinctly

charged Ward not to have any such business, and had informed him that if the firm of Grant & Ward was concerned in any way with such business he must retire. In the presence of death, his testimony had a convincing power which swept away all doubt.

The examination occupied less than an hour, but it exhausted him, and he had a very bad night. Three days later he had a choking-spell so deadly in its sudden seizure that he rose from his chair in agony, crying out to his nurse: "Oh, I can't stand it! I must die! I must go!" But the spasm passed away, and under the ministrations of the physicians he became easier.

It was now certain that General Grant was dying, and the usually quiet street swarmed with reporters, and with curious and sympathetic people, who walked slowly by, looking up at the windows shining with the flare of gas-jets at full flame.

The 31st of March was made memorable by a strange incident. A professed astrologer had cast the general's horoscope, and predicted that he would die on the 31st of March. The family were anxious to keep all such matters from the general, and papers containing them were excluded from the chamber. But one morning, when the family returned to the general's room from breakfast, they found him intent on the astrologer's prediction.

They made no remark about it, but tried to keep his mind off the thought of death; and yet he seemed to dwell upon it. As the date set by the prediction drew near, he seemed to be asking very often, "What day of the month is to-day?" He sometimes asked twice in the same day; and when his son Ulysses answered on one occasion, he said: "You told me that before."

"I know I did, father; but it was this morning."

"I had forgotten it," he replied. The anodynes had affected his memory.

The family were alarmed at his anxiety. He seemed dwelling on that particular day in March. At last the dreaded day came, and then it fell out that it was the day on which he was to receive his first month's pay as General Grant. He had been thinking of that, and not of the

astrologer's prediction. He could scarcely wait until the money came. When it was placed in his hands, he made it up into rolls at once, and passed it to his sons and to his wife, retaining only twenty-five dollars. He cared nothing for the money himself, but he was eager to put it into their hands. It was the final seal upon his restoration to honor and trust. His constant reference to the 31st of March showed how deeply, after all, he appreciated the return of the nation's confidence and pride in him. His indifference had been concealment.

"He is the most suppressive man I ever knew," said one of his physicians at the time. "He is not devoid of emotional nature, but his emotions from early life have been diverted from their natural channels of expression, and have expended themselves at the vital centers. What has been called imperturbability in him is simply introversion of his feelings."

Toward the end of the day, as he grew easier, the general said reassuringly: "Yes, I am much better. I think I shall pull through, after all."

To his son Ulysses he said: "I am ready to go. No Grant ever feared to die. I am not afraid to die, but your mother is not ready to let me go away. My only wish is to leave her so that she will not want."

But that night the physicians did not leave the house. They feared the worst. Some time in the early morning Dr. Shrady, who was sleeping in a near-by room, was roused by Dr. Douglas, who called him in great excitement, saying: "Get up; the general is dying."

As the two physicians reëntered the room, the members of the family were all gathered about the general's chair. Mrs. Grant was kneeling by his side, imploring him to speak. His head had fallen upon his breast, and he was drawing his breath with great difficulty. There was no time to be lost.

"What shall we do?" asked Dr. Douglas, who was overcome with emotion.

"Hold on; let us try some stimulants; the general is not dead yet," replied Dr. Shrady; and, with Dr. Douglas's consent, he began to inject brandy into the veins of the sufferer's wrist. In a short time after the first touch

of the syringe the pulse perceptibly improved; the stimulant was having its effect. To the weeping family Dr. Shrady said: "Don't despair; the pulse is improving. The general must not die. We will take the last chance."

Meanwhile the Rev. Dr. Newman appeared with a baptismal bowl filled with water, from which he solemnly and with due form baptized the unconscious and apparently dying man.

In a few minutes the general was able to speak. He wanted to know what had happened. "I am surprised," he said gently to his wife, as he comprehended the meaning of the baptismal water. He then murmured something about Hamilton Fish, and about his book. A little later he was able to say: "I want to live and finish my book." That seemed to be the most important thing.

A marvelous change for the better now took place in the patient's condition. The sloughing of the diseased tissue left him easier, and the gnawing of the disease seemed to stop. He swallowed with less pain than for many weeks. He relished his food, and his gain was perceptible from hour to hour. Two days after the night when he seemed to be dying, he was walking about the room, and smiling and bowing at the window to the great crowds in the street. On Easter Sunday, when a great crowd was before the house, Dr. Shrady, upon whom the writing of the daily bulletins had fallen, said: "General, there are hundreds of people on the street waiting to hear how you are this morning."

"They are very good; I am very grateful to them," Grant replied.

"What shall I say to them?"

"Say I am very comfortable."

"Why not tell me, general, what you would like to have said, and I will embody it in a special bulletin as coming from you?"

Then in faltering speech the general said: "I am very much touched—and grateful—for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends"—he hesitated—"and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

His inherent delicacy would not let him speak of any

one as his enemy at this time. He was magnanimous beyond most men; but there were those whom he could not forgive, and to whom he never alluded.

He was still gaining miraculously on the 9th of April, the twentieth anniversary of Appomattox. The date was referred to by Colonel Badeau, but Grant only answered with a sad smile. He had no desire to celebrate it in any way. He was still troubled about the future of his family, and as he grew stronger the desire to finish his book came back. With that done, he would consider his work on earth finished.

Now that this sudden turn to strength took place, the papers took on an injured tone. Their sympathy had been wasted. The general was reported to be taking his meals with his family, and actually eating solid food once more. Every one was glad to have the illustrious patient recover, of course, but no one liked to be misled by a corps of doctors. Therefore, Drs. Shrady, Douglas, and Barker became fair game. They were ridiculed as men of little knowledge and of no discernment. The funny men fell upon them with a rush. Imaginary bulletins were printed, giving humorous details of the condition of the doctors, signed, "U. S. Grant." Comic head-lines abounded: "Grant Thinks the Doctors will Pull Through"; "The Doctors Still Gain Slowly"; "A Bad Day for the Doctors; General Grant Watching Them Closely." Their pulses were "said to be rising almost as high as their bills." They were called the "silent men," in derision of their sudden abandonment of bulletins. Great pressure was brought to bear to get outsiders admitted to a trial of their hands upon the patient.

The general remained loyal to his physicians. He believed in them, and no pressure could move him. He said to Dr. Shrady: "Never mind what people say. You are right. Don't be afraid. I am the one to be pleased, and I am satisfied. Hold the fort."

He continued to gain, and soon resumed work. But all the time the disease was there. The eye of science, the microscope, had made no mistake. In the midst of this sudden return of strength, the malignant ulcer, like a

living thing, reached out and laid hold upon the vocal chords, gradually throttling the voice of the great commander forever.

Spring opened warm and wet, and the patient was oppressed by it. His gain was fitful. There were days when he worked, and days when he did little but sit and dream, always in that strangely suggestive attitude, propped in a reclining-chair, his limbs wrapped in a gray robe, his hands folded on his breast, his eyes looking straight ahead, searching dim seas of speculation. Sometimes he drove out for a short time, tottering to his carriage. Surrounded by the street scenes, and the brisk, agile, and curious pedestrians, he seemed but the wraith of his stern, self-reliant manhood. When he felt particularly well, he dictated to a stenographer, walking painfully up and down the room, till his voice failed him; after that he whispered his words into the stenographer's ear. At last he was forced to write it all with his own hand; but he toiled with a desperate resolution painful to witness. About the middle of May interested persons spread the report that the general was not writing the book himself. This was contradicted by those who saw him working day by day, and the general himself despatched a letter to his publishers wherein he stated conclusively that the book w ; own, and that no one had any claim upon it.

ook pleasure in his work, for it helped him to forget his n and weariness. "It is my life," he said to a friend. "Every day, every hour, is a week of agony. I am easier when employed."

As May grew old the weather became more and more oppressive, and Grant began again to fail. Then the question of removing him to the mountains came up, and it was decided to take him out of the city at once. The press of the nation grew serious again. It was perceived that the physicians knew their business, after all. A friend (Mr. James W. Drexel) put his cottage on Mount McGregor at the general's service, and it was decided to accept of the offer, and June 16 was fixed upon as the day of removal. Thereafter Grant was eager to get away. He longed with ever-increasing wistfulness for the trees and

the sky and the wholesome influence of nature's springtime life.

He did not deceive himself: he knew he was going away to die; but he was eager to escape the town and the close confinement of his room. When he came out to enter his carriage that beautiful June day, he was like a man walking toward his open grave. His tottering walk, his emaciated limbs, and his pale and weary face were indices of the power of the dread disease. There was no more joking on the part of the public. The crowd stood in silent awe to see him pass.

As he entered the train some of the officials saluted him, and he disengaged his hand from his son's arm to return the salute; some ladies bowed to him, and he returned their salutations with instant courtesy; and so he entered the car and was whirled away up the pleasant shores of the Hudson River. Naturally he thought of West Point, which had seemed so beautiful to him when he first saw it, a country youth of seventeen; and it seemed more beautiful still, now that, as a dying man of threescore years and three, he was looking upon it for the last time. As he passed it he turned to his wife and smiled a sad smile, and tried to speak, but could not; his voice was utterly gone.

CONCLUSION

THE DEATH-WATCH IN THE WALL

THE day after the general's arrival at Mount McGregor was made memorable by a significant message. After returning from a walk, which he seemed to enjoy, he grew restless and unaccountable in action. He moved to and fro in the cottage as if seeking something, and at last, by signs, he made known his wish for pencil and paper. Being furnished therewith, he sat writing busily for some time, and then handed two letters to Colonel Grant. One was addressed to Dr. Douglas; the other one bore the superscription: "Memoranda for my family."

There was something ominous in his action, and the son tore open the letter in great anxiety. It was a message of death. "I feel that I am failing," he had written, and then passed on to certain things which he wished taken care of after his death.

The family were thrown into an agony of grief; but the general sat quietly in his chair, as if resignedly waiting the end. Fear was not in his face — only weariness and lofty patience. His work was done. He had given up the fight. His invincible will to live was withdrawn; henceforward the physicians must fight alone.

The days that followed were simply days of pain and brave endurance, as his life forces slowly ebbed away. Occasionally he hobbled out into the sunshine on the piazza, but for the most part he kept to his chair and mused in statue-like immobility on incommunicable themes.

People from the surrounding country came in procession past the cottage, eager to catch a glimpse of the most

renowned man of his time. The railway brought other swarms of curious or sympathetic tourists, and they stole near and gazed silently upon the dying man, and then moved on. He was not annoyed, as another might have been, by these passing shadows. Once he wrote of them: "To pass my time pleasantly, I should like to talk with them, if I could." If they bowed to him he returned their salutes; and once, when a woman passing removed her bonnet, he rose and removed his hat in acknowledgment. His favorite seat was a willow chair which stood at the northeast corner of the veranda, and there he sat during the middle hours of each day to enjoy the sun and air; as it grew chill he returned to his fireside. He listened as courteously to the spokesman of a troop of school-children, or to a little girl presenting a bouquet, as to a delegation of leading citizens or foreign journalists.

Toward the latter part of June Dr. Shrady was summoned to see him. He seemed to find a pleasure in his young physician, who was a keen, alert man, military in his decision and promptness — a man of humor also, and of a certain buoyancy of spirits. With him Grant had a great deal of conversation, laborious on the latter's part, for he was obliged to write every word.

"I am having a pretty tough time, doctor," he wrote, in answer to a question, "though I do not suffer so much acute pain. . . . My trouble is in getting my breath. . . . I sleep pretty well, though rarely more than an hour at a time. . . . I am growing lighter every day, although I have increased the amount of food."

Alluding to his work, he said: "I have no connected account now to write. Occasionally I see something that suggests a few remarks. . . . At times it taxes my brain to work; now it would not. If I had a chapter to write in my book, it would give me pleasure to write it. I am thankful, however, that the work is done, and I am not to add to it."

Though he was pain-weary and foreboding death, he joked a little. Once he alluded to the doctor's close-cut hair, and said it was done in order that, if the doctor was stopped at Sing Sing, on his way to Mount McGregor, he

General Grant and his family at Mount McGregor in the closing days of his life.

would be properly clipped. During an examination of his throat, he wrote an explanation of an attempt to whisper another jocose remark: "I said, if you want anything larger in the way of a spatula,—is that what you call it? —I saw a man behind the house filling a ditch with a hoe. It was larger, and I think it can be borrowed." Referring to some report in a newspaper, he wrote: "The —— has been killing me off for a year and a half. If it does not change, it will get right in time."

But these moods were few; Grant knew too well his own condition. He said also: "I have had nearly two hours with scarcely animation enough to draw my breath. . . . I have little hope for sleep to-day. . . . I do not feel satisfied with any position. I have thirteen fearful hours before me before I can expect relief." And, again: "It is postponing the event. A great number of my friends who were alive when the papers began announcing that I was dying are now in their graves. They were neither old nor infirm people, either. I am ready to go at any time. I know there is nothing but suffering for me while I do live."

Dr. Shrady took leave of him, after promising to be with him in the final hour, which both men knew would come soon. The general computed the time it would take for the doctor to reach his bedside, and mapped out the route, and studied the various means it would be necessary to employ. He planned it as he had been used to plan his campaigns.

In a letter to Dr. Douglas he reverted again to the "providential extension" of his time, and said: "I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprang up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly combat. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me in person from all parts of the country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederate and of national troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, and religious societies, embracing almost every citizen in

the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure."

As his life rounded to a close, it took on epic scope and dignity. Had he died at the end of the war he would have been a mighty hero, but the *man* would have been unknown. Had he died after his second administration, he would have left a name at the mercy of politicians. But to die now, after his work was done, his fame secure, was in reality glorious. He forgave the world, but there were men—old friends and subordinate officers—whom he could not invite to his side. They had broken faith with him. Duplicity was to him a most hateful thing, and being human, after all, he turned his face from them. He wished them no harm, but he could not forget their perfidious deeds.

He continued to work a little on his book, for it was conceded that it could do him no harm, and might relieve his suffering. The Fourth of July was a great anniversary for him. On that day he had won Vicksburg. He did not need to be reminded of it, but he did not refer to it himself. It was far from his wish to revive memories unpleasant to the people of the South. His was not a nature to exult over the defeat of others.

A few days later there came to Mount McGregor a company of Mexican journalists; and though suffering with special acuteness that day, the general welcomed them gladly. He received them in silence (for he could not even whisper), standing with bowed head while they said in formal terms: "We could not pass so near a great friend of Mexico without coming to pay our respects to him." They then passed before him, and were introduced. It was evident that his interest was very cordial. His face lighted up, and when they had all shaken his hand, he sat at a table and wrote a reply which showed his mind to be at its best:

My great interest in Mexico is dated back to the war between the United States and that country. My interest was increased when four European monarchies attempted to set up their institutions on this continent, selecting Mexico, a territory adjoining us.

It was an outrage on human rights for a foreign nation to attempt to transfer her institutions and her rulers to the territory of a civilized people without their consent. They were properly punished for their crime. I hope Mexico may soon begin an upward and prosperous departure. She has the people, she has the soil, she has the climate, and she has the minerals. The conquest of Mexico will not be an easy task in the future.

In answer to a Catholic priest who called to see him, he expressed his tolerance of all creeds. When told that all denominations and sects were praying for him, he wrote: "Yes, I know, and I feel grateful. All I can do is to pray that the prayers of all these people may be answered so far as to have us all meet in another and better world." To another he wrote: "I am glad that, while there is unblushing wickedness in the world, there is compensating grandeur of soul. In my case, I have not found republics ungrateful, nor are the people."

About this time General Simon Buckner paid a visit to his old classmate and conqueror. "It is a purely personal visit," he said to General Grant. "I wanted you to know that many Confederate officers sympathized with you in your sickness and trouble."

I appreciate your calling highly [the Northern chieftain wrote, in reply]. I have witnessed since my illness just what I have wished to see since the war: harmony—harmony and good will—between the sections. . . . We now look forward to a perpetual peace at home, and a national strength which will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe, myself, that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe, and a number in the East. I know as I did not before the value of our institutions.

The meeting was deeply affecting to both men, and General Buckner took his leave with Grant's lofty and patriotic words filling his mind; and yet neither he nor General Grant perceived the far-reaching significance of the interview till it was over.

As General Buckner passed out of the house, the reporters fell upon him, eager to know what was said. "I

cannot tell you," he said. "The visit was purely personal; and, besides," he added, with eyes dim with tears, "it was too sacred. Without General Grant's consent I cannot speak."

After reaching New York, General Buckner received a despatch from General Grant permitting the interview to be made public. When it appeared that the interview might add to the harmony and good will between the North and the South, he was eager to have it sent far and wide. Throughout all his later life he had had two predominating desires: one, to put down rebellion; and when that was done, then his whole heart went out toward the task of reconstructing the nation. And so now, though having gone away into a mountain to die, he still desired that every word of his should make for a united and peaceful nation.

His wish was gratified. The words he wrote went to North and South as messengers of peace. Again he said, "Let us have peace." And standing there on the high ground between earth and the things beyond the earth, his words had all the force of a command and a benediction.

In ever-increasing calm and ever-decreasing sensibility to pain, he drifted toward the shadowed world. His introspection increased, and the certainty of his speedy death grew very strong in his own mind. "I have admonitions that the doctors know not of," he wrote slowly upon his tablet. "I think it doubtful that I shall last much longer than the end of the month." Despair had no place in the growing serenity of his manner. There was a lofty courage which laid hold upon great conceptions of human destiny. He subscribed to no creed, but he had an unspeakable faith in the integrity of the universe. He had no map of the unseen land toward which he was marching, but he believed it to be a better land than this, and that light and the guidance of reason would be present there as in the world he was leaving. He did not know, but he had no fear.

His consideration and his instant courtesy never left him. His gratitude for little kindnesses was inexpressibly touching. His physicians could look upon it only with tears.

On the 22d of July he expressed a wish to be in a bed. His bones were intolerably weary of the chair in which he had spent night and day during months of ceaseless suffering. The physicians looked at each other significantly. He was transferred to his bed, and as he stretched out his tired limbs and lay full length at last, he drew a sigh of relief, and smiled. He felt the delicious restfulness of the bed as he used to do when a boy after a hard day's work. That he knew it to be his death-bed is certain: but it was none the less grateful because of that; it was only the more grateful.

"Does it seem good to be in bed?"

"So good — so good," he whispered, in reply.

A deep, untroubled sleep fell upon him almost at once, but the experienced read the advance of death in the labored breathing and fluttering pulse.

Messages clicked through the invisible wires of the night, and the physicians and the absent children came hurrying toward the mountain, while the nurses stood watching the worn and powerful face of the dying man. Slowly the blood ceased to warm the body. The lower limbs grew cold as marble, and the breathing grew ever quicker and lighter. The lower cells of the lungs were closing. Life was retreating to the brain.

The family at last were all there. The loyal wife sat often by his side, where she could touch his face and press his hand. His eldest son, erect, calm, and soldierly, scarcely relaxed his painful vigil. It was a long and terrible watch, and when midnight came it was evident that death was present in the room at last. The great soldier lay in a doze which was the lethargy of dissolution, but still responded to the agonized words of love from his wife and daughter by opening his eyes in a peculiarly clear, wide, penetrating glance. This was only momentary. Each time it was more difficult to penetrate beneath the freezing flesh to the living soul beneath. At two o'clock of the morning Colonel Grant laid his hand on the dying man's forehead, and said:

"Father, would you like a drink of water?"

In reply, Grant whispered: "Yes."

At three o'clock Colonel Grant again approached the bedside. "Father, is there anything you want?"

"Water," whispered the dying man; and this was his last word.

He could not swallow; but when his wife placed a sponge in his mouth, he closed his lips upon it, and seemed relieved by the trickling moisture.

All danger of a violent death was over. He was passing peacefully away, his face calm and unlined by pain. His body, wasted and grave-weary, composed itself for final rest. The coldness crept slowly but inexorably toward the faintly beating heart. The birds sang outside, and the sun rose, warming the earth; but no waking and no warmth came to the great commander, lying so small and weak beneath his coverlet.

At seven minutes past eight, in the full flush of a glorious morning, he drew a deeper breath, and then uttered a long, gentle sigh, like one suddenly relieved of a painful burden. In the hush which followed the watchers waited for the next breath. It did not come. One of the doctors stole softly to the bedside and listened, then rose, and said in a low voice: "It is all over."

Ulysses Grant was dead.

The pomp and pageantry of the funeral which followed surpassed anything ever seen in America. The wail of bugle, the boom of cannon, the rataplan of drum, the tramp of columned men, were all of martial suggestiveness —ceremony for which Grant cared little. But if his spirit was able to look back toward his outworn body, it must have been glad to see Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marching side by side with their old classmates, Philip Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. Over the body of Grant, the great warrior of peace, the North and the South clasped hands in a union never again to be broken. It is well that on the majestic marble mausoleum erected to cover his body, on a wall looking to the south, these words should be carved: "LET US HAVE PEACE"; for they express, more completely than could any other symbols, the inner gentleness and patriotism of the man.

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